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When I Grew Up to Middle-Age

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

When I grew up to middle-age,
Neither before, nor shortly after,
I met an ancient man who knew,
Or so he said, the source of laughter:
In a meadow by a stream,
Trees beside and trees above him,
There he lived and ate and thought,
And smoked, and fished, and drank, Lord love him!

And drank Lord love him? None correcter;
A splendid drink resembling nectar,
Or golden ale, upon the brim
Bubbles came up like dreams to him:
"For no man dreams at all," said he,
"Unless he drinks good ale, like me."

Bees were very good to him,
So were hollyhocks; around,
In an orchard of ten trees,
Apples fell upon the ground:
"Fruit," said he, "is from the Lord;"
And took a score more bees to board.

And from the Lord are books and light,
A room that opens on the night,
On a wet summer that discloses
The sharp and sudden scent of roses. . . .
Noise while reading made him wroth,
Save the faint lisp of circling moth.

(His neighbors thought it very queer
A man should love birds, books, and beer;
And queerer still that all through life,
Despite his talk, he'd loved his wife.)

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. . . A little weathered, withered thing
Who shone like a wedding-ring.

(For no man loves a wife for good,
But all men talk as all men should.)

And he? His talk was frank and salty
Amused and quiet, almost malty;
Out of convention; hardly nice:
Marriage is marriage; vice is vice.

"I find," he said, "one woman holds
A dozen different women in her;
So I have loved the saint and nun,
The dancer and the wide-eyed sinner. . . .
. . . To marry wives of every nation,
Takes," he observed, "imagination."

(They did not understand the last:
It bothered them: through all his past
They searched; but not a single handle
They found for any sort of scandal.)

Dawns when swallows swept the sky;
Noons when orchards slept in gold;
Dusk with a thin moon riding high,
These were new to him and old;
And he thrilled as one-and-twenty
When the faint cock, far away,
Stirred him from his sleep and sent the
Smell about him of new hay.

Or on any afternoon,
Down a lane turned green and cool,
If in hidden wood there soon
Spread for him a secret pool,
Sudden as a little pain
Ran the joy of leaf and moss,
And he felt that grief was slain
By the sun where branches cross.

What a gray egregious lad!
No wonder people thought him mad.

"Skies," he said, "are usually blue:
Trees," he said, "are essentially green;
The moon is yellow, and stars are gold,
And people seldom say what they mean."

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(Insulting at once, as the thoughtless do,
Artists, reformers and statesmen, too.)

"Flowers," he said, "are important things:
Beer," he said, "is a pleasant brew;
And most of the bother that comes," he said,
"Is one seldom does what one wants to do."

"Life," he said, "is a gracious thing;
God, I imagine, is naturally merry;
So most of His prophets and preachers and kings
Make Him, I'll wager, exceedingly weary."

And so he would ramble on for a span,
A silly, hardly respectable man.

But somehow trees and hills and fishes,
Books and lamp light, ale and dishes,
Mellow pictures, young folks' wishes,
Hot potatoes done in cream,
Shadows on a bickering stream,
Peaches on a southern wall,
Gave him joy one and all.

And on many a moonlit night,
When the moon like water lay,
When along his garden bright,
Silver, that is gold by day,
Carrots raised their delicate ferns,
And the lordly cabbage threw
White reflections from its urns
Such as cups of princes knew,
He would watch Capella rise
Up above the darkling hedge,
Till he felt he could surmise
Some faint wound of beauty's edge;
Till he felt that he could hear
Some faint sound of beauty's horn,
Sweeter perhaps than he could bear,
In a midnight yet unborn
—Only if he stretched his hand!
—Only if his eyes were keen!
Eighty years to understand,
Yet how little he had seen!

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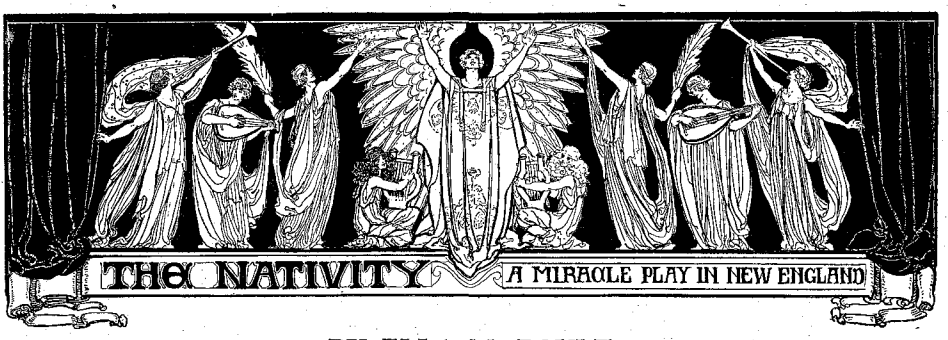

BY ELLA M. BOULT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BEATRICE STEVENS

IN one of the oldest of the Connecticut hill towns there is given annually at Christmas a drama of The Nativity. Created by the people and for the people of its own countryside, the world has made a path to it, so that the barren little hall where it is presented has become quite inadequate.

It originated in a communal impulse to commemorate Christmas, and by a coincidence had its initial performance the year of New York's first community celebration, when the great tree from the Maine woods shone forth over the crowds on Madison Square. Three church societies organized the spiritual life of the place: the Congregational, sentinel and saint of every Pilgrim-founded town, the Episcopal, and the never-flagging Roman Catholic. But it was from none of these —or, perhaps more truly, from all three— that this celebration sprang. Those that created it were of all creeds—and of none.

How spontaneously religious ceremonial in mediæval England developed into the Miracle Play is a matter of history; as casually this drama of The Nativity took root in the formidably alien soil of Puritan New England. At first little more than a series of tableaux in the tradition of the old paintings, it has grown as naturally as the maples on the street, and has become as truly a part of the place as they.

In form The Nativity is rhythmic pantomime enacted to the cadence of music carefully chosen for its significance, but reduced to the simplicity of a reed-organ. Throughout the play, in all material things, a note of crudeness prevails. This is partly from necessity, but chiefly that the dominance of the theme may be maintained. There is no scenery. The stage is hung in blue curtains, hardly distinguishable as such; for since light is utilized as a dramatic factor, and is always significant, the scenes are keyed to darkness or to a color as of twilight. The Angel of the Lord brings radiance; the Manger sheds radiance; the Shepherd's fire holds light: in and of such light the dramatic grouping is built. The background is always of blue distance or of solid black shadows. The Manger is of rough-hewn slabs. There are no other properties.

The text of the play is the Gospel account read in continuity, and followed by Haydn's "Holy Night," sung with simplicity by a single voice, and made continuous with the opening scene of the drama. The cadence of this hymn is no more than a cradle song, and, with that significance, it has been made the theme of The Nativity which develops in the following scenes:

THE ANNUNCIATION, St. Luke 1:26–38, "O Rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn).
THE SHEPHERDS, St. Luke 2:8–20, "He shall Feed His Flock" ("The Messiah": Handel).
THE ANGEL, "Come unto Me" ("The Messiah": Handel).
THE HEAVENLY HOST, "Rejoice, Rejoice" ("The Messiah": Handel).
THE MANGER AT BETHLEHEM, St. Luke 2:1–7, "Holy Night" (Haydn).
THE SHEPHERDS AT THE MANGER, St. Luke 2:15–20, "He Shall Feed His Flock" ("The Messiah": Handel).
THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, St. Matthew 2:1–12, "Largo" (Handel).
JOSEPH'S DREAM, St. Matthew 2:13, "Holy Night" (Haydn).

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The characters are the Angel Gabriel, Mary, Joseph, Five Shepherds, and Three Kings, the Kings' Heralds and Gift Bearers, the Keeper of the Inn, and the Heavenly Host.

As the music modulates from the Cradle song to Mendelssohn's "O Rest in the Lord," the curtain rises upon Mary. She is a young woman of the people, a gentle girl, shy, yet confident, and a dreamer. A day of service has passed, her tasks may well end. It is still, the world is beautiful, life is tranquil.

In the far distance a light is seen, long unnoted. As it advances, it turns to purple, to rose; and, as Mary becomes at last aware of it, to gold. Holding lyric rapture in check, lest the sudden vision be too much for eyes veiled in mortality, the Angel comes quite close, as in some of the earlier pictures. The action is accomplished with profound tenderness and simplicity, as the salutation exalting Mary changes quickly to "Fear Not," when the frailty of her humanity makes itself felt. Born to a heritage of obedience as of courage, submission is her instinct. The power that she does not find in herself she seems to receive from the majestic figure that towers above her like a golden cloud.

The music, uninterrupted throughout the play, changes, as the curtain falls for a moment here, to the shepherd's theme, "He shall Feed His Flock," from "The Messiah." Through the blue light, as from beneath a clear starlit sky, a solitary shepherd, with a cloak of skins, is seen moving in the distance. A sense of mystery is present. The Sentinel is watching and listening to more than the flocks he guards. As other shepherds come, as they hail their fellow, as they withdraw to make a fire of fagots brought by one of their number, as they crouch over it to warm themselves, peering out toward the Sentinel and, again, turning their gaze above them in anxious search, they manifest a prescience of something pending. They cannot evade it. In the end all but one, the "blue shepherd," are stretched about the fire for rest, but sleep does not come. They are tense and alert.

The group of shepherds, once hardly differentiated each from the other, have come to be characterized as the Sentinel, the Dreamer, who is the "blue shepherd," The Friend, The Fire-builder, and The Sleeper.

Into the darkness, broken only by their fire, rays of light begin to penetrate. At first they are seen only by the Sentinel, who is enraptured by this fulfilment of his expectancy. He would inform his companions, but he cannot move. The radiance itself seems to push him back upon them, half-blinded by its glory. The "blue shepherd" springs forward to join him; the Friend and the Fire-builder are aroused, and, at last, the Sleeper.

The Messenger is of a great friendliness to the shepherds—men close to the earth and its cares; men accustomed, themselves, to give help to the helpless and protection to the weak. They are simple and rugged. Their daily round of tasks, their food, their slumber, such is the full measure of their lives. Nothing is changed on this night, though all human experience is henceforth to be illuminated, and the moment of transition is at hand.

Here, too, the Angel's word is "Fear not," and, as simply as they were terrified by mystery, even so they are compliant with its solution. Blinded by a light not of their experience, terrified by the unknown, they are quickly won by the truth delivered to them.

Down upon the group, as though summoned from heaven itself by the eloquence of the Angel and the glory of the Message, sweeps the Angelic Host, playing upon trumpet and harp and waving palm branches, with the tidings: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

With the vanishing of the heavenly choir how reasonable is the action of the shepherds:

And it came to pass as the angel was gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said, one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

Eager as they were before lethargic, they stride away, grasping their staves and crooks, wrapping their skins about them against the cold. One thinks to remain—the Sleeper. At least he will quench the fire. Its warmth wins him. Outside it is dark and cold. What was it

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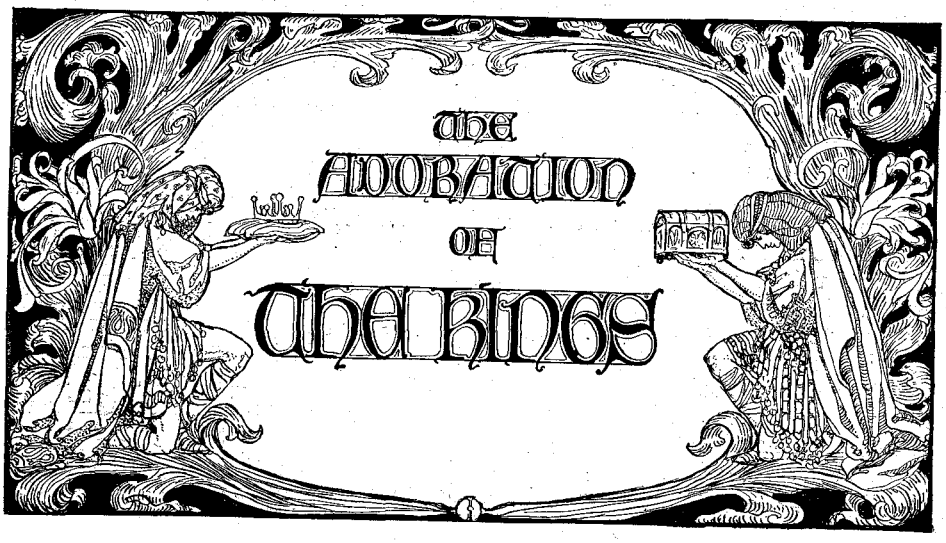

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roused him? Angels? To what shepherd would it be granted to behold an angel? A dream! nothing more! But a companion runs back to fetch him. It is the Friend. He will not let the other forego the event so gloriously revealed to them, and he drags with him the unwilling herdsman.

And now they are come to the Manger at Bethlehem. The Holy Night music is heard again. All is dark save where the radiance streams forth through the straw, shedding over Mary a golden light and penetrating to the shadows where Joseph stands. The lullaby changes to the shepherd's music as the herdsmen steal in, eager, abashed.

Afraid, they draw away, but Joseph, with kindly dignity, beckons them forward. It is the Dreamer that first ventures. He fears, too, but in him fear is impelling. That light is from the love that casteth out fear: he must enter into it. As he comes to the Manger and sees the fulfilment of the glad tidings, a sudden joy overcomes him, and he throws himself down in the straw, bending forward in ecstasy; but, remembering his companions, he springs impulsively to fetch them. They all fall upon their knees about the Manger. They linger and worship and depart.

Where the shepherds knelt, later, heralded by the slow chords of the Largo, kneel the Three Wise Men from the East: one, a ruler of a simple people who beholds here an ancient prophecy fulfilled; one, a poet who sees his vision realized; and one, a mighty king, who finds at Bethlehem a power greater than his own.

Rich in possession as in vision and in might, they enter under the roof built to shelter the beasts, there to bend the knee and place their priceless gifts at the foot of a straw-filled Manger. In the light that shines from it their treasure fades to tinsel, their magnificence is unnoted. Mary sees nothing but the Child. Joseph heeds them not.

Again there is darkness, made articulate by the lullaby. Those that sought and worshipped and were made glad are gone. Sleep comes to Mary, the Mother, bowed over the Manger. Joseph rests on his staff, in the shadows withdrawn. The light shines out undimmed. The Angel of the Lord draws near in glory and spreads above the scene the shelter of his wings in protection and in warning:

And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeareth to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young Child and its mother and flee into Egypt.

Such is The Nativity, presented annually in a countryside not unlike Judea in the days of Herod the King. Purely a product of the people, it justifies its constant comparison to the Passion Play of Oberammergau, though it is perhaps more closely allied to the Moralities and Miracle Plays of an earlier time.

Not only are the actors of many faiths, as has been said, but they are of all vocations, and, especially, of varied nations, dominated by the Puritan strain, as must ever be the case where a remnant of that finely tempered stock remains.

The shepherds are largely men from the farms; the Angelic Host and the attendants upon the Wise Men are girls and boys from the schools; Joseph has been at different times a young Italian laborer, an Englishman, a Southerner, and a man of native birth and Western training. The part of Mary has been taken by a young Irish girl, an English girl, and two girls of New England type. Many races—Irish, English, Scotch, Swedish, French, Italian, and even African—have been represented.

No actor brought to bear greater sensibility than did a West Indian negro as the Third Wise Man. It seemed to our Italian workman an astounding thing that he should take the part of *San Giuseppe*, but no art could have taught him the profound gravity that he brought to this rôle. It came from within—from a solemn realization of the verities.

Even the brute world did its share. Laddie, a collie, had no more training than his master, but his instinct proved as true. When, a few months after his appearance, he died, he was mourned far and wide as the "dog that came with the shepherds to the Manger at Bethlehem."

The play is essentially a thing to be seen rather than described; for in the very act of recording what is "outward and visible" that which is "inward and spiritual" escapes. It is as a tribute to an achievement of rare beauty that this chronicle is attempted.

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To Avernus and Out

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY FLORENCE MINARD

I

THE gaunt old elms of Stuyvesant Square thrust their long, bare, ungainly arms up into the brumous night. They seemed trying to push back the folds of fog that hung over the city. The low houses in their faded gentility slept blindly around the open space, as if exhausted by the day's effort to keep up appearances in a September hot spell. The heavy moisture in the air gathered on the pavement like a dim unlustrous dew. St. George's loomed dark brown on one corner, and the Friends' Meeting-House glimmered gray on the other. It was the dead hour, between midnight's revelry and morning's work, when New York comes nearest to slumber.

A motor-car, shabby but smooth-running, slipped quietly along the street that divides the park, and stopped a few blocks farther north, at the corner of Second Avenue opposite the grand building of the New Hospital, where a few lights were still glowing softly in the windows. Four men stepped noiselessly from the car and turned up the side street toward the Old Hospital with its long, low front of brick, painted dull yellow, facing a huge junk-yard, heaped full of old iron and worn-out tires and broken engines and automobiles in all stages of decay and dissolution. In the darkness it seemed like a bit of chaos, audibly haunted by lean, fierce cats.

It was not a savory region. To the west lay the placid oasis of Gramercy Park. To the east, just beyond the New Hospital, was a row of little red-brick houses with elaborate cast-iron porticoes and balconies, speaking of a time when the neighborhood had a modest residential tone. Opposite was the great High School, in gray-stone Gothic, and a little yellow Slovak church, of no namable architecture. Farther east the street ran into the populous desert of the Gas House district and the alphabetical Avenues.

But the block where the four men were walking,—going quietly but not creeping or sneaking,—was different, and had a character of its own. It was made up mostly of old stables, buildings of one or two stories: no doubt they once belonged to the mansions of Gramercy Park, and held stately barouches, luxurious victorias, and high-stepping horses. But evil times had come upon them: they were transformed into rag and bottle shops, dingy and ill-smelling garages, storehouses for all sorts of damaged goods. A few old-fashioned tenements were sandwiched in among them. In this depressed and depressing region the Old Hospital had stood for a quarter of a century, under charge of the Sisterhood of the Holy Heart, performing its patient work of ministry to the sick and wounded.

The four men advanced toward it through the misty night as persons who knew exactly where they were going and what they had to do. At least this was true of three of them,—hard-faced young gangsters of the slick New York type,—"Terry the Wop," "Red Butch," and "Slider Jim." The fourth man was older,—anywhere between forty and sixty, grizzled and very much the worse for wear. He seemed to go reluctantly, or uncertainly, as if bewildered or unwilling. He was apparently inclined to argue with his companions, but Red Butch held him by the elbow and marched him along. They did not whisper, but spoke in low voices less audible than a whisper. When they came in front of the hospital Slider Jim hurried west to the avenue to act as lookout, while the driver of the car kept watch on the eastern corner of the block. The three others slipped over the low iron railing into the

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shallow area and lifted the old-fashioned wooden lid which covered one of the gratings opening into the cellar.

"The stuff's in this wing,—cubby little orfice,—tin safe,—dead easy," muttered Terry.

"How d'yer know?" growled Butch.

"Sawr it," answered Terry, "w'en I was in for a mealy sicker las' week. Two big wads o' bills, bundle o' paipers, looked like lib'ty bons, an' some silver choich things,—it's a cinch!"

The older man, who had been working with some kind of a concealed flame, melting the solder which held the hinge of the grating in place, straightened up and turned around when he heard the last words.

"Nothing doing," he said. "Here's where I get off. It's too much like robbing a church. Those sisters,—good women——"

"Wot d'yer mean?" said Terry. "Hurry up with that grating, ye poor fish."

"We can lift 'er now,—go easy!" said Butch. The grating yielded to the four straining hands and was turned over quietly on the wooden cover. The older man stood over the black hole, his hands twitching, his face drawn and haggard, his sunken eyes lit with dull fire.

"It's sacrilege," he muttered. "I'll be damned if I do it. And they shan't do it either. I'll——"

He lifted his head and opened his mouth as if to call out. But he was too late. A rough hand was clapped over his lips, and another clutched his throat.

"The ole stiff's goin' to pig on us," hissed Terry. "Give 'im the woiks, quick, Butch."

A piece of lead pipe wrapped in carpet makes no noise when it strikes, but it does the work. Two blows were enough. The older man went limp, sank on the edge of the black hole, and toppled over into the cellar, as a soggy stick disappears in dark water.

"Les' beat it," mumbled Terry, with his hands on the railing. But the steady Butch, listening intently, held up his finger.

"Jest a minnit," he said. "Nobody comin', — no rush, — les' put things straight."

Deftly and silently they replaced the iron grating and the wooden cover, climbed the fence, and hastened down the street with that swift unnoticeable gait, neither a run nor a walk but a kind of serpentine glide, with which a drifter "moll" disappears through a crowd when she is wanted.

At the corner the driver of the car was waiting, and Slider Jim quickly joined them.

"W'ere's the stuff?" asked the two spotters. "W'at d'yer do wid ole Woymy Reck?"

"Shut up," grunted Butch, "got nothin',—bumped the dam' squealer off,—gave him his! Now beat it."

The shabby car slid silently away eastward in the fog. Deep gloom settled on its occupants. Their late comrade lay broken on the cellar floor of the Old Hospital,—his right leg twisted under him,—a thin trickle of blood running down his chin,—dirty, haggard, dishevelled, an abject creature at the very bottom of Avernus.

II

VERNON RECKLIN'S life had begun on high ground. The path by which he made his descent to Avernus had been a long one and a crooked one, but it had never been really an easy one. At every turn there were barriers to break through or creep around. Inherited restraints of taste and behavior; the conventions of his class and breeding; a certain sensitiveness, you might even call it fineness, in his natural liking for clean and beautiful things; and perhaps some moral quality, some instinctive admiration and respect for real goodness; all these made it difficult, at times, for him to continue the descent. He often hesitated, stopped, even turned back a few steps. But in the end he went on again. The restraints were too weak to withstand the force that pulled him,—a secret conviction that the world owed him pleasure,—entire, full, overflowing,—and a resolve that he would have it, take it, capture it if necessary,—at all events nothing should stand in the way of what he conceived to be complete self-expression, the satisfaction of all his desires.

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He was the son of the highly respected minister of a rich suburban church, whose early religious enthusiasm had been crusted over by a passion for popularity and a stately eloquence, both of which he retained to the last. Vernon's mother, after piously spoiling her only child for fourteen years, passed away, and the boy was sent to a costly preparatory school and then to a costlier university, where he showed brilliant scholarship handicapped by a fondness for gilt-edged diversions. In course of time his father died, leaving a small estate of nine or ten thousand dollars, and the young man, now his own master, entered a famous law school and graduated with honors, expensive habits, and Pistoll's firm persuasion: "the world's mine oyster."

At first it seemed as if he would open it without delay or difficulty. His progress was helped somewhat by his father's friends, but even more by his own ability. He was taken into junior partnership in a steady old law firm, but it was too slow for him. He wanted more money for his growing expenses. On the strength of his reputation and his convincing personality, he set up in practice for himself. But his great expectations were not immediately realized, and he began to look around him for some means, any means, of putting them through. He formed intimacies with men of shady character, noted for their cleverness in keeping just within the fences of the law while they slipped their hands through the wire to grab whatever they could reach outside. He accepted cases which were worse than doubtful and tried them with a cynical skill which took advantage of every subterfuge. He carried it off with a certain bravado, and through all he remained agreeable in conversation, attractive in person, rather a captivating figure.

Meantime he contracted certain private habits, in his quest of self-expression and gratification, which bit inward, and fastened a hold on him. Gambling, which was at first only a diversion, became an inveterate passion. He followed it merrily over the little green tables, and gloomily over the stock-market ticker. He liked wine and women, and in both he was regarded as a connoisseur. It was not often that he drank to excess, but his amours were notorious. They were favorite topics of conversation in the corners of the Cornucopian Club.

His father's old friends, respectable and steady persons, began to shake their heads and look grave when they spoke of the young man.

"What's wrong with Vernon Recklin?" asked Judge Plowland one day when he was lunching with Chauncey Larue at the Lawyers' Club.

"I don't know," said Larue, "but when a man's deliquescing inside, some of it usually leaks out."

And yet all the time Recklin's descending path was difficult. Not even the primroses of dalliance could make it easy. His instincts, his memories, his finer tastes, the remnants of those early beliefs which had never quite deepened into principles, revolted against some of the conditions in which he was gradually immersed. They were not outwardly vile, but there was a close and sickening odor about them that spoke of decay.

Many a morning he woke disgusted with himself. As he came out of the cold water of his bath, he made the usual vows. "Never again. No more wine, no more women, no more gambling, no more crookedness. I'll cut it out." But the sharpness of the knife was what he could not, or would not, bear. By the next day his resolution had withered. He was as bad as ever,—perhaps a little worse. When the leaf of a good purpose falls away it leaves a scar, a hard spot.

There was one point in his career where it seemed as if a return to better ways might have been possible. Strangely enough, it was an episode in which the scribes and Pharisees would have suspected only evil. Recklin's attachment to Madame Colette Lamy began when he was about thirty years old. She was a beautiful Frenchwoman, well born and well bred, who had fled from a drunken brutal husband in France and came to New York with her little daughter Marguerite, a brown-eyed, auburn-haired child of nearly six years. Madame Lamy had managed to save and bring with her about half her *dot* of a hundred thousand francs, and with this she set up a modest but extremely *chic* embroidery shop in

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one of the side streets near Madison Avenue. Almost at once it became quietly fashionable and mildly profitable. She loved gaiety and music, and went to theatres, little dances, and studio concerts, where nobody cared that she kept a shop, but everybody felt that she was charming, delicious. It was at one of these concerts that Recklin met her, and immediately became convinced that she was necessary to his happiness.

At that time he had not lost his good looks, nor the convincing magic of his manner. He was slender, erect, quick and firm in his movements. His light-brown hair rolled above a square forehead, and his mustache of a darker brown was smooth and well cared for. His gray-blue eyes, though a little sunken, were large, very clear, and eager. His slightly pale face was without tell-tale wrinkles. He talked like an affable archangel and made love like a young Sir Launcelot.

On the moment, Madame Lamy was taken with him, and her instant liking grew into something deeper, stronger, irresistible. He appealed to her in a hundred ways, by his satire and by his sentiment, by the candor with which he owned his faults and by the scorn which he had for them, by the lightness of his touch and the urgency of his will. But she was a devout Catholic, and would not consent to marry him because the thought of divorce was horrible to her.

"*Mais non*," she murmured with her arms around his neck, "dee-ar Vairnon, I lofe you,—zat ess a sinfool zing, but it may be pardon. But *divorce,—marriage après? Non*, zat ees imposseeble, zat ees not to forgeef. Let it be as now, *cher ami*."

So it was. I am not writing a commentary on the story; I am merely telling it as it happened. Colette kept her promise,—of a loving friendship,—miraculous, incredible, but true! During the two years of their intimacy Recklin was nearer a return to the upward path than he had ever been since he started for Avernus. He liked her inexhaustible gaiety better than the grim excitement of gambling. She cheered him like good wine, and he became able to shake off the hold which stronger liquors were getting on him. Not for the world would he have had the little Marguerite see him brutalized by drink. She was so pure, so gentle, so full of a serious joy,—like a ray of light falling through the stained glass of an old cathedral window. She had one of those naturally religious souls to which the beauty of truth is revealed at birth, even as the truth of beauty is to others. In her thin, sweet, childish voice she sang through the house. Often her songs were echoes of the canticles that she had heard in church, but always with little grace-notes and quavers added to them in a quickened tempo. When these three had a day together in the country, under the lace-leafy woods of early spring, or beside the slow-breathing ocean of summer, Marguerite ran joyfully with bare feet along the edge of the foam-scallops, or danced among the wild flowers with innocent, quaint motions like one of Fra Angelico's youngest angels.

It was an idyl; and it lasted two years. Then,—Colette caught pneumonia and died in five days. Marguerite was left by her will to the care of the Sisters of the Holy Heart. Recklin was thrown out again, alone on the slippery hillside, between the rising and the sinking path.

What would have happened if this had not come to pass? Suppose Colette had recovered and lived; suppose the wretched husband in France had drunk himself to death; suppose she had married Recklin; what would have happened?

I do not know. It is not my business. It is God's business. He knows everything as it is. If it is certain, He knows it as certain. If it is uncertain, He knows it as uncertain. As far as possible He lets us choose, not what life will do to us, but what we will do with life. I can only tell you what Recklin did, not why he did it.

He was very ill for three months. When he recovered,—if you call it recovery,—he had the cocaine habit. From this point Avernus-road was straighter and steeper. It seemed almost like a plunge. Of course the barriers and restraints were there, but with this magic power he could make them disappear, forget them, escape from them. If he was going down at least he could go comfortably and happily. So he dreamed

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with the help of his powder. It even gave him the illusion that he could turn back whenever he liked.

But that clean-looking white salt has a devilish power. It is full of false promises and fatal purpose. It exalts the imagination while it cripples the will. It plays havoc with the inner life long before its deadly effects on the body are visible.

Recklin looked well, even vigorous. He went about his old ways as boldly, he talked as brilliantly, he acted as carelessly as ever. But inwardly he was all gone. There was nothing to hold him back; nothing to consider, except that old desire, now stronger than ever,—the dream of self-realization, satisfaction, the draining of the full cup,—yes, of all the cups. If he had any misgivings, there was the white powder to drive them away and make everything seem easy.

His friends,—for he had some who really cared for him in spite of his debonair aloofness and the self-absorption which he concealed under his charming manner,—saw and felt what was happening to him, and a few of them tried to turn him to the other way.

Mrs. Dallas Wilton, a lady whose real goodness was unfortunately handicapped by her fervent too-goodness, had what she called a "serious talk" with him.

"Dear Vernon," she said in her smoothest voice, "you *know* how *much* I loved your father, a *saintly* man! For *his* sake,—well, you know my *deep* affection for *you*. That gives me the *right* to say almost *anything* to you, doesn't it? You know there are some *very ugly* rumors going about you. Heavy drinking, high gambling, disreputable company,—I don't need to *specify*, do I? Of course I have *contradicted* the rumors as firmly as I *could* with my *limited* knowledge. But they have troubled me *awfully*. What would your *sainted father* think of them? Can't you follow in *his* footsteps? Why should you *trifle* with *temptation?*"

Recklin got up to poke the wood-fire. Then he turned smiling slightly and sat down beside her.

"Dear lady," he said with that confidential air which made him seem so far away, "how can I thank you enough for your warm defense of me? It helps a man when good women believe in him. Let me assure you that I have not been trifling with temptation, nor do I mean to do so. But as for being like my father, that I fear is far beyond me. You see, times change, and men and manners with them. Take for example the old Roman dinner customs as compared with ours."

From this he gently turned the conversation into a fascinating description of the banquets of Lucullus and Petronius Arbiter, with such details in regard to the light costumes and behavior of the flutists and harp-players as he thought Mrs. Wilton's chaste ears would relish.

"She lapped it up," he said to some of his cronies late that night, "as a cat would eat cream. Said it was *wonderful*,—so *artistic*,—wanted to *know* why *we* couldn't have something like *that* in New York! Well, we do," he added, chuckling, "but not at that old cat's house, eh, Molly?"

Tom Richards tried his hand at persuading Recklin to reform, but in a different way.

"Look here, old man," he said one night when they were walking home together from a gay college dinner, "you seem to be riding for a fall. Why don't you pull up?"

"Too much trouble," answered Recklin. "Besides, if I did I should go over the horse's head."

"It will be easier now than later," said Richards. "You're losing your best friends rather fast, and taking up with a spotty lot,—that Unterstein crowd,—rotters all of them. I beg your pardon. It's none of my business of course,—but you know we were classmates,—I can't help speaking frankly even if you cut me for it. Have you by any chance,—you know you are very much altered since your illness,—well, I will put it straight,—have you formed one of those devilish drug-habits?"

The two men had stopped under a lamp-post on the corner of 45th Street. There was a dark flush of anger on Recklin's cheeks. He drew himself up and spoke with a hard, quick voice.

"Mr. Richards, I will thank you to mind your own——"

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Then he paused; his face and his voice changed; he went on more slowly:

"No, Tom, I'm a fool to take it that way. What I mean is that I do thank you now for being frank with me. You have a right to do it. But you see, you don't really understand the case at all. Suppose you had lost the only thing you had ever really cared for in the world. And then suppose you found something that helped you to get on after a fashion without it, to forget yourself, to have some hours of pleasure, to carry on your work with more snap, to keep up the adventure of life and hope for better days. Wouldn't you take it? That's my case."

"It looks to me like a bad one," said Richards. "You are fooling yourself,—or that stuff is fooling you. I wish you would give it up."

"I will," answered Recklin, "but not yet,—not till I have no more use for it,—not till I find what I'm looking for, the joy of life, full up, all-round happiness, that's what I'm after,—eh, old man? Then I'll cut out all exciting things and join you on the steady path,—I promise you! Well, here I'm going west,—I have a date at Regenwetter's with a couple of friends. So long, Tom, and thank you again."

He turned into 45th Street, walking rather heavily with dragging steps, as if he were trudging through sand. When he got beyond Seventh Avenue and the glittering zone of lights, he paused in the shadowy middle of the block, took a little phial from his vest pocket, shook a pinch of white powder into his left hand, and snuffed it up eagerly.

"That makes me feel better," he said to himself. "Poor old Tom, what does he know? But some day I'll keep my promise, and surprise him."

The surprise came; but not as Recklin had dreamed it. Three sudden plunges carried him completely out of the world in which he still lived though on sufferance. First there was the celebrated Unterstein divorce case,—collusion, bigamy, false papers,—in which he was so far implicated that he was advised to withdraw from the Bar Association as having disregarded the ethics of the legal profession. Then there was the famous poker game at Stingfield's place, in which young Harmon Garrett lost fifty thousand dollars in a night. Recklin was in the party, and held one of the I. O. U's. He said he never intended to cash it. Nothing was proved against him; but the game was undoubtedly queer; marked cards were found. Recklin may have known nothing about them, but he was a winner in the game,—and was asked to resign from the Cornucopian Club. Finally came the notorious scandal at Alty Devens' week-end party. Of course, Cissy Devens was a fool girl, and loved playing with fire. But that was no excuse. There are some things that a man simply must not do,—at least with people of a certain standing. So Recklin was cast out, finally and with scorn, from the golden sunshine of society into the region of alternating glare and obscurity, where the high white lights flash and flare, and the low red lights wink in the darkness.

The upper world to which he had been attached knew him no more, passed him in the street without recognition. The underworld took note of him and waited for him. The Untersteins and the Stingfields welcomed him and sympathized with him against "the Pharisees." When he was sober their talk made him rather sick. But when he was slightly intoxicated it pleased him.

"After all," he told himself, "hypocrisy is the only thing in the world that is absolutely wrong."

From the club he dropped to the café and the cabaret, and from them to the unmitigated saloon and the "broad" hotel. His talents and accomplishments did not seem to be extinguished, but only perverted. He put them at the service of any one who would pay for them, and at first he made enough money to keep him in comfort and a kind of luxury. He was "legal adviser" to a firm which dealt in fraudulent divorces. He conducted the "propaganda" for certain predatory stock corporations. He was hand in glove with many members of the swell mob. But his profits did not last long: he spent lavishly and gambled wildly. The solemn Wall Street tapeworm ate up most of his gains.

The swell mob, the higher circle of

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graft, is not given to permanent personal affections. It is divided into two classes; those who contrive big hauls and get away with them into some new country; and those who have the misfortune to be "pinched" and go to jail. Recklin was not in either class. He never got away with big money. He never was caught and convicted. Consequently he fell between the stools, and was always an alien in this section of Alsatia,—regarded with contempt by those who had their ambitions set on climbing toward Belgravia, and with mistrust by those who were confirmed picaroons. He was constantly displeased and angered both by the contempt and by the mistrust. Avernus-road was far from pleasant in those years. But he was too proud, or too weak, to turn back.

It was easier, in fact it was inevitable to go on downward, into membership of one of the criminal "gangs" which included clever thieves and bold highwaymen, grifters and gunmen of all kinds. Here his natural abilities, his legal knowledge, and a certain deftness of hand which he curiously developed, gave him a kind of reputation. But it was not leadership; he was not of the tribe; the story of his past, (much exaggerated,) clung to him and made him a suspect. He was not bad enough. He had curious prejudices,—against blasphemy of the name of Jesus, and dirtiness, and violence to women, and assassination,—which marked him as an outsider at heart. He kept on with the gang, because it seemed impossible to do anything else. But the grimy conditions of his life revolted him; often he was almost crazy to break away from it.

Then the great war came and seemed to offer him a chance at least to die with honor. By a miraculous effort he braced up physically, cut out drugs and drink, made himself clean, and enlisted under an assumed name, giving his age as seven years younger than it was. He served with credit in France, won a decoration for heroic conduct in the field, was mustered out, and came home to—what?

A parade,—and then oblivion!

He had been severely gassed and his lungs and heart were permanently weakened. His nerve was broken. He was incapable of continuous hard labor. Even if he could have done it, there was none for him to do. No man cared for his soul. He struggled for a while, and then sagged back, naturally and sullenly, into his old habits and the old gang. But now he came at their price, on a lower level. They used him for what he was worth. He was only forty-five, but he looked sixty. It was for this reason that they twisted his name into "Wormy Reck." He was really a learned slave, an unvenerable Helot to those nimble and ruthless young brigands. They did not trust him, but they made his brains and his skill serve them. He hated it, but he could see no way out of it.

So the taskmaster's whip drove him down, deeper and deeper, until at last he lay like a discarded thing in the pit of Avernus, abandoned to death in the cellar of the Old Hospital.

III

Sister Colette Marguérite was the youngest nurse in the hospital, full of energy and zeal. It was part of her duty in that month of September to make the early morning round, unlocking the front doors and putting up the window-shades. It was still quite dark in the lower hallway, so she carried a light in her steady hand. As she passed the cellar-stair it seemed as if she heard a slight sound below like some one groaning or breathing raucously. It startled her, but she was not afraid. She went down the steps quietly and opened the creaking door.

Perhaps it was the noise, perhaps it was the light falling on his face, that penetrated Vernon Recklin's stupor and brought him half-awake. Painfully he propped himself on his right arm and stared silent at the vision in the doorway. It was a dream, surely, but not such as had visited him of late. Was it an angel with pure face and compassionate eyes, sent to warn him? No, the dark robe, the black veil folded over the white cap, the linen band across the brow,—it was one of the sisters,—he was caught at last! He moaned with pain and sank back into his stupor.

The little sister ran swiftly for help. They carried the inert body up-stairs,

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and laid it, half-undressed, on a bed. The doctor came quickly and made an examination. Evidently the right leg had a compound and comminuted fracture, and the left collar-bone was broken. There was also a bruise behind the ear made by a heavy blunt instrument,—certainly a brain-concussion, perhaps a slight fracture of the skull,—impossible to tell yet.

"The injuries are serious," said the doctor, "but not hopeless, unless he is one of those drug-fiends with a ruined constitution. That's what he looks like, —yes, see, here's a bottle of the stuff in his pocket. Sister, this time I reckon you have caught a real burglar, a 'bad 'un.'"

She shook her head and answered gently, "Have we any right to judge him before we have heard him? He looks to me more like a victim. Perhaps some one tried to rob and murder him, and then threw him down the cellar to get him out of the way and put suspicion on him. Anyhow, no matter what he is, we must do our best to heal his wounds. That is what the hospital is for, isn't it?"

The difference of opinion in regard to the man continued. The police were called, but could throw no light on the affair. They agreed that he must be kept where he was, under arrest, while they "investigated." So the doctor took charge of the case, and Sister Colette Marguérite of the man. From the first she seemed to consider him her own *trouvaille*, her special property, her ward temporal and spiritual.

There was something that drew her toward him in spite of his degradation,— a filmy thread of undefined reminiscence, —something that she felt she had lost and could not quite recall. She knew by instinct that his life was stained and dishonored, yet she was sure that in some strange way it was connected with her, belonged to her. There was nothing in his threadbare face that she could recognize; but now and then a tone in his voice seemed familiar, a look in his faded eyes awakened vague memories that puzzled her.

"It is only a foolish imagination, I guess," she acknowledged to the Mother Superior. "Probably I never saw the man before. Certainly I never knew any one named Victor Roberts, as he calls himself. But, Mother, may it not be that God sent him to me to save, to be my first convert? Will you permit me to make that my special intention and do all that I can to fulfil it?"

The Mother Superior smiled a little at the phrase "God sent him"; it was assuredly an extraordinary method of Divine sending, to dump a man in the cellar like a sack of coal; but it was possible,— all things are possible. The sincerity and devotion of the little sister were beyond doubt; she had the vocation,—and she was a clever nurse too. So she had her way, and looked after the wounded man as if he were her child.

The doctor, of course, directed the case from the surgical and medical side; and it was a long one and a difficult one, but it finally began to improve. The other sisters took their share of the nursing, of course, when their turns came; and they did their duty faithfully, though none of them especially liked the man. But it was the little Sister Marguérite who adopted him and cared for his soul and undertook to win it back from Avernus.

After the first week he had a relapse, and was unconscious or delirious for many days. When reason returned to him he was very silent and passive; he did not seem to care what became of him. His injuries pained him atrociously, but the clean sheets and the cool bathing, the order and quiet of the room, gave him a comfort that he had not known for years. Most of all the friendly presence, the firm, cool touch of the little sister's hands, soothed and refreshed him. Even when he was feverish and fractious, hungering for his familiar devil-drug, she could make him quiet. He talked little, but his eyes followed her with the questioning, trusting look which you sometimes see in the eyes of a good dog, beginning to grow a soul.

"Surely I know her," he thought vaguely, "somewhere in the world we have been together before this. Where have I seen those wide brown eyes, that curly russet hair which sometimes shows under her coif? And her voice, so light and clear? Ah, I have it now. I will ask her what her real name is."

She answered the question very simply.

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Drawn by Florence Minard.

The two voices alternated, one light and clear, the other husky and tremulous.—Page 663.

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"You know in this Congregation of the Holy Heart we are allowed to keep our original names. Mine is Colette Marguérite Lamy,—after my mother and Sainte Marguérite,—it is the name of a flower, too."

"Yes," he sighed contentedly, settling back on his pillow, "I know,—I mean, it is a very pretty name. I like it. Thank you, Sister Marguérite."

As he grew better, their conversations were longer. She talked to him of what was happening in the hospital and outside, and of her education at the convent-school in the Bronx, and of what she could remember of her childhood and her mother.

"Best of all were the days that we spent in the country, in the spring or the summer. There was a friend, a splendid man, who used to go with us and play wonderful games with me in the woods and build sand-forts on the seashore. I can't recollect his name but I shall never forget him. I wish I could see him again."

The man listened as if entranced by tales of wonderful adventure. He encouraged her to go on, but he told her nothing of himself. He was afraid and ashamed. He felt like a bad child whom his mother comforteth.

Thus skilfully and slowly the little sister laid her lines and intrenchments round him for her great intention, the capture of his soul, her first conversion. She won his confidence. She had an ally within the fortress. Then, one Sunday afternoon, she advanced to the direct attack.

"My friend, I tell you all about me. You listen, but you tell me nothing about you. Why is that?"

"You know my name already. You see what I am. There is nothing more worth telling."

"But it is yourself that I want to know about. Your name is nothing,—it can be put on or off as you please. Tell me about yourself. Have you been a bad man?"

"Bad?" he said in a low, shaking voice. "That is not the word for it. Say wicked, worthless, miserable. I will tell you, since you ask it, what I have done."

"No," she interrupted gently, laying her hand on his arm, "that is not what I ask. Those sins are not for me to hear. They are for the priest in the confessional,—they are for God to forgive. Will you tell them to Him?"

"Is there a God to forgive such a man as me?" The tears ran down the little sister's face.

"There is, there is," she urged, "I know it. I am as sure of it as that we are here. Hasn't he spared your life? Hasn't he sent you here to me?"

"Yes,—perhaps it may be so,—but for what?"

"To save you," she pleaded. "He sent you to me for that. Listen; let me tell you."

Then she unfolded the mysteries of her simple faith; the wideness of the heavenly mercy, like the wideness of the sea; the seeking love of the Holy Heart of Jesus, who died on the cross between two thieves and took one of them with him to Paradise. Recklin had heard it all a hundred times before, but never on this wise, never with such intense reality as if it had happened in this very city, never so close to the dark background of his own downward path.

He yielded. He turned. He faced the light. His heart opened.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I'll do what you say,—make confession, repent, believe,—the priest may come to-morrow. Only you must not go far away from me, Sister Marguérite, for what I believe most of all is that God sent me to *you* to be saved."

Father Read was a wise and kind old man of much experience, who knew how to build on a frail foundation without crushing it by too heavy pressure. His instructions from day to day were brief but adequate,—the meaning of faith, and penitence, and the sacraments. Yes, confession was needful, of course; but it was always sacred and would never be violated; and it was not necessary to confess other people's offenses, only your own. There was no fear of betraying others. Baptism need not be repeated. The way into membership of the church would be open after a few weeks of teaching and trial. Divine assistance would be given in answer to prayer. Thus the upward path was made clear; and the fallen man, beginning to climb with the

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remnant of his strength, felt that the day of his deliverance had come and held fast to his deliverer, the little Sister Marguérite.

She was filled with humble joy. Her heart sang canticles of gratitude for her first convert, the wreck that had been sent to her to be saved, the lost sheep that she had brought back to the Shepherd. But there were times when she had her fears and misgivings.

"Have I been too proud?" she asked Father Read one day after her own innocent confession. "Have I trusted too much in my own intention and effort? Do you think he is really converted and saved? Do you think he will stand fast? Will he be able to resist temptation after he goes back into the world?"

"My child," said the old man, knowing more of life in general and of Vernon Recklin's kind of life in particular than she would ever know, "daughter, you must cast away pride and put your confidence in God. He is almighty; the devil is only strong. You must rely on the grace of the sacrament, on the mercy of providence, to guide your convert through the temptations that will surely meet him. If they are too strong for him,—and it may be so,—providence will surely find a way of escape for him. But meantime see that you give him all the help you can."

So she did. Every day she talked with him cheerfully and confidently, made little plans for the future, fixed the times when he should come back to see her and bring her his report. It was almost like a mother preparing her boy to go away to school. Through her friends outside she had secured a lodging for him and a good place to work.

On the morning when he was to leave the hospital she took him to the altar of the Virgin Mary where she had lit the seven candles.

"See how bright they burn," she said, "that is because it is so still here. But out in the wind you would need to shield them. Now, my friend, I am going to give you three things that will keep the light in your soul from being blown out. Every day you must say the 'Hail Mary.'"

"I say it with all my heart,—*ave Maria plena gratia.*"

"Then you must say the *Pater noster* every evening."

"I do say it, and I'll never forget,—*our* Father."

"Then there is a special prayer that I want you to say every morning. Please repeat it now after me."

They bent their heads before the altar and folded their hands, he with knotted fingers, she with smooth palms. The two voices alternated, one light and clear, the other husky and tremulous.

"Vouchsafe, O Lord—"
vouchsafe, O Lord,
"To keep me this day—"
to keep me this day,
"Without sin—"
without sin.
"O Lord in thee have I trusted,"
O Lord in thee have I trusted,
"Let me never be confounded"—
let me never be confounded.

"Now you must go, my friend," said the little sister. "He sent you to me, and he will keep you safe." But she wept and trembled behind the green door of the hospital as Vernon Recklin went down the steps.

As he turned the corner of the avenue, Terry and two others of the old gang met him. By the "wireless" of the underworld they knew what had happened in the hospital, and were waiting for him.

"Hello," they cried, "here y'are, all cleaned up. Well, Butch is pinched, and Slider's pinched, and we want you, old squealer. So come along wid us."

"No," he said, facing the two who spoke, while Terry slipped behind him, "I haven't pigged on you, and don't mean to. But I won't go with you,—never."

Two pistol-shots cracked from the gun in Terry's pocket.

"You've got yours now," he cried as he disappeared with his companions in the noonday flood of people.

Vernon Recklin sank to the pavement, two bullets in his heart. A little crowd quickly gathered round him. Some one lifted his head.

"Tell her," he labored as the blood rose in his throat, "Sister Colette Marguérite, —Old Hospital,—tell her—I'm *out—saved!*"

His hand made the sign of the cross, and dropped on his breast.

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Leaves from My Autobiography

GENERAL GRANT—ROSCOE CONKLING—GARFIELD AND ARTHUR—GROVER CLEVELAND—JAMES G. BLAINE

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[SECOND PAPER]

GENERAL GRANT

THE fairies who distribute the prizes are practical jokers. I have known thousands who sought office, some for its distinction, some for its emoluments, and some for both; thousands who wanted promotion from places they held, and other thousands who wanted to regain positions they had lost, all of whom failed in their search.

I probably would have been in one of those classes if I had been seeking an office. I was determined, however, upon a career in railroad work until, if possible, I had reached its highest rewards. During that period I was offered about a dozen political appointments, most of them of great moment and very tempting, all of which I declined.

Near the close of President Grant's administration George Jones, at that time the proprietor and publisher of the *New York Times*, asked me to come and see him. Mr. Jones, in his association with the brilliant editor, Henry J. Raymond, had been a progressive and staying power of the financial side of this great journal. He was of Welsh descent, a very hard-headed, practical, and wise business man. He also had very definite views on politics and parties, and several times nearly wrecked his paper by obstinately pursuing a course which was temporarily unpopular with its readers and subscribers. I was on excellent terms with Mr. Jones and admired him. The *New York Times* became under his management one of the severest critics of General Grant's administration and of the president himself.

I went to his house and during the conversation Jones said to me: "I was very much surprised to receive a letter from the president asking me to come and see him at the White House. Of course I went, anticipating a disagreeable interview, but it turned out absolutely the reverse. The president was most cordial, and his frankness most attractive. After a long and full discussion, the president said the *Times* had been his most unsparing critic, but he was forced to agree with much the *Times* said; that he had sent for me to make a request; that he had come to the presidency without any preparation whatever for its duties or for civic responsibilities; that he was compelled to take the best advice he could find and surround himself with men, many of whom he had never met before, and they were his guides and teachers; that he, however, assumed the entire responsibility for everything he had done. He knew perfectly well, in the retrospect and with the larger experience he had gained, that he had made many mistakes. 'And now, Mr. Jones,' he continued, I have sent for you as the most powerful as well as, I think, the fairest of my critics, to ask that you will say in your final summing up of my eight years that, however many my errors or mistakes, that they were faults of judgment, and that I acted conscientiously and in any way that I thought was right and best.'

"I told the president that I would be delighted to take that view in the *Times*. Then the president said that he would like to show his appreciation in some way which would be gratifying to me. I told him that I wanted nothing for myself, nor did any of my friends, in the line of patronage. Then he said he wanted my assistance because he was looking for the

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best man for United States district attorney for the district of New York. With my large acquaintance he thought that I should be able to tell him who among the lawyers would be best to appoint. After a little consideration I recommended you.

"The president then said: 'Mr. Depew supported Greeley, and though he is back in the party and doing good service in the campaigns, I do not like those men. Nevertheless, you can tender him the office and ask for his immediate acceptance.' "

I told Mr. Jones what my determination was in regard to a career, and while appreciating most highly both his own friendship and the compliment from the president, I must decline.

General Grant's mistakes in his presidency arose from his possession of one of the greatest of virtues, and that is loyalty to one's friends. He had unlimited confidence in them and could not see, or be made to see, or listen to any of their defects. He was himself of such transparent honesty and truthfulness that he gauged and judged others by his own standard. Scandals among a few of the officials of his administration were entirely due to this great quality.

His intimacy among his party advisers fell among the most extreme of organization men and political machinists. When, under the advice of Senator Conkling, he appointed Thomas Murphy collector of the port of New York, it was charged in the press that the collector removed employees at the rate of several hundred per day and filled their places with loyal supporters of the organization. This policy, which was a direct reversal of the ideas of civil-service reform which were then rapidly gaining strength, incurred the active hostility of civil-service reformers, of whom George William Curtis was the most conspicuous.

When General Grant came to reside in New York, after his tour around the world, he was overwhelmed with social attentions. I met him at dinners several times a week and was the victim of a characteristic coldness of manner which he had towards many people.

One St. Patrick's Day, while in Washington, I received an earnest telegraphic request from Judge John T. Brady and his brother-in-law, Judge Charles P. Daly, president of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, saying: "The Sons are to have their greatest celebration because they are to be honored by the presence of General Grant, who will also speak, and it is imperative that you come and help us welcome him."

I arrived at the dinner late and passed in front of the daïs to my seat at the other end, while General Grant was speaking. He was not easy on his feet at that time, though afterwards he became very felicitous in public speaking. He paused a moment until I was seated and then said: "If Chauncey Depew stood in my shoes, and I in his, I would be a much happier man."

I immediately threw away the speech I had prepared during the six hours' trip from Washington, and proceeded to make a speech on "Who can stand now or in the future in the shoes of General Grant?" I had plenty of time before my turn came to elaborate this idea, gradually eliminating contemporary celebrities until in the future the outstanding figure representing the period would be the hero of our Civil War and the restoration of the Union.

The enthusiasm of the audience, as the speech went on, surpassed anything I ever saw. They rushed over tables and tried to carry the General around the room. When the enthusiasm had subsided he came to me and with much feeling said: "Thank you for that speech; it is the greatest and most eloquent that I ever heard." He insisted upon my standing beside him when he received the families of the members, and took me home in his carriage.

From that time until his death he was most cordial, and at many dinners would insist upon my being assigned to a chair next to him.

Among strangers and in general conversation General Grant was the most reticent of men, but among those whom he knew a most entertaining conversationalist. He went over a wide field on such occasions and was interesting on all subjects, and especially instructive on military campaigns and commanders. He gave me as his judgment that among all

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the military geniuses of the world the greatest was General Philip Sheridan, and that Sheridan's grasp of a situation had no parallel in any great general of whom he knew.

I was with General Grant at his home the day before he went from New York to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, where he died. I learned of the trip and went immediately to see him, and was met by his son, General Frederick D. Grant. I said to him: "I learn that your father is going to Mount McGregor to-morrow, and I have come to tender him a special train."

After all the necessary arrangements had been made he asked me to go in and see the General. Before doing this I asked: "How is he?" "Well," he answered, "he is dying, but it is an infinite relief to him to see people whom he knows and likes, and I know he wants to see you. Our effort is to keep his mind off himself and interest him with anything which we think will be of relief to him, and if you have any new incidents do not fail to tell him."

When I entered the room the General was busy writing his "Memoirs." He greeted me very cordially, said he was glad to see me, and then remarked: "I see by the papers that you have been recently up at Hartford delivering a lecture. Tell me about it."

In reply I told him about a very interesting journey there; the lecture and supper afterwards, with Mark Twain as the presiding genius, concerning all of which he asked questions, wanting more particulars, and the whole story seemed to interest him. What seemed to specially please him was the incident when I arrived at the hotel, after the supper given me at the close of my lecture. It was about three o'clock in the morning, and I went immediately to bed, leaving a call for the early train to New York. At five o'clock there was violent rapping on the door and, upon opening it, an Irish waiter stood there with a tray on which were a bottle of champagne and a goblet of ice.

"You have made a mistake," I said to the waiter.

"No, sir," he answered, "I could not make a mistake about you."

"Who sent this?" I asked.

"The committee, sir, with positive instructions that you should have it at five o'clock in the morning," he answered.

"Well, my friend," I said, "is it the habit of the good people of Hartford, when they have decided to go to New York on an early train, to drink a bottle of champagne at five o'clock in the morning?"

He answered: "Most of them do, sir."

(Nobody at that time had dreamed of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law.)

With a smile General Grant then said: "Well, there are some places in Connecticut where that could not be done, as local option prevails and the towns have gone dry. For instance, my friend, Senator Nye, of Nevada, spoke through Connecticut in my interest in the last campaign. Nye was a free liver, though not a dissipated man, and, as you know, a very excellent speaker. He told me that when he arrived at one of the principal manufacturing towns he was entertained by the leading manufacturer at his big house and in magnificent style. The dinner was everything that could be desired, except that the only fluid was ice-water. After a long speech Nye, on returning to the house, had a reception, and the supper was still dry, except plenty of ice-water.

"Nye, completely exhausted, went to bed but could not sleep, nor could he find any stimulants. So, about six o'clock in the morning he dressed and wandered down to the dining-room. The head of the house came in and, seeing him, exclaimed: 'Why, senator, you are up early.' Nye replied: 'Yes, you know, out in Nevada we have a great deal of malaria, and I could not sleep.' 'Well,' said the host, 'this is a temperance town. We find it an excellent thing for the working people, and especially for the young men, but we have some malaria here, also, and for that I have a private remedy.' Whereupon he went to a closet and pulled out a bottle of brandy.

"After his host had left, Nye continued there in a refreshed and more enjoyable spirit. Soon his hostess came in and, much surprised, said: 'Why, senator, you are up early.' 'Yes,' he said, 'out in Nevada we have a great deal of malaria, and while I am on these speaking tours I have sharp attacks and cannot sleep. I had one last night.'

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" 'Well,' she remarked, 'this is a temperance town, and it is a good thing for the working people and the young men, but I have a touch of malaria now and then myself.' Then she went to the tea-caddy and pulled out a bottle of brandy. The senator by this time was in perfect harmony with himself and the whole world.

"When the boys came in (sons of the entertainer) they said: 'Senator, we hear that you are an expert on live stock, horses, cattle, etc. Won't you come out in the barn so we can show you some we regard as very fine specimens?' The boys took him out to the barn, shut the door, locked it, and whispered: 'Senator, we have no live stock, but we have a bottle here in the haymow which we think will do you good.' And the senator wound up his narrative by saying: 'The wettest place that I know of is a dry town in Connecticut.' "

The next day General Grant went to Mount McGregor and, as we all know, a few days afterwards he lost his voice completely.

ROSCOE CONKLING

For a number of years, instead of taking my usual vacation in travel or at some resort, I spent a few weeks in the fall in the political canvass as a speaker. In the canvass of 1868 I was associated with Senator Roscoe Conkling, who desired an assistant, as the mass meetings usually wanted at least two and probably three hours of speaking, and he limited himself to an hour. General Grant was at the height of his popularity and the audiences were enormous. As we had to speak every day, and sometimes several times a day, Mr. Conkling notified the committees that he would not speak out of doors, and that they must in all cases provide a hall.

When we arrived at Lockport, N. Y., the chairman of the committee, Burt Van Horn, who was the congressman from the district, told the senator that at least twenty thousand people from the town, and others coming from the country on excursion trains, had filled the Fair Grounds. Conkling became very angry and told the congressman that he knew perfectly well the conditions under which he came to Lockport, and that he would not speak at the Fair Grounds. A compromise was finally effected by which the senator was to appear upon the platform, the audience be informed that he would speak in the Opera House, and I was to be left to take care of the crowd. The departure of the senator from the grounds was very dramatic. He was enthusiastically applauded and a band preceded his carriage.

For some reason I never had such a success as in addressing that audience. Commencing with a story which was new and effective, I continued for two hours without apparently losing an auditor.

Upon my return to the hotel I found the senator very indignant. He said that he had gone to the Opera House with the committee; that, of course, no meeting had been advertised there, but a band had been placed on the balcony to play, as if it were a dime-museum attraction inside; that a few farmers' wives had straggled in to have an opportunity to partake from their baskets of their luncheons, and that he had left the Opera House and returned to the hotel. The committee coming in and narrating what had occurred at the Fair Grounds, did not help his imperious temper. The committee begged for a large meeting, which was to be held in the evening, but Conkling refused and ordered me to do the same, and we left on the first train. The cordial relations which had existed up to that time were somehow severed and he became very hostile.

General Grant, as president, of course, never had had experience or opportunity to know anything of practical politics. It was said that prior to his election he had never voted but once, and that was before the war, when he voted the Democratic ticket for James Buchanan.

All the senators, representatives, and public men who began to press around him, seeking the appointment to office of their friends, were unknown to him personally. He decided rapidly whom among them he could trust, and once having arrived at that conclusion, his decision was irrevocable. He would stand by a friend, without regard to its effect upon himself, to the last ditch.

Of course, each of the two United States senators, Conkling and Fenton,

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wanted his exclusive favor. It is impossible to conceive of two men so totally different in every characteristic. Grant liked Conkling as much as he disliked Fenton. The result was that he transferred the federal patronage of the State to Senator Conkling.

Conkling was a born leader, very autocratic and dictatorial. He immediately began to remove Fenton officials and to replace them with members of his own organization. As there was no civil service at that time and public officers were necessarily active politicians, Senator Conkling in a few years destroyed the organization which Fenton had built up as governor, and became master of the Republican party in the State.

Roscoe Conkling was created by nature for a great career. That he missed it was entirely his own fault. Physically he was the handsomest man of his time. His mental equipment nearly approached genius. He was industrious to a degree. His oratorical gifts were of the highest order, and he was a debater of rare power and resources. But his intolerable egotism deprived him of vision necessary for supreme leadership. With all his oratorical power and his talent in debate, he made little impression upon the country and none upon posterity. His position in the Senate was a masterful one, and on the platform most attractive, but none of his speeches appear in the schoolbooks or in the collections of great orations. The reason was that his wonderful gifts were wholly devoted to partisan discussions and local issues.

His friends regarded his philippic against George William Curtis at the Republican State convention at Rochester as the high-water mark of his oratory. I sat in the seat next to Mr. Curtis when Conkling delivered his famous attack. His admirers thought this the best speech he ever made, and it certainly was a fine effort, emphasized by oratory of a high order, and it was received by them with the wildest enthusiasm and applause.

The assault upon Mr. Curtis was exceedingly bitter, the denunciation very severe, and every resource of sarcasm, of which Mr. Conkling was past master, was poured upon the victim. His bitterness was caused by Mr. Curtis's free criticism of him on various occasions. The speech lasted two hours, and it was curious to note its effect upon Mr. Curtis. Under the rules which the convention had adopted, he could not reply, so he had to sit and take it. The only feeling or evidence of being hurt by his punishment was in exclamations at different points made by his assailant. They were: "Remarkable!" "Extraordinary!" "What an exhibition!" "Bad temper!" "Very bad temper!"

In the long controversy between them Mr. Curtis had the advantages which the journalist always possesses. The orator has one opportunity on the platform and the publication the next day in the press. The editor—and Mr. Curtis was at that time editor of *Harper's Weekly*—can return every Saturday and have an exclusive hearing by an audience limited only by the circulation of his newspaper and the quotations from it by journalistic friends.

The speech illustrated Conkling's methods of preparation. I used to hear from the senator's friends very frequently that he had added another phrase to his characterization of Curtis. While he was a ready debater, yet for an effort of this kind he would sometimes devote a year to going frequently over the ground, and in each repetition produce new epigrams, quotable phrases, and characterizations.

There used to be an employee of the state committee named Lawrence. He was a man of a good deal of receptive intelligence and worshipped the senator. Mr. Conkling discovered this quality and used Lawrence as a target or listening-post. I have often had Lawrence come to my office and say: "I had a great night. The senator talked to me or made speeches to me until nearly morning." He told me that he had heard every word of the Curtis philippic many times.

Lawrence told me of another instance of Conkling's preparation for a great effort. When he was preparing the speech which was to bring his friends who had been disappointed at the convention to the support of General Garfield, he summoned Lawrence for clerical work at his home. Lawrence said that the senator would write or dictate, and then correct until he was satisfied with the effort, and that this took considerable time. When it was completed he would take long walks into the country, and in these walks

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recite the whole or part of his speech until he was perfect master of it.

This speech took four hours in delivery in New York, and he held the audience throughout this long period. John Reed, one of the editors of the *New York Times*, told me that he sat on the stage near Conkling and had in his hands the proofs which had been set up in advance and which filled ten columns of his paper. He said that the senator neither omitted nor interpolated a word from the beginning to the end. He would frequently refer apparently to notes on his cuffs, or little memoranda, not that he needed them, but it was the orator's always successful effort to create the impression that his speech is extemporaneous, and the audience much prefers a speech which it thinks is such.

Senator Conkling held a great position in a critical period of our country's history. If his great powers had been devoted in the largest way to the national constructive problems of the time, he would have been the leader of the dominant part and President of the United States. Instead, he became the leader of a faction in his own State only, and by the merciless use of federal patronage absolutely controlled for twelve years the action of the State organization.

All the young men who appeared in the legislature or in county offices who displayed talent for leadership, independence, and ambition were set aside. The result was remarkable. While prior to his time there were many men in public life in the State with national reputation and influence, this process of elimination drove young men from politics into the professions or business, and at the close of Senator Conkling's career there was hardly an active member of the Republican party in New York of national reputation, unless he had secured it before Mr. Conkling became the autocrat of New York politics. The political machine in the Republican party in his Congressional district early in his career became jealous of his growing popularity and influence, both at home and in Congress. By machine methods they defeated him and thought they had retired him permanently from public life.

When I was elected secretary of state I received a note from Mr. Conkling, asking if I would meet him. I answered: "Yes, immediately, and at Albany." He came there with Ward Hunt, afterwards one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. He delivered an intense attack upon machine methods and machine politics, and said they would end in the elimination of all independent thought, in the crushing of all ambition in promising young men, and ultimate infinite damage to the State and nation. "You," he said, "are a very young man for your present position, but you will soon be marked for destruction."

Then he stated what he wanted, saying: "I was defeated by the machine in the last election. They can defeat me now only by using one man of great talent and popularity in my district. I want you to make that man your deputy secretary of state. It is the best office in your gift, and he will be entirely satisfied."

I answered him: "I have already received from the chiefs of the State organization designations for every place in my office, and especially for that one, but the appointment is yours and you may announce it at once."

Mr. Conkling arose as if addressing an audience, and as he stood there in the little parlor of Congress Hall in Albany he was certainly a majestic figure. He said: "Sir, a thing that is quickly done is doubly done. Hereafter, as long as you and I both live, there never will be a deposit in any bank, personally, politically, or financially to my credit which will not be subject to your draft."

The gentleman whom he named became my deputy. His name was Erastus Clark. He was a man of ability and very broad culture, and was not only efficient in the performance of his duties, but one of the most delightful of companions. His health was bad, and his friends were always alarmed, and justifiably so, about him. Nevertheless, I met him years afterwards in Washington, when he was past eighty-four.

At Mr. Conkling's request Mr. Clark made an appointment for a mutual visit to Trenton Falls, a charming resort near Utica. We spent the week-end there, and I saw Mr. Conkling at his best. He was charming in reminiscence, in discussion,

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in his characterization of the leading actors upon the public stage, and in varying views of ambitions and careers.

When the patronage all fell into his hands after the election of General Grant, he pressed upon me the appointment of postmaster of the city of New York. It was difficult for him to understand that, while I enjoyed politics and took an active part in campaigns, I would not accept any office whatever. He then appointed one of the best of postmasters, who afterwards became postmaster-general, but who was also one of the most efficient of his lieutenants, General Thomas L. James.

When Mr. Conkling was a candidate for United States senator I was regarded as a confidential friend of Governor Fenton. The governor was one of the most secretive of men, and, therefore, I did not know his views as to the candidate, nor whether he had preferences. I think he had no preferences but wished Conkling defeated, and at the same time did not want to take a position which would incur the enmity of him or his friends.

One night there was a great public demonstration, and, being called upon, I made a speech to the crowd, which included the legislature, to the effect that we had been voiceless in the United States Senate too long; that the greatest State in the Union should be represented by a man who had demonstrated his ability to all, and that man was Mr. Conkling. This created an impression that I was speaking for the governor as well as myself, and the effect upon the election was great. Mr. Conkling thought so, and that led to his pressing upon me official recognition.

How the breach came between us, why he became persistently hostile during the rest of his life, I never knew. President Arthur, Governor Cornell, and other of his intimate friends told me that they tried often to find out, but their efforts only irritated him and never received any response.

Senator Conkling's peculiar temperament was a source of great trouble to his lieutenants. They were all able and loyal, but he was intolerant of any exercise on their part of independent judgment. This led to the breaking off of all relations with the two most distinguished of them—President Arthur and Governor Cornell.

A breach once made could not be healed. A bitter controversy in debate with Mr. Blaine assumed a personal character. In the exchanges common in the heat of such debates Blaine ridiculed Conkling's manner and called him a turkey-cock. Mutual friends tried many times to bring them together. Blaine was always willing, but Conkling never.

Conkling had a controversy which was never healed with Senator Platt, who had served him long and faithfully and with great efficiency. During the twenty years in which Platt was leader, following Senator Conkling, he displayed the reverse qualities. He was always ready for consultation, he sought advice, and was tolerant of large liberty of individual judgment among his associates. He was always forgiving and taking back into confidence those with whom he had quarrelled.

One summer I was taking for a vacation a trip to Europe and had to go aboard the steamer the night before, as she sailed very early in the morning. One of my staff appeared and informed me that a very serious attack upon the New York Central had been started in the courts and that the law department needed outside counsel and asked whom he should employ. I said: "Senator Conkling." With amazement he replied: "Why, he has been bitterly denouncing you for months." "Yes, but that was politics," I said. "You know the most brilliant lawyer in the United States might come to New York, and unless he formed advantageous associations with some of the older firms he could get no practice. Now, this suit will be very conspicuous, and the fact that Senator Conkling is chief counsel for the Central will give him at once a standing and draw to him clients." His appearance in the case gave him immediate prominence and a large fee.

Senator Conkling's career at the bar was most successful, and there was universal sorrow when his life ended in the tragedy of the great blizzard.

My old bogie of being put into office arose again in the senatorial election of 1882. The legislature, for the first time in a generation, was entirely leaderless.

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The old organization had disappeared and a new one had not yet crystallized.

Mr. William M. Evarts was anxious to be senator, and I pledged him my support. Evarts was totally devoid of the arts of popular appeal. He was the greatest of lawyers and the most delightful of men, but he could not canvass for votes. Besides, he was entirely independent in his ideas of any organization dictation or control, and resented both. He did not believe that a public man should go into public office under any obligations, and resented such suggestions.

A large body of representative men thought it would be a good thing for the country if New York could have this most accomplished, capable, and brilliant man in the United States Senate. They urged him strongly upon the legislature, none of whose members knew him personally, and Mr. Evarts would not go to Albany.

The members selected a committee to come down to New York and see Mr. Evarts. They went with the idea of ascertaining how far he would remember with gratitude those who elected him. Their visit was a miserable failure. They came in hot indignation to my office and said they did not propose to send such a cold and unsympathetic man as their representative to Washington and earnestly requested my consent to their nominating me at the caucus the next morning.

The committee telephoned to Albany and received the assent of every faction of their party to this proposition. Then they proposed that when the caucus met, Mr. Evarts, of course, should receive complimentary speeches from his friends. Meanwhile others would be nominated, and then a veteran member, whom they designated, should propose me in the interest of harmony and the union of the party, whereat the sponsors of the other candidate would withdraw their man, and I be nominated by acclamation. My answer was a most earnest appeal for Mr. Evarts. Then Mr. Evarts's friends rallied to his support and he was elected.

I place Mr. Evarts in the foremost rank as a lawyer, a wit, and a diplomat. He tried successfully the most famous cases of his time and repeatedly demonstrated his remarkable genius. As a general railway counsel and, therefore, as an administrator in the retaining of distinguished counsels, I met with many of the best men at the bar, but never any with such a complete and clarified intellect as William M. Evarts. The mysteries of the most complicated cases seemed simple, the legal difficulties plain, and the solution comprehensible to everybody under his analysis.

Mr. Evarts was the wittiest man I ever met. It is difficult to rehabilitate in the sayings of a wit the complete flavor of the utterance. It is easier with a man of humor. Evarts was very proud of his efforts as a farmer on his large estate in Vermont. Among his prizes was a drove of pigs. He sent to Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite a copy of his eulogy on Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, Waite's predecessor, and at the same time a ham, saying in his letter: "My dear Chief Justice, I send you to-day one of my prize hams and also my eulogy on Chief Justice Chase, both the products of my pen."

The good things Mr. Evarts said would be talked of long after a dinner. I remember on one occasion his famous partner, Mr. Choate, who was a Harvard man, while Evarts was a graduate from Yale, introduced Mr. Evarts by saying that he was surprised that a Yale man, with all the prejudices of that institution against the superior advantages of Harvard, should have risked the coats of his stomach at a Harvard dinner. Mr. Evarts replied: "When I go to a Harvard dinner I always leave the coats of my stomach at home."

Mr. Evarts once told me when I was visiting him at his country place that an old man whom he pointed out, and who was sawing wood, was the most sensible philosopher in the neighborhood. Mr. Evarts said: "He is always talking to himself, and I asked him why." His answer was: "I always talk to myself in preference to talking to anybody else, because I like to talk to a sensible man and to hear a man of sense talk."

GARFIELD AND ARTHUR

General Garfield was inaugurated in March, 1881, and his difficulties began with his Cabinet. Senator Conkling, who saw clearly that with Blaine in the Cabinet his organization was in danger in New York, did not want any of his friends

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to accept a Cabinet position. The navy was offered to Levi P. Morton, but at the request of Senator Conkling he declined.

It is the irony of fate that General Garfield, who did more than any other statesman to bring the public from its frenzy after the murder of Lincoln back to a calm and judicious consideration of national conditions, should himself be the victim, so soon after his inauguration, of an assassin.

Lincoln was assassinated in April, after his second inauguration in March, while Garfield was shot in the railway station at Washington July 2, following his inauguration. The president was removed to a cottage at Long Branch, N. J., and lingered there with great suffering for over two months.

I was living at Long Branch that summer and going up and down every day to my office in New York. The whole country was in alternate emotions of hope and despair as the daily bulletins announced the varying phases of the illustrious patient's condition. The people also were greatly impressed at his wonderful self-control, heroic patience, endurance, and amiability.

It was the experience of a lifetime in the psychology of human nature to meet, night after night, the people who gathered at the hotel at Long Branch. Most of them were office-seekers. There were those who had great anticipations of Garfield's recovery, and others, hidebound machinists and organization men, who thought if Garfield died and Vice-President Arthur became president, he would bring in the old order as it existed while he was one of its chief administrators.

There were present very able and experienced newspaper men, representing every great journal in the country. The evening sessions of these veteran observers of public men were most interesting. Their critical analysis of the history and motives of the arriving visitors would have been, if published, the most valuable volume of "Who's Who" ever published. When President Garfield died the whole country mourned.

Chester A. Arthur immediately succeeded to the presidency. It had been my good fortune to know so well all the presidents, commencing with Mr. Lincoln, and now the occupant of the White House was a lifelong friend.

President Arthur was a very handsome man, in the prime of life, of superior character and intelligence, and with the perfect manners and courtesies of a trained man of the world. A veteran statesman who had known most of our presidents intimately and been in Congress under many of them said, in reviewing the list with me at the recent convention at Chicago: "Arthur was the only gentleman I ever saw in the White House."

Of course, he did not mean exactly that. He meant that Arthur was the only one of our presidents who came from the refined social circles of the metropolis or from other great cities, and was past master in all the arts and conventionalities of what is known as "best society." He could have taken equal rank in that respect with the Prince of Wales, who afterwards became King Edward VII.

The "hail-fellow-well-met" who had been on familiar terms with him while he was the party leader in New York City, found when they attempted the old familiarities that, while their leader was still their friend, he was President of the United States.

Arthur, although one of the most rigid of organization and machine men in his days of local leadership, elevated the party standards by the men whom he drew around himself. He invited into party service and personal intimacy a remarkable body of young, exceedingly able and ambitious men. Many of those became distinguished afterwards in public and professional life. The ablest of them all was a gentleman who, I think, is now universally recognized both at home and abroad as the most efficient and accomplished American diplomat and lawyer—Elihu Root.

There is no career so full of dramatic surprises as the political. President Hayes put civil-service reform upon its feet, and without the assistance of necessary laws vigorously enforced its principles. Among the victims of his enforcement was General Arthur, whom he relieved as collector of the port of New York. To the surprise of every one and the amazement of his old friends, one of the first acts of President Arthur was to demand the enactment of a civil-service

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law, which had originated with the Civil Service Association, whose most prominent members were George William Curtis and Carl Schurz.

The president's urgency secured the passage of the measure. He then appointed a thoroughgoing Civil Service Commission, and during his term lived up to every requirement of the system. In doing this he alienated all his old friends, and among them General Grant, ex-Senator Conkling, Thomas C. Platt, and also Mr. Blaine, whom he had asked to remain in the Cabinet as secretary of state. Among them was also John Sherman, whom he had equally wished to retain as secretary of the treasury.

Arthur's administration, both in domestic affairs and in its foreign policies, meets the approval of history and the impartial judgment of posterity. But he was not big enough, nor strong enough, to contend with the powerful men who were antagonized, especially by his civil-service-reform tendencies. When the Republican convention met in 1884 and nominated a new ticket, it was universally recognized by everybody, including the president, that his political career had closed.

President Arthur was one of the most delightful of hosts, and he made the White House the centre of refined hospitality and social charm. He was a shrewd analyst of human nature and told stories full of humor and dramatic effect of some of his contemporaries.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Grover Cleveland was a remarkable man. He had more political courage of the General Jackson type than almost any man who ever held great responsible positions. He defied Tammany Hall while governor of the State, and repeatedly challenged the strongest elements of his party while president. Threats of defeat or retaliation never moved him. If he had once made up his mind and believed he was right, no suggestions of expediency or of popularity had any influence on him.

In personal intercourse he made friends and had great charm. The campaign against him when he ran for governor of New York was ruthlessly conducted. I considered the actions of his enemies as unfair and that they would react in the canvass. I studiously discredited them in my speeches.

I knew Mr. Cleveland, and as an evidence of my appreciation of his character and ability, when the office of general counsel of the New York Central Railroad at Buffalo became vacant, I offered it to him, saying: "I am exceedingly anxious that you should accept this place. I think, by an adjustment of the administration of your office, you can retain your private practice, and this will add about fifteen thousand dollars a year to your income."

Mr. Cleveland replied: "I have a very definite plan of life and have decided how much work I can do without impairing my health, and how much of additional responsibility I can assume. I have accumulated about seventy-five thousand dollars and my practice yields me an income which is sufficient for my wants and a prudent addition for my old age to my capital. No amount of money whatever would tempt me to add to or increase my present work."

I doubt if there were many lawyers in the United States who had that philosophy or control of their ambitions. His annual income from his profession was considerably less than the compensation offered by the general counselship of the New York Central.

Cleveland was most satisfactory as president in his quick and decisive judgment upon matters presented to him. There were no delays, no revisions; in fact, no diplomatic methods of avoiding a disagreeable decision. He told you in the briefest time and in the clearest way what he would do.

While President Hayes had difficulty with civil-service reform and incurred the hostility of the Republican organization and machine men, the situation with him was far less difficult than it was with Cleveland, who was a sincere civil-service reformer, and also an earnest Democrat. While a Democratic senator from Ohio, Mr. Pendleton, had passed a bill during the Hayes administration for reform in the civil service, the great majority of the Democratic party believed in Secretary Marcy's declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils."

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There was an aggravation, also, growing out of the fact that the Democrats had been out of office for twenty-four years. We can hardly visualize or conceive now of their hunger for office. The rule for rescuing people dying of starvation is to feed them in very small quantities, and frequently. By trying this, the president became one of the most unpopular of men who had ever held office; in fact, so unpopular among the Democratic senators and members of the House that a story which Zebulon Vance, of North Carolina, told went all over the country and still survives. Vance, who had a large proportion of the citizens of North Carolina on his waiting list, and could get none of them appointed, said that the situation, which ought to be one of rejoicing at the election of a president by his own party, was like that of a client of his who had inherited a farm from his father. There were so many difficulties about the title and getting possession of it and delay, that the son said: "I almost wished father had not died."

However, Mr. Cleveland, in his deliberate way did accomplish the impossible. He largely regained favor with his party by satisfying their demands, and at the same time so enlarged the scope of civil-service requirements as to receive the commendation of the two great leaders of the civil-service movement—George William Curtis and Carl Schurz.

President Cleveland entered upon his second term with greater popularity in the country than most of his predecessors. When he retired from office, it was practically by unanimous consent. It is among the tragedies of public life that he lost entirely the confidence of his party and, in a measure, of the whole people by rendering to his country the greatest public service.

A strike of the men on the railroads tied up transportation. Railroads are the arteries of travel, commerce, and trade. To stop them is to prevent the transportation of provisions or of coal, to starve and freeze cities and communities. Cleveland used the whole power of the federal government to keep free the transportation on the railways and to punish as the enemies of the whole people those who were trying to stop them. It was a lesson which has been of incalculable value ever since in keeping open these great highways.

He forced through the repeal of the silver purchasing law by every source and pressure and the unlimited use of patronage. His party were almost unanimous for the silver standard and resented this repeal as a crime, but it saved the country from general bankruptcy. Except in the use of patronage to help his silver legislation, he offended his party by improving the civil service and retaining Theodore Roosevelt as head of the Civil Service Commission. These crises required from the president an extraordinary degree of courage and steadfastness.

While Mr. Cleveland was in such unprecedented popular disfavor when he retired to private life, his fame as president increases through the years, and he is rapidly assuming foremost position in the estimation of the people.

Mr. Cleveland had a peculiar style in his speeches and public documents. It was criticized as labored and that of an essayist. I asked him, after he had retired to private life, how he had acquired it. He said his father was a clergyman and he had been educated by him largely at home. His father was very particular about his compositions and his English, so that he acquired a ministerial style. The result of this was that whenever any of the members of the local bar died, he was called upon to write the obituary resolutions.

To take a leap over intervening years: After Mr. Cleveland retired from his second term, I used to meet him very frequently on social occasions and formal celebrations. He soon left the practice of law and settled in Princeton, where he did great and useful service, until he died, as trustee of the university and a lecturer before the students.

Riding in the same carriage with him in the great procession at the funeral of General Sherman, he reminisced most interestingly in regard to his experiences while president. Every little while there would break out a cheer and then a shout in the crowd of one of the old campaign cries: "Grover, Grover, four years more." Mr. Cleveland remarked: "I noticed while president a certain regularity and recrudescence of popular applause, and it was the same in every place I visited."

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That cry, "Grover, Grover, four years more!" would occur every third block, and during our long ride the mathematical tradition was preserved.

JAMES G. BLAINE

I have spoken in every national canvass, beginning with 1856. It has been an interesting experience to be on the same platform as an associate speaker with nearly every man in the country who had a national reputation. Most of them had but one speech, which was very long, elaborately prepared, and so divided into sections, each complete in itself, that the orator was equipped for an address of any length, from fifteen minutes to four hours, by selection or consolidation of these sections. Few of them would trust themselves to extemporaneous speaking. The most versatile and capable of those who could was James G. Blaine. He was always ready, courted interruptions, and was brilliantly effective. In a few sentences he had captured his audience and held them enthralled. No public man in our country, except, perhaps, Henry Clay, had such devoted following.

Mr. Blaine had another extraordinary gift, which is said to belong only to kings; he never forgot any one. Years after an introduction he would recall where he had first met a stranger and remember his name. This compliment made that man Blaine's devoted friend for life.

I had an interesting experience of his readiness and versatility when he ran for president in 1884. He asked me to introduce him at the different stations, where he was to deliver long or short addresses. After several of these occasions, he asked: "What's the next station, Chauncey?" I answered: "Peekskill." "Well," he said, "what is there about Peekskill?" "I was born there," I answered. "Well," he said, rising, "I always thought that you were born at Poughkeepsie." "No, Peekskill." Just then we were running into the station, and, as the train stopped, I stepped forward to introduce him to the great crowd which had gathered there from a radius of fifty miles. He pushed me back in a very dramatic way, and shouted: "Fellow citizens, allow me to make the introduction here. As I have many times in the last quarter of a century travelled up and down your beautiful Hudson River, with its majestic scenery made famous by the genius of Washington Irving, and upon the floating palaces not equalled anywhere else in the world, or when the steamer has passed through this picturesque bay and opposite your village, I have had emotions of tenderness and loving memories, greater than those impressed by any other town, because I have said to myself: 'There is the birthplace of one of my best friends, Chauncey Depew.'"

Local committees who desire to use the candidate to help the party in their neighborhood and also their county tickets are invariably most unreasonable and merciless in their demands upon the time of the candidate. They know perfectly well that he has to speak many times a day; that there is a limit to his strength and to his vocal cords, and yet they will exact from him an effort which would prevent his filling other engagements, if they possibly can. This was notoriously the case during Mr. Blaine's trip through the State of New York and afterwards through the country. The strain upon him was unprecedented, and, very naturally, he at times showed his irritation and some temper.

The local committees would do their best with the railroad company and with Blaine's managers in New York to prolong his stay and speech at each station. He would be scheduled according to the importance of the place for five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes.

Before we reached Albany he asked me to accompany him to the end of our line at Buffalo, and make the introduction as usual at the stations. The committee would sometimes succeed in changing the programme and make the stays longer at their several places. Mr. Blaine's arrangement with me was that after he had decided how long he would speak, I should fill up the time, whether it was longer or shorter. That would often enlarge my speech, but I was young and vigorous and had no responsibilities.

I remember one committee, where the train was scheduled for ten minutes, succeeded in having it delayed an hour, and instead of a brief address from the platform of the car, carried the presidential party to a stand in the central square where many thousands had gathered. In

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the first place, this city was not on Mr. Blaine's schedule, and as it was late in the afternoon, after a fatiguing day, he therefore told the committee peremptorily that ten minutes was his limit. Then he said to me: "Chauncey, you will have to fill out the hour."

Mr. Blaine's wonderful magnetism, the impression he made upon every one, and his tactful flattery of local pride, did a great deal to remove the prejudices against him, which were being fomented by a propaganda of a "mugwump" committee in New York. This propaganda, as is usually the case, assailed his personal integrity.

Notwithstanding the predictions made at the time, he was nominated, and it was subsequently repeated that he would not carry New York. From my own experience of many years with the people of the State and from the platform view-point, I felt confident that he would have a majority in the election.

It was a few days before the close of the canvass, when I was in the western part of the State, I received an urgent telegram from Mr. Blaine to join him on the train, which was to leave the Grand Central Station in New York early next morning for his tour of New England. Upon arrival I was met by a messenger, who took me at once to Mr. Blaine's car, which started a few minutes afterwards.

There was an unusual excitement in the crowd, which was speedily explained. The best account Mr. Blaine gave me himself in saying: "I felt decidedly that everything was well in New York. It was against my judgment to return here. Our national committee, however, found that a large body of Protestant clergymen wanted to meet me and extend their support. They thought this would offset the charges made by the 'mugwump' committee. I did not believe that any such recognition was necessary. However, their demands for my return and to meet this body became so importunate that I yielded my own judgment.

"I was engaged in my room with the committee and other visitors when I was summoned to the lobby of the hotel to meet the clergymen. I had prepared no speech; in fact, had not thought up a reply. When their spokesman, Reverend Doctor Burchard, began to address me, my only hope was that he would continue long enough for me to prepare an appropriate response. I had a very definite idea of what he would say and so paid little attention to his speech. In the evening the reporters began rushing in and wanted my opinion of Doctor Burchard's statement that the main issue of the campaign was 'Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion.' If I had heard him utter these words, I would have answered at once, and that would have been effective, but I am still in doubt as to what to say about it now. The situation is very difficult, and almost anything I say is likely to bitterly offend one side or the other. Now I want you to do all the introductions and be beside me to-day as far as possible. I have become doubtful about everybody and you are always sure-footed." I have treasured that compliment ever since.

As we rode through the streets of New Haven the Democrats had placed men upon the tops of the houses on either side, and they threw out in the air thousands of leaflets, charging Blaine with having assented to the issue which Doctor Burchard had put out—"Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." They so filled the air that it seemed a shower, and littered the streets.

A distinguished Catholic prelate said to me: "We had to resent an insult like that, and I estimate that the remark has changed fifty thousand votes." I know personally of about five thousand which were changed in our State, but still Blaine lost New York and the presidency by a very small majority of less than two thousand.

Whenever I visited Washington I always called upon Mr. Blaine. The fascination of the statesman and his wonderful conversational power made every visit an event to be remembered. On one occasion he said to me: "Chauncey, I am in very low spirits to-day. I have read over the first volume of my 'Twenty Years in Congress,' which is just going to the printer, and destroyed it. I dictated the whole of it, but I find that accuracy and elegance can only be had at the end of a pen. I shall rewrite the memoirs in ink. In these days composition by the typewriter or through the stenographer is so common." There will be many who differ with Mr. Blaine.

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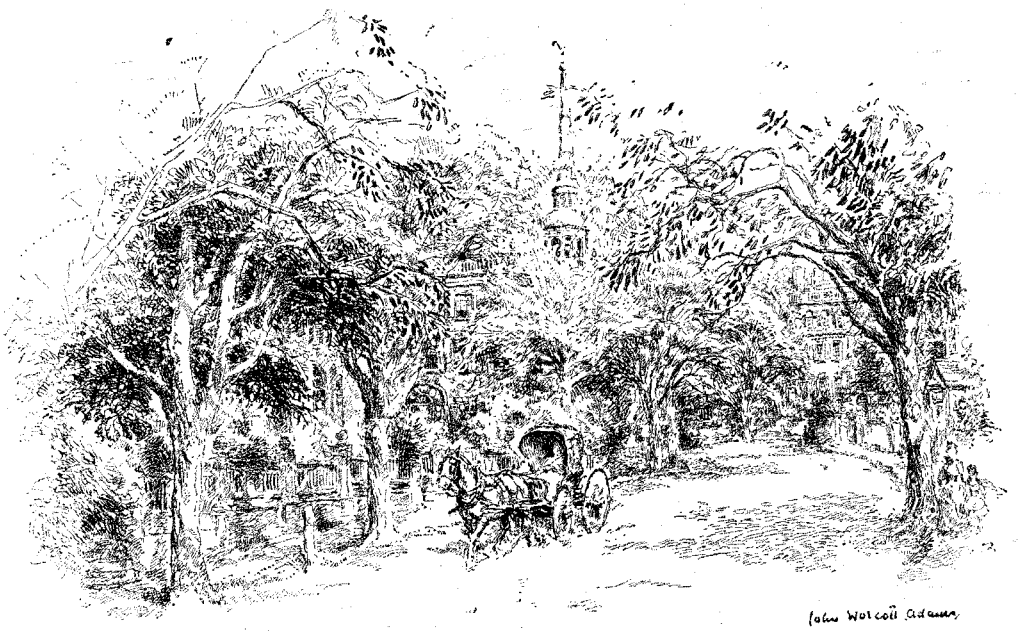

Three Great Ladies

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

THEY seemed a sort of frame for the town's life,
In their old houses, wide with porch and wing,
Bowered with syringa, snowdrop, flowering currant,
On a green street of elms and lawns and leisure,
A quarter of a century ago;
Three powerful New England Abbesses
Dwelling secluded in their Priories.

I

THE VICTORIAN

She drove behind an ambling chestnut horse
In a high stilted buggy; at home she rolled
Like a plump pea about the stately pod
Of her centennial house. She lived at ease
On the invested habits saved and stored
For seventy years; and kept her bygone place
As the Preceptor's wife she once had been,
Up at the old Academy. Plump and smooth
Were her jowls, like an infant's; and not more
Tranquil an infant's breath in sleep, than heaved
The small round of her bodice in the sermon.
When she took lilies-of-the-valley down
To lay them alongside the Latin stone
Upon her scholar-husband's mossy grave,
She stooped with placid eyes, and turned away

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With placid eyes, contented with herself,
(Or so, at any rate, I always judged)
To think that she had not forgotten him.

II

THE AMAZON

The ample body of this Amazon
(Or if you like to call her an old Roman)
Was like a porcelain stove, where late at night,
Richly and gustily her spirit crackled.
Her tongue was like a flag ripped with the wind.
Her church was one exotic in New England;
And by her countenance there must have been
Latin or Oriental blood in her.
Her ancestors were canny mountain lawyers,
Judges, commissioners, and Congressmen,
Who in their boyhood, ploughing out the rocks
From their broad, beautiful and barren fields,
Held open in the other hand their Blackstone.
This their descendant jeered at sorrow and want,
Dared her old age to come upon her, found
Her loneliness a tonic. In the end,
In her last illness, in her ninetieth year,
She seemed, like a hawk, to fly into the face
Of her own death, and beat it with fierce wings.

III

THE VESTAL

Those thickly gathered, uniformly brown
Skirts, and brown comb in sleekly parted hair,
Still seem to me more nunlike than the veil;
And she more delicately virginal
Than the most soft young sylph; more innocent
Her worn, enduring body of eighty years.
Her pleasant patrimony all was spent
In her fond brother's ventures; she began,
In comfort-loving middle age, to save,
Closely to save and turn; I will not say
To scrimp, of what was so serenely done,
With such a dedicated firmness. More,
As years went by, her face, her house, her ways,
Withdrew into their mould. Time made her face
More and more gaunt, more rigorous and more sweet;
Her house more mystic, stately and forlorn;
Its pictures more symbolic and more strange,—
Pictures of heaven, and of pilgrimage.
Through downward shutters scarcely did the sun
Force in a lath of light to show their strangeness.
Order and peace in her cold kitchen; order
And peace in her faintly warmed sitting-room.
Something about it made you fanciful;
A person might imagine that he heard
Beating of wings, hushed beating of the wings
Of her familiar saint of self-control.

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Three powerful New England Abbesses.

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Painless Thinking

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT
Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"

"SPEECH," Talleyrand once remarked, "was given to man in order to disguise his thoughts." But Talleyrand was speaking as a diplomat. He overlooked the great service that language renders man in helping him to deceive himself regarding his own thoughts and actions.

Not infrequently, for example, those engaged in charitable and welfare work find among their most eloquent assistants some who in the market-place perpetuate the conditions that require the charity which, as welfare-workers, they are trying to end. And the recent disclosures in profiteering illustrate in another way the value of language so to mask our thoughts that they may not wound our self-respect.

The law of supply and demand, for instance, is a marvellously soothing formula for the relief of the cerebral irritation which the thoughts of a philanthropic profiteer might otherwise produce. Words are useful as a mental lotion in proportion to the ease with which they may be juggled. And the law of supply and demand responds admirably to this requirement of service.

"We must have a curtailment of output," said an officer of a corporation, as quoted in a recent government petition for an injunction. "We must have a curtailment of output in order to restore the relation of supply and demand which is the most potential law in the world; we must realize that the value of our production is dependent entirely upon supply and demand, and that supply and demand may be regulated through less production. And we can't have that without co-operation."

Co-operation to aid nature in regulating her laws is, of course, a laudable service, so long, at least, as the co-operation is confined to gentlemen. And it was to save others from confusion in their thinking about this that wise men introduced the term "gentlemen's agreements."

Gentlemen's agreements are quite different from the agreements of other men. Any intelligent man can make the distinction. And he is very short-sighted who cannot see that the ethics of industrial combinations depends upon those who combine.

The success of "co-operation" and "gentlemen's agreements" in saving the law of supply and demand reminds one of the patient whose operation was successful, only he died. "The law of supply and demand is as dead as a New England salted mackerel," said the controller of the currency in a recent address, as quoted in the daily press. "Manufacturers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, and laborers are all in some sort of combination to frustrate this law of economics."

Again, we all believe in the open shop —that is, we and our associates—but "we have no quarrel with union labor properly functioning in accordance with the principles of justice and liberty." Every man has a right to work on his own terms. That is what liberty means —the freedom of each individual to arrange conditions of work with his employer. And "in refusing to deal with unions we are defending the widest individual liberty." If one does not like the terms he can leave. No one compels a man to remain in his employ. Every one has complete liberty of action.

"Open price" associations, "bureaus" for the standardization of prices, and "exchanges" for the elimination of "unfair competition," like "gentlemen's agreements," do not violate the principle of liberty. Their names show this, since it is clear that a different name alters the facts. And, besides, in these matters of combinations and agreements morality

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and ethics are merely questions of legality. What the law forbids is wrong—that is, unless some way can be found to prove that the framers of the law overlooked what we want to do. Idealism is an academic view-point. Of course we all believe in it—as a theory—but it must not be confused with what is practical. And business is very practical.

Our associates are intelligent men. They see these distinctions. They know that idealists are visionary and impractical. They do not confuse theory with practice. They have the same opinions that we hold. And this shows their good judgment.

Combinations designed to fix the price of labor, however, deny the very principle of freedom upon which this country was founded, because some of the laborers are not in the unions. To be sure, this principle had a very different application in the early days, but liberty, and freedom to act for ourselves—to shape our own destiny—are still great ideas. Our forefathers fought and bled for them, and we are ready, if necessary, to fight for their preservation—so far, at least, as our own personal destiny is concerned. The principles that caused the colonists to break with England and establish an independent government must be maintained. "The closed shop is the very essence of tyranny. It is the tyranny of George III." And it was Patrick Henry, was it not, who called patriots to arms with the cry: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

A wonderfully curious organ is the human mind, a never-failing source of humor—that is, the minds of other people. And that is a part of the humor. "If I kill you, it's all right," Leech made one of his Punch characters say to another; "but if you kill me, by Jove, it's murder."

We clearly see the defects in the reasoning of acquaintances. Our friends, of course, are more logical, but that is because they are our friends. Or, rather, they are our friends because they reason as they do. Their opinions have drawn us to them. They agree with us. And this agreement is evidence of the correctness of our own beliefs. It proves our ability to interpret conditions and to draw conclusions, or it would were proof of such a self-evident fact necessary. The agreement of our friends shows that we are free from the mental weaknesses of those who do not agree with our views. It also proves the intelligence of our associates. And we would not have unintelligent friends. That is our reason for choosing them, or, rather, the reason why our opinions chose them. We think that we select our friends, but this is one of the human delusions. Our opinions are the selective force. This is a phase of our defensive social behavior. It preserves our good opinion of ourselves.

We believe what we want to believe and then find reasons to confirm our convictions. Of course, we do not deliberately seek arguments for views which we already hold. Usually, we are not even aware that our opinions are fixed, so subtly have they gained the mastery. We think that we are open-minded seekers after truth. But business and social interests have determined our views and we are really trying to justify them so as not to think ill of ourselves. Self-esteem is even more important psychologically than the esteem of others. And this human craving for self-justification by argument sets in motion the defensive neural mechanism which gives the mental correlate, defensive thinking. We must justify ourselves to ourselves.

We are not conscious of the motive. Quite likely we have a high opinion of our clear mental vision and moral excellence. We are not aware that our opinions and beliefs are antiquated relics wholly unsuited to new and changing conditions. This knowledge, did we have it, would mortify us. And doubt of the ethics of our views would discredit our moral judgment. "The reckless hardihood of a simple and barbarous people is essentially *un*conscious, just as the action of a hawk or weasel is unconscious when it seizes its prey," says Henry S. Salt in his "Seventy Years Among Savages." "But when consciousness is once awakened, and a doubt arises as to the morality of the action, the habit begins of giving sophistical reasons for practices that cannot be justified."

Most men are well-intentioned. Few would be deliberately unjust. But personal interests slyly determine the nature and succession of our thoughts. And

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soon our opinions on matters with a personal reference are established. Then our moral sentiments require that these opinions be vindicated.

An excellent illustration of this painless thinking is given in H. G. Wells's "New Machiavelli." Dick's Uncle Minter was an estimable manufacturer of household articles which were glazed with lead. Having broad human sympathies, Uncle Minter was, of course, solicitous for the health of his workmen. And Dick had inadvertently referred to the effects of lead poisoning. Now, if we may simplify the argument of the benevolent old gentleman, as given by Mr. Wells, and reduce it to its lowest terms, it runs somewhat as follows:

"I suppose you *must* use lead in your glazes," said Dick.

"Whereupon I found that I had tapped the ruling grievance of my uncle's life. . . .

"Let me tell you, my boy. . . .

"He began in a voice of bland persuasiveness that presently warmed to anger to explain the whole matter. . . . Firstly, there was practically no such thing as lead poisoning. Secondly, not every one was liable to lead poisoning, and it would be quite easy to pick out the susceptible types—as soon as they had it—and put them to other work. Thirdly, the evil effects of lead poisoning were much exaggerated. . . . Fifthly, the workmen simply would not learn the gravity of the danger, and would eat with unwashed hands, and incur all the risks, so that . . . the fools deserve what they get. Sixthly, he and several associated firms had organized a simple and generous insurance scheme against lead-poisoning risks." Evidently, one of the chief uses of reason is to find reasons.

"What people call their principles," Leslie Stephen once said, "are often their pretexts for acting in the obviously convenient way." And the convenient way leads around obstacles rather than through them. It is the line of least resistance because it does not raise troublesome questions that conflict with our desires. But desires are commonly associated with personal interests which have unobtrusively influenced their growth. We drift into our opinions, gently swept along by the environment of which we are too often a passive part. One rarely seeks evidence for what one does not wish to believe. Even if the evidence comes our way we are likely to refuse to see it. The incident of Galileo and his telescope is true psychology. Galileo, as the story runs, had just discovered the satellites of Jupiter with his new telescope. And he was so excited that he called all the wise men together to see the wonderful sight. But these gentlemen, like some wise men of to-day, were not interested in being mentally disturbed. They disapproved of the foolish practice of reflection and understanding because it was hurtful to their business. They had no use for theories of idealists that might lead to unpleasant consequences by forcing a change of opinions. They were convinced, as some one has said, that conditions will always continue as they always have been, though they never were as they always are. They believed in the practical. And satellites attached to Jupiter were very unpractical. So these wise men wisely decided to close the subject and stop discussion before the radical ideas were beyond control.

"No," they said; "we will not look through your telescope for two reasons: firstly, because Jupiter has no satellites, and, secondly, because if we look the devil will make us see them."

We smile at the childish thought and complacently reply that Galileo lived a long time ago. "Such a thing could not happen to-day." But this is only a mental smoke screen raised as a defense against our detection of our mental sloth. One of the defects in thinking is the assumption that because there has been progress, therefore we are progressive. But history refutes this. What usually happens is that some one breaks away from traditional, accepted beliefs, is condemned as a visionary radical, and dies in poverty, an outcast from "intelligent" and "respectable" society. Another age reprints his books, and people read them in grateful memory of him to whom their fathers refused fellowship and a hearing.

"The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information," some one has observed, "cannot be overestimated." The explanation is that change of beliefs causes real mental pain. It is easy to advance in knowledge so long as we can build on to the old ideas

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without disturbing the substructure. And this is the reason why men believe that they are progressive. But reconstruction of basal beliefs requires reorganization of cerebral processes, and the nervous machinery, like all mechanisms, runs more smoothly when friction has been reduced by repeating the same activity. Repetition in the nervous system, therefore, is accompanied by the mental peace that characterizes habits. It is the line of least resistance. Consequently, acts of thought which man likes to call logical are constantly translated into the old, customary associations of ideas. In this way no violence is done to beliefs which through long service feel as comfortable as old shoes, and for the same reason. They have become adapted to our individual peculiarities. They fit.

This is not complimentary to the human mind. It is not a pleasant picture. But the important question is, is it true? And history, as well as contemporary events, prove the almost insurmountable difficulty of breaking away from the thoughts and beliefs which we have unconsciously adopted because we have always been immersed in them.

Tradition, convention, and authority are all but irresistible forces. And no small part of their power lies in the insidious influence which they exert. They take advantage of all our weak points. Always surrounded by these censors of intelligence, we passively absorb the ideas which they mark "approved." Resistance to their utterances is ungracious because they are such respectable old censors. And since "everybody" esteems them highly, whatever they permit to "pass" must, of course, be the final embodiment of logical thought. "The old metaphysical prejudice that man always thinks," Wundt once wrote, "has not yet entirely disappeared. I myself am inclined to hold that man thinks very little and very seldom."

It is a comfortable, painless assumption, with our slippered feet on the fender of the library fireplace, to say: "To be sure, people did not think during the Middle Ages." And we smile at the committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony who, in the seventeenth century, after thoughtfully investigating the agricultural possibilities of the country, reported that there was little land worth cultivating west of Newton, Mass. And our smile still brightens our complacent faces when we read farther along in the history of our country that Senator Benton moved the confines of our country farther west, but, true to the limitations of human psychology, still proved to the satisfaction of his applauding senatorial hearers that successful settlements could never be established beyond the Rocky Mountains.

Humor sometimes forbids a smile after the feeling of superiority—its usual cause—has changed into intelligent appreciation of the meaning of the humorous events. So we pass to very recent days, to 1912, when mathematicians demonstrated that machine-guns and bombs could not be used with airplanes because the recoil of the gun or the dropping of a bomb weighing more than fifty pounds would upset the plane. And the same "authorities" also proved that two motors could never be used, since no plane could lift the weight, and, besides, if one motor stopped the motion of the other would cause the plane to spin and fall beyond control.

But if 1912 is too far back in history and thinking is felt to have become clear and intelligent in more recent times, let us not forget that in 1917, when Admiral Fiske urged the building of large torpedo planes, "experts" begged him not to risk his wonderful reputation by advocating something mechanically impossible.

Again, to give another very recent instance, at the beginning of the World War the number of British naval officers who believed in the value of submarines could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and leave several fingers unenumerated. "The view of the majority of admirals and captains," according to Archibald Hurd, "was that submersible craft were 'just marvellous toys, good for circus performances in carefully selected places and in fine weather.'" Admiral Lord Beresford, again, "declared that 'the submarine could operate only by day and in fair weather, and it was practically useless in misty weather.'" And Lord Sydenham, speaking of successful attacks, "went so far as to state that 'on the high seas the chances will be few, and submarines will require for their existence parent ships.'"

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These illustrations are perhaps sufficient to show that the human mind has certain fundamental defects which time has not greatly reduced, and still less eliminated. To be sure, "thoughts" pass through the mind in a more or less continuous stream, but they are not of equal importance for efficient thinking. "Reading maketh a full man," Bacon once wrote; but an intelligent wag has added that what he will be full of depends upon the man.

What, then, is the explanation of the placid flow of unproductive ideas commonly assumed to be thinking? Why could Wundt say that man thinks "very little and very seldom," and was William James slandering the human mind when he wrote: "Old-fogyism, in short, is the inevitable terminus to which life sweeps us on"?

We have already mentioned one cause of the inefficiency of the human mind. It is our wish, deprived of intelligence by personal interest. An amusing example is given by Mr. Salt. At the time when vegetarianism was almost as much of a moral issue as Bolshevism is to-day, W. T. Stead, evidently fond of the fleshpots of Egypt, received a message from the spirit world assuring him that, though vegetarianism was good for some people, it was not good for him. Another illustration, again, will show how blind we are for what we do not wish to see.

A conjurer, pretending to be a medium, gave a slate communication from the departed sister of a man who believed in spiritualism. The slate was washed clean and placed "flat upon the table with a bit of pencil about the size of a pea underneath," one of those present says, "and after the lapse of about ten minutes, under the full glare of gas-light, we could distinctly see the slate undulate, and hear the communication that was being written, a copy of which I herewith append: 'My dear Brother: You strive in vain to unlock the hidden mysteries of the future. Carlotte.'" These lines "were not only characteristic of my beloved sister while in the form," her brother said, "but the handwriting so clearly resembled hers that, to my mind, there cannot be a shadow of doubt as to her identity." And again: "A short communication from my mother in her own handwriting," the same man said, "was found plainly written." Since both communications were written by the conjurer the resemblance to the writing of sister and mother must have been created by the ardent wish of the believer to receive a message from them.

But another obstacle to straight thinking is the human inability to see what happens. Accurate facts are needed for accurate thinking. Sometimes expectation stimulated by desire distorts the facts. Hodgson has related an instance which he himself observed. "At a materialization séance given by Firman, at which I was present," he says, "a supposed spirit form appeared, draped in a semitransparent flowing robe—so transparent, in fact, that Firman's bare arm was visible behind it, waving it to and fro. When the figure retired to the cabinet, the door closed upon a portion of the robe. The door opened again slightly, and the end of the robe was drawn into the cabinet. Most of the sitters perceived this clearly, but one, a believer, insisted conscientiously that he saw it slowly melt away."

Many instances of failure to see what happened during a series of pretended "spook communications" are related by E. H. Jones in "The Road to En-Dor." It was during the recent war and Mr. Jones, being in a Turkish prison-camp, thought to entertain his fellow prisoners by conversing with spirits through a home-made ouija board. "Our success was due," Mr. Jones says, "to the cause that makes all spooking mysterious—inaccurate and incomplete observation. . . . It was extremely interesting, from a psychological point of view, to notice how the basic idea that they were conversing with some unknown force seemed to throw the men off their balance. Time and again the spook, under one name or another, pumped the sitter without his knowledge. It was amazing how many men gave themselves away, and told the story *in their questions*, which they afterward thought the spook had told *in his answers*." This was because they received the answers that they wished to hear. At another time Mr. Jones, with a touch of humor, referring to wish and belief, says: "Go often enough to the mediums, preferably to the same medium,

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and your dead will learn to communicate with you. And, above all, *have faith*. It is the faithful believer who gets the most gratifying results."

I have been speaking of certain human characteristics which blunt the mental vision. The wish to achieve an end, laudable, doubtless, and conscious so far as concerns the main results, plays an ignoble part in the subtle way in which it determines thought and action toward many related questions. In its unconscious activity behind the scenes of conscious thought, it assembles all the primitive racial impulses as aids in the attainment of personal ends. Working in this unconscious way, the intelligence of the wish is limited to the moment. It does not view the larger aspects of its own achievements. It refuses consideration of everything which seems to oppose its fulfilment. Demonstrable facts are therefore unnoticed though they may be patent to the rest of the world. And what is observed is interpreted in terms that satisfy the wish. The author of "The Road to En-Dor," for example, when uncertain of the reply which the spirit should make, found that if he gave three answers the believer would accept the right one and discard the others.

But there is another obstacle to clear thinking, and that is the human tendency to tolerate parallel series of thoughts about matters which will not mix without unpleasant consequences. These parallel streams of thoughts are especially comforting when one series is incompatible with our desires or beliefs. And thinking is then untrammelled so long as neither stream breaks its dikes and overflows into the other. But this is not a serious danger because the wish is always on guard. It never sleeps, and it is even watchful in what, for want of a better name, has been called our subliminal or subconscious mind.

Parallel streams of thoughts, in part, describe the minds of profiteers. Contrary to the general belief, they are not villains. They are only running true to primitive psychology—to the psychology of the savage—take what you want if you can get it. Altruism and social service have nothing to do with business. Even morality and religion run their separate course apart from thoughts of trade. So we have the zealous social-welfare workers, of whom we have spoken, who in the market-place perpetuate the conditions which as welfare workers they are trying to end.

Perhaps the best illustration of the defect of which we have been speaking—the tendency to carry two parallel and mutually contradictory currents of thought without allowing them to run into one another and reveal their contradictions—is seen in the intellectual struggle of the twelfth century. Theologians in those days had keen minds and they wanted to use them, but theological beliefs were settled, and critical discussion was forbidden. Logic, however, was neutral ground. And, consequently, here alert theologians with intellectual curiosity could dispute without danger of making unpleasant discoveries. Of course the time came when the dikes broke and the theological stream of thoughts mingled with the philosophical. Then trouble came. It always comes when men really think, because their old, cherished beliefs are disturbed. To be comfortable one should not examine one's opinions and beliefs too critically. And, above all else, the parallel streams of thoughts should not be permitted to intermingle. But it is easy to avoid that danger if the words used are sufficiently vague to obscure their meaning.

Vague ideas have rich possibilities not unlike the results obtained by looking at the full moon. You see what you want to see. The face of a real man in the moon would be fatal, because you could not construct what you want to see out of a clear picture. The outlines must be indefinite and unclear. Vagueness furnishes the raw material that fulfils the wish. And it is the same with statements that masquerade under the dignity of thoughts.

What, then, is the first principle of straight thinking? Probably it is the recognition of the obstacles. We have named a few, and the fatal attitude is to assume that these defects have been outgrown by modern man, or that they are not true of ourselves. If we know the danger we may be on our guard. And we should always be watchful lest our wishes pervert the facts or distort our judgment of them.

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In the Name of the Commonwealth

BY MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS

I AM a citizen of the most conservative city of the most conservative State in the Union. You perceive by this that I do not refer to Massachusetts, which is chancy in matters of religion, or to our Southern sisters, who, while holding faithfully to local traditions in social customs, have been prone to follow strange doctrines in government and economics, as, for instance, free silver. No, I belong to the only American commonwealth where conservatism is a virtue and also a necessity; for what is the essential merit of a keystone? Its ability to stay put.

Being, therefore, a standpatter by situation, a mossback by education, and a member of the generation which believed that a lady was one who could name her four great-grandmothers, it was a shock to me one morning, on returning from market, to see from afar two enormous policemen leaving my respectable dwelling. What possible business had the arm of the law with me or mine?

On the newel post in the hall was a printed slip of paper. It summoned me to appear three weeks later, at ten in the morning, at room four hundred and something, City Hall, to serve as a petit juror in the Municipal Court. I consulted my family at breakfast. My eldest son, just out of college, had recently served on a jury. "You won't like it," quoth he. "Municipal Court? That's only small damage suits. One foreman we had couldn't even understand English. He brought in a verdict for the plaintiff when he meant the defendant, and the judge sent us back. They always find for the plaintiff. You'll serve with a lot of Wops who'll want to give 'em the whole City Hall. It was the easiest three dollars a day *I* ever made."

I said that I thought I ought to go, but how could I find the time? Three weeks out of a busy life, for all our lives are busy! Whatever we have to do fills all the time there is, as a gas expands to fill a vacuum. I should have to compress my daily duties into half their accustomed space, that was all. I had not sought the franchise, but if the commonwealth summoned me to jury duty, a juror I would be. This in spite of the fact that one of our local judges had given it as his opinion that a court-room was "no place for a lady."

When the designated Monday morning came, my husband wished to escort me to the court to introduce me to the judge. He did not realize, dear man, that it is not the judge, but the crier, with whom one must curry favor. Fortunately, a glimmering of sense made me veto his well-meant plan. I was a citizen and a voter. I would go alone.

What if I should be late? Would I incur some dire penalty if I arrived five minutes after the hour? How long would it take me to find the right room in the pretentious barracks of our City Hall? In my anxiety I was too early and walked around the block to put in the time. A long corridor, an elevator, another corridor, spittoons, swinging doors, and the court-room at last.

I gave my name, was checked off on a list, and found a seat with the rest of the panel, about fifty men and eight or ten women. Lawyers, with black bags, came in and whispered together. Witnesses filed in and filled the seats across the aisle. A youngish man, with a court officer behind him, walked rapidly from a side entrance, and disappeared behind the curtains at the back of the bench. He emerged in a moment in a black gown. "Please rise," said the crier, and, as we all stood up, "In the name of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, I declare this court open!"

I looked critically at my fellow jurors, and decided that I should not like them. One had a red head, a soiled collar, and

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a pugnacious jaw. His name was Ignatius Ryan. I am half Irish myself and I actively hated him. The feuds of three hundred years were restive in our blood. Ignatius and I were born to be on opposite sides of the fence. A Russian egg-candler wished to be excused. He did not speak English well enough, he said, but the panel was a small one and the judge differed with him. One young woman said that her boss would not let her off. He had told her that he would not keep her place for her. "Send him to me," snapped the judge, "and I'll commit him to the County prison." "I'm losing money by this," said the young house-painter next to me, and the woman beside him agreed. "If you have any kind of a job," said she to me, "this wouldn't pay you." "They'd ought to put it up to five dollars a day," said the crier. "Then people wouldn't mind serving."

The bench in this court was a swivel chair, and his honor tipped back in it very much at his ease. Case after case he called, and case after case was not ready. I began to understand the meaning of "the law's delay." At last two lawyers agreed that they were ready. The crier drew a slip from a box, called a number and a name, and directed the juror thus called to take his place as number one in the jury-box. After all twelve places were filled, eight more names were called and the owners were directed to seats in the front line of chairs. The lawyers then grabbed the long printed lists which gave our names, our residences, and occupations, and stabbed an accusing finger at one or another juror, who then had to descend from the box and take a seat on the waiting chairs, while his place was filled by one of the eight in the front row. The lawyers knew nothing about us, so far as I could see. We were clerks, teamsters, colored stevedores, stenographers, housewives, plasterers, and electricians, from every ward in the city. It was not likely that we had any interest in the cases to be tried, but the challenging went merrily on. Later in the week, the judge got tired of it. "If you have any reason for challenging, all right," said he; "but if it's just a habit, you can stop it."

The swearing of the jurors, four right hands at a time on the Bible, was gabbled over rather hastily. The swearing of the witnesses, "So help you God!" could not fail of a certain majesty. In a frankly atheistic state, to what attestation of our truth could we appeal? Could we invoke a mythical justice? Or an abstract conception of that commonwealth in whose name we were gathered together? Or could we see above us that lofty and unimpassioned lady, Truth, who by right should carry not a lamp, but a sword?

The first lawyer told us that he would prove one thing by his witnesses. The second told us ("ladies and gentlemen of the jury") that he would prove just the opposite, and then they both proceeded to do it. Query. Why not swear the lawyers before each case? They wanted a verdict but the truth seemed to be a secondary matter.

Ignatius Ryan was foreman of the first jury on which I served. I fancied I was intelligent, I had listened carefully to the testimony and to the judge's charge to the jury, I had sworn to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence, but fifteen hundred dollars was the limit of damages in that court, and fifteen hundred dollars was what Ignatius was determined to award. The stone-mason supported him. "The truck-driver must a-been to blame," he argued. "Them drivers gets fifty cents a load for every truck over eight loads. Of course, they drive too fast." I realized that I did not know everything, and Ignatius had his way. The judge said that it was a very good verdict.

A polyglot tide flowed through that court, and interpreters, Italian, Greek, even Turkish, were in great demand. One ancient Hebrew plaintiff, who testified in Yiddish and put on his hat to take the oath, had brought his own copy of the Hebrew scriptures with him. The judge left his rocking-chair and edged over to see what he was swearing on. Father Abraham and his equally aged wife, with a handkerchief tied over her head, had a damage suit against a grasping landlord. They made an excellent impression on us, though one of their own witnesses, a push-cart peddler and self-styled politician, contradicted them flatly. So did the pretty young woman with a baby who lived in the same court. Mention was

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made of previous lawsuits. Visions of brawling, neighborhood squabbles, and echoes of ugly language in back alleys surged to the surface. Could it be that the venerable patriarch had found the law an easy way to make money? "Some one has been doing some tall lying," said the judge in his charge to the jury.

"What do *you* think about it?" I whispered to the egg-candler, who understood Yiddish. "I think there's nothing to it," said he equably. "The side that pays the most, he gets the witnesses."

It seemed to me that my fellow jurors had a subconscious rule by which to decide. The rich man should pay. They had a vicarious pleasure in being generous with other people's money. Would it be possible for a man in a limousine to receive a verdict in our lower courts? I do not know. Sometimes the foreigner did not get as much as he might, particularly if he came from eastern Europe, but generally we went the limit, especially if a child was involved. Once, however, on a question of character damages, I took a stand, or rather a seat, and one of the other women joined me. We said we would sit there all day if necessary. The foreman, after waiting a while, polled the jury, added up the amounts which each thought proper, divided by twelve and we compromised on the quotient.

No doubt we sometimes made mistakes, but though we wrangled, and squabbled, and argued, we were all well-meaning. We bent our best energies to our unaccustomed task; we were intensely in earnest. It worried us sometimes when we thought both sides were to blame and we could assess damages against only one. We were interested in the evidence, we listened respectfully to the judge, but the eloquence of the lawyers often left us cold. We did not care to be flattered, and bamboozled, and cajoled. We stared stonily into space, and resented it. Hypothetical questions we could not follow, and abstruse medical references (mostly mispronounced) did not interest us. We began to have an almost uncanny scent for facts. Experience was teaching us. We had become a corporate body. We were very friendly together. We knew each other well. We had our little jokes and bywords, we passed around chewing-gum, we asked privileges of the crier. He let me off one day to go to a luncheon. Democracy? Americanization? A jury is the place to learn what the words mean.

When our final day of service came, the judge made us a little speech before he dismissed us. He looked us over with a quizzical eye. "I hope you have enjoyed your service in this court," said his honor. "You haven't been stingy." And indeed we had not.

It was too early to get our vouchers cashed and we lingered. "We'll miss coming down here next week," we said. "It's been so pleasant getting to know each other."

Then one of us had an inspiration. He was foreman of a candy factory. Would we like to go through it with him? We all accepted with alacrity, and he took us on a personally conducted tour through the works. It was our final appearance as a unit before we were resolved back into our individual lives. Then we shook hands and hastened back to City Hall to get our vouchers cashed. "I'm going to buy a fireless cooker with mine," said the other housewife on the panel. "Mrs. Cadwalader Jones said in the paper she was going to give her jury money to charity. What are you going to do with yours?"

"I think I'll eat it," said I thriftily, and tucked it in my purse with the market money.

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The Runaway Blimp

BY HARRIET WELLES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

TERRY KNOWLTON allowed the nurse to arrange the cushions and blanket and, with Jennings's help, to adjust the wheel chair; but he promptly and effectively raised a barrier against any attempts at cheering conversation by leaning back and closing his eyes, and only when the sound of Miss Burton's footsteps, following Jennings back to the house, had died away, did Terry Knowlton open his eyes and look disinterestedly about this new domain to which, after his serious breakdown, the doctors had peremptorily ordered him.

He had to admit that it was attractive enough—but what man, hungering for Wall Street, would have found much solace in the beauty of a Californian garden? Then, too, Terry Knowlton felt himself to be the victim of an unscrupulous swindle. Life, before this, had been for him a game of mental skill: great affairs were the counters with which he had played . . . and when, after being picked up, unconscious, from his office floor, he had slowly rallied to a dazed realization of his predicament, he could not control a sense of bitter and resentful aggrievement—as of one who had been struck down from behind by an unsportsmanlike adversary.

He got no sympathy from his physician. "I've been warning you for the last two years! *Now* you'll *have* to stop! No overexertion; no worrying. Just rest," ordered the doctor; and as soon as Terry Knowlton was able to be moved he was sent, with his man Jennings, and competent Miss Burton, to take a long vacation. "It's a small place—but there's a big naval aviation field there. You'll be interested in watching the blimps and planes. As for 'never walking again,' that's utter rot! You'll walk all right—when the time comes!"

"I guess I'll get that rest. I'm done for—I know it," muttered Terry Knowlton bitterly; and closed his eyes on the privet hedges, borders of geraniums, calla lilies and oleanders, and the sparkle of blue water, longingly to visualize a crowded street dominated by the gray steeple of Old Trinity.

A voice beside him spoke so suddenly that he jumped. "What," it inquired, "are you scowling about?"

Terry Knowlton opened his eyes and stared in amazement at the small figure, in yellow linen rompers, that stood beside his chair. "How did you get in here?" he inquired sternly.

"I came in through the kitchen gate after the garbage man," answered the young lady composedly, and sat down in the other chair.

"Where do you live? What is your name? Won't your mother be looking for you?" he asked, irritated by her look of calm permanence.

"My name's Sara'paulinelowney, and I live next door, and my mother said not to bother you, because you're sick," answered the young lady simply.

"Then why did you disobey?" he questioned with annoyance.

"I wanted to see how you looked," she answered. "My father's been sick—he ate some bad fish; he didn't sit still like you, though." Thoughtfully she went on: "I guess there's more'n one kind of bein' sick, isn't there? . . . 'cause my mother says she's sick of worryin' about the wigible everytime there's a fog."

"*What*," inquired Mr. Knowlton, unwillingly interested, "is a 'wigible'?"

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She pointed toward a row of hangars edging a wide landing field not far away. "It's an airy-plane," she explained; "my daddy's in the navy and every day he rides in airy-planes, and wigibles, and bull-loons," she added proudly.

Terry Knowlton could think of no suitable comment except to ask: "Does he take your mother and you with him?"

She shook her head. "No. Ladies and little girls don't go a-ridin' in those. My mother cooks and sews; and sometimes she cleans house, and when she does my daddy asks: 'Are you a-going to have admiral's inspection here?' And my mother says: 'No. My mother-in-law's a-comin' to visit!' But that's a joke: my grandmother don't visit us—she don't like my mother——"

From beyond the hedge a clear, girlish voice called: "Polly! *Polly!*"

Miss Lowney slid down from her chair and departed hastily. "That's my mother—Good-by! I'll come again," she called back. Terry Knowlton could hear her responding to a censuring voice after her yellow rompers had disappeared through a gap in the hedge: "He isn't so awfully sick, mother, . . . *once*, he smiled. When Daddy was sick he didn't smile——"

Whatever deterring reprimand had been administered to Miss Sarah Pauline Lowney remained effective the next day; Terry Knowlton had no glimpse of her. Instead, he found a certain diversion in wondering which of the aeroplanes, hydroplanes, or balloons ascending from the nearby Naval Air Station might be carrying her father—especially when, later in the day, a sudden, enveloping sea fog rolled landward and drove him in-doors to the warmth and comfort of a wood-fire and lights.

Miss Burton, noticing his interest in the machines, commented: "I'm so glad that they don't disturb you! I was afraid, when we first arrived and I heard the roar of their engines, that you'd be annoyed—but you seem interested. Perhaps, some afternoon when you feel like it, we might motor over and see them closer?"

He did not answer; later, when Jennings brought in his tray, he asked: "What sort of people live in the bungalow next door?"

"Very young, sir—with a little girl. Their name is Lowney: he's a naval officer and his wife is a pleasant lady. . . . I fancy they've rather a hard time getting on, on his salary—she seems to do a great many things for herself. . . . As for the little girl—" Jennings paused to smile. "*She's that busy!*" he commented illuminatingly.

During the next six days Terry Knowlton was not so well; he would not go out of doors, but sat staring moodily into the crackling fire, refusing to eat, or to be read to. "Newspapers are for people who are alive," he said with bitterness to Miss Burton when she tried to interest him in the headlines. But a week later, on a warm, sunshiny morning he let them help him into the cushioned chair and endured, with such patience as he could muster, being wheeled out through the doorway and covered with a blanket. Gradually, as he sat there, the sunlight and the scent of flowers worked their spell; insensibly he relaxed; he actually achieved a faint, welcoming smile when, after a brief, reconnoitring glance, Miss Lowney dodged through the hedge and came toward him.

"Where have you been? I've looked for you every day," she inquired sociably.

"In the house," he answered; then realized that politeness demanded something further. "I haven't been feeling well," he amended.

"I was in the house, too, all yesterday afternoon," she volunteered. "When my daddy came home my mother had him spank me," she added reminiscently, and came closer. "My hair bow's loose. Please fix it," she requested.

Clumsily he obeyed. "How's that?" he inquired.

"It's not much good," she answered, "but if I go home my mother won't let me come back. She told me to not go off the porch all morning."

He glanced at her serene face. "What have you been investing in that has set you back so?" he asked.

"It was hot yesterday; so Winnie and I took off all our clothes in their dog-house. We were just walking down to

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"I came in through the kitchen gate after the garbage man."—Page 689.

the beach when my mother saw me. . . . She won't let me play with Winnie today," vouchsafed Miss Lowney composedly; thoughtfully she added: "Last week Winnie's mother wouldn't let her play with me because I showed her how to be a cable car: we put one leg on each side of the wire rope that's around that new lawn that they want you to keep off of—and then we ran up and down. It was all right till Winnie tore the seat out of her rompers on a place where the wire was mended," she explained.

"Who's Winnie?" he inquired.

"She's just Winnie. She lives on the other side of me, and she's like her father. I'm like my grandmother that doesn't come to see us—my father says so——"

From beyond the hedge a voice called sternly: "Polly! Polly! Didn't I tell you not to go away from the porch——?"

For a second panic showed in the lady's movements; then resignedly she slipped down. "I didn't think she'd be out so soon," she admitted, then hesitated. "Maybe if I stay here she won't find me," she suggested. But the voice was getting nearer; even as Polly cast distractedly about for a convenient refuge, a young woman appeared in the gateway and came toward them.

"I'm so sorry she's been bothering you, Mr. Knowlton; I told her not to come here. . . . I'm her mother," said Mrs. Lowney, and held out a small hand.

Terry Knowlton smiled as he looked at

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her. "You don't look old enough to be Polly's mother," he said.

"Don't I?" she questioned. "Well, I *feel* old: I've been the wife of an aviator for five years—ever since the day after my husband graduated from the Naval Academy."

He smiled again. "Evidently they marry too young in the navy," he commented.

"That's what my mother-in-law thinks: she feels that I was a designing female who *snatched* her boy! And she vows that she'll never enter my house," vouchsafed Mrs. Lowney; more tolerantly she added: "She's living at a hotel over in town—so that she can catch an occasional glimpse of Tim. I'd like to be friends with her, and I'm sure she'd adore Polly. Tim says that Polly's the image of his mother—independent, you know."

He suppressed a desire to laugh at the comical, grown-up wrinkles of concern across her forehead. "For a child of four, Polly speaks without baby-talk," he commented.

"She's always been with older people—until now," said Mrs. Lowney, and bent a stern glance upon her offspring. "Polly, where have you put the money I left on the table for the laundryman?" she questioned.

"I ate it," answered Polly calmly. "Winnie swallowed her birthday ten cents—but she got it back again—and I wanted to see——"

"Don't start anything you can't finish," advised her mother darkly.

"Please come again *soon!*" called Terry Knowlton cordially, as he watched his visitors depart through the hedge; he was still smiling when Miss Burton and Jennings came to help him into the house.

During the next two months Terry Knowlton's acquaintance with the Lowneys ripened into a friendship; he found his only diversions in the escapades of Polly, and in the talk of the group of aviators around the Lowney's Sunday-night supper-table. There he listened, with growing amazement, to the gay badinage of these boys who, in the perfecting of a new medium, faced danger in every flight. Two of the lads, who were members of the group, met death during those weeks—crashing down from the clouds, to be dragged forth from among the crumpled wreckage of their machines. . . . Almost tensely Terry Knowlton waited, after the first of these accidents, to hear the other aviators' comments—but no mention of the occurrence was made. They were, if anything, a little gayer and more lawless: telling how the monkey-mascot, owned by the mess, had discovered that the shingles on the Officers' Club could be pulled loose, and had, in the course of a morning, unroofed the building. And how Jamison, detailed to head the escort of planes which went out to meet the Prince of Wales' ship, had alighted, because of engine trouble, in a choppy sea, within a stone's throw of the *Renown* and there, bobbing about like a cork—while they tinkered with their machinery—had been violently sea-sick . . . to the great diversion of the visiting spectators.

"I wouldn't have lifted my head to see the Sultan of Sulu, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great rolled into one—because I was past caring *how* they looked," vouchsafed Jamison grimly. . . . Terry Knowlton, seated in his wheel-chair beside Mrs. Lowney, noticed her unsmiling face; and her quickly indrawn breath when the toast "Happy landings!" was drunk in after-dinner coffee.

"It isn't that I'm a coward," she told Mr. Knowlton the next day, when she came in pursuit of Polly, "but Tim's all I have! If anything happened to him. . . ." She clenched her hands, and stared dully in front of her. "Tim can't talk of anything else but his luck in getting the chance to take the big, new blimp on that reconnoissance trip!—Oh! How I hate the great, shiny, *hostile* thing!" she cried.

"Don't think about it," he advised: "the calamities you dread don't happen—but something like this trouble of mine (which I'd never even imagined) jumps at you. The doctors expected me to be pottering about before this . . . but I realize that I shall never walk again," he added bitterly.

Here was real, present trouble. She was instantly sympathetic. "Oh, yes, you will—when something happens to make you *want* to walk!" she cried. But he shook his head. "No," he answered,

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"When my daddy came home my mother had him spank me."—Page 690.

"I'm through. I know it." Nor would he respond to any of her cheering suggestions. In the end, when it was time for her to take Polly home to supper, she had an inspiration.

"Perhaps, next Thursday morning when Tim goes out in the blimp, you'll take Polly and me over to see them start? Miss Burton, Jennings, and I could lift you into the machine; and Tim could get us a permit to go up near them on the field," she said.

He was unaccountably interested. "Would *you* go?" he asked. "I'm keen to see it," he admitted.

Her face looked very white and small as she smiled her agreement. "I'll have Tim arrange everything for bright and early on Thursday," she called back from the gap in the hedge.

The quartermaster on duty at the hangar the night before a blimp is scheduled to "take altitude," attends to seeing that the great bag is filled with 172,000 feet of hydrogen gas; that the car contains 300 gallons of gasolene; that the special receptacle holding four carrier pigeons—to be sent out in case of wireless trouble—is ready; besides carefully

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overlooking all details connected with the approaching flight.

There was a perceptible stir about the big hangar when Terry Knowlton, Mrs. Lowney, and Polly arrived in the automobile and parked on the edge of the landing field. Almost immediately a company of seventy-five sailors, under the command of a petty officer, marched up and disappeared through a small entrance. From inside the building the noise of warming up the engines made a dull din like distant cannonading. A junior officer, arriving late, flung himself from a roadster and hurried through a group beside the doorway to join the coxswain, the commanding officer, the altitude pilot, and two mechanicians already waiting at the foot of the ladder beside the car. "That's Mr. Stanley who was late—he's the radio officer," said Mrs. Lowney in a whisper.

Terry Knowlton glanced at her; she seemed, somehow, to have grown smaller as she huddled down on the wide seat; he had a sudden feeling of compunction that, in her effort to make him forget his illness, she was putting herself to needless suffering. "Would you rather not wait? Really, I won't mind turning back," he said.

She shook her head. "It wouldn't make any difference whether I was here or at home," she answered with a wan attempt at a smile.

From the front seat Polly, finishing a minute investigation of the automobile's workings under the amused tutelage of the chauffeur, cried out: "Look! There's the man that tells everybody what to do!" as an officer stepped out in front of the huge doors and gave a signal.

Slowly . . . the great motor-operated sheets of steel slid back on their cables . . . into the cage-like, frame work, standing out on each side of the hangar . . . until the entire end of the building was wide open, from the roof to the ground.

Then: "*Walk her out!*" shouted the officer.

There was a little pause.

Very slowly . . . through the opening there emerged a shining point; . . . gradually it came on, . . . widening, during its 193 feet of silvery length, into a great, torpedo-shaped bag which, near the stern, suddenly and surprisingly sprouted two wings. Beneath it, suspended by twenty wires, was the car.

"Those wires are fastened to the bag with finger-patches which are just glued onto the outside with rubber cement—Of course, it's perfectly safe *if the gas is always kept at even pressure;* but if it *isn't,* the finger-patches tear loose—and drop the car," remarked Mrs. Lowney.

Startled, Terry Knowlton glanced at the sprawling patches showing plainly against the shiny bag, and gasped: "You *must* be mistaken! Surely those suspension ropes must be fastened through!"

She shook her head. "No. Tim says that you can't rivet through thin rubber," she said.

Out in front of the hangar the officer, directing, raised his megaphone and called across the roar of the 150 horsepower engines: "Nose to port!" as he watched the sailors manipulate the great air-ship clear of the doorway, and into the wind. "Nose to starboard! *Nose to starboard!*" he shouted; then, when the dirigible rode free: "Let the tail swing!"

In the cockpit, the commanding officer nodded an answer to a question from the altitude pilot sitting beside him, and fingered the colored knobs on the valve-control board before him; in a smaller cockpit, forward, the coxswain, whistling, sniffed the chilly air and shook his head. "I smell fog!" he remarked to himself; in two cockpits, back of the commanding officer, the mechanicians and the radio officer bent to their work as the pilot's voice floated back to them: "Stand by—to weigh off!" he called, and checked to see that the ship's nose was directly into the wind. Then: "*Hands off!*" yelled the pilot.

The sailors on the handling lines slacked away. . . . Slowly . . . the ship rose. . . .

"If she's too heavy they throw out ballast—a blimp has to be three bags light: that's ninety pounds," said Mrs. Lowney.

Terry Knowlton turned to smile at her. "What a lot you know!" he praised.

She did not smile. "Why shouldn't I—when I hear it every day?" she asked.

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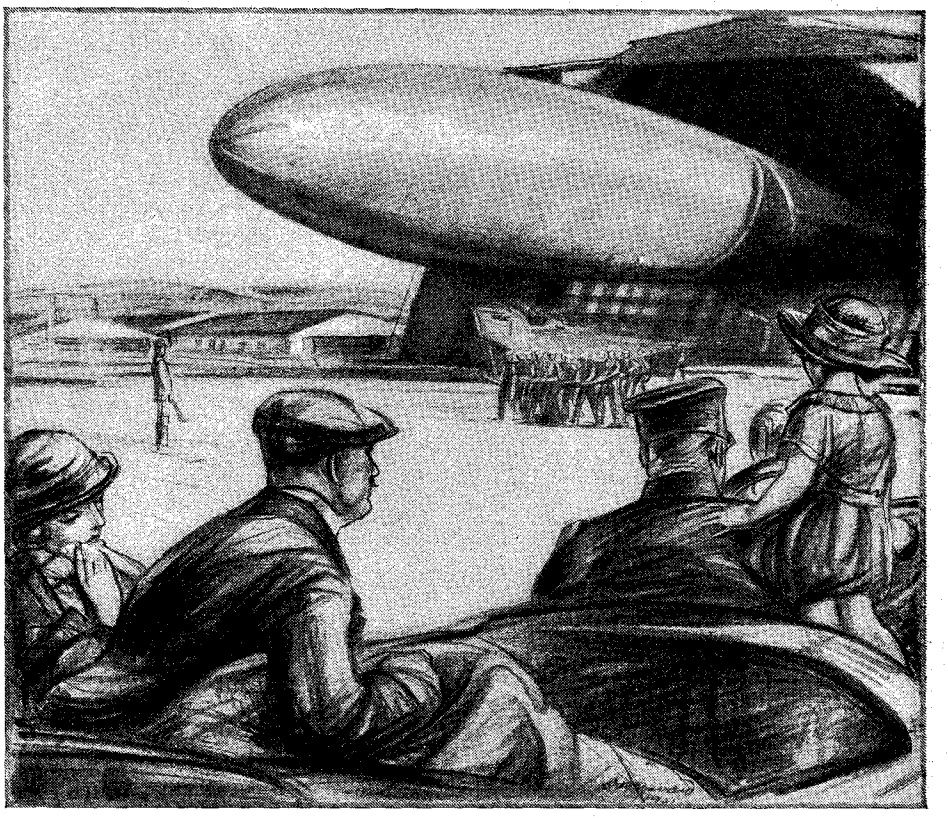
"Evidently this blimp is all right then—" he commenced, but stopped at the sight of the commanding officer standing up in the car.

"Start the starboard motor! . . . *Stand clear!*" came Tim Lowney's voice.

From below the quartermaster answered: "All clear, sir!"

pilot, pulling the flippers hard up "gave her the gun." With a roar of the motors the blimp shot upward into the air; from her stern the Stars and Stripes whipped in the cold wind as, shining ethereally in the thin sunshine, the airship passed over the automobile where Mrs. Lowney sat watching.



Gradually it came on, . . . widening, during its 193 feet of silvery length, into a great, torpedo-shaped bag.—Page 694.

"*Contact!*" called the pilot, and cracked the throttle. The self-starters rasped and squealed; and the eight-cylinder motor started with a roar.

Again came Lieutenant Lowney's voice: "Start the port motor! . . . *Stand clear!*" And the answering shout: "All clear!"

"*Contact!*" exclaimed the pilot, and called back the position of the switch to the mechanician.

"Shove her up!" came the order.

Slowly—the great balloon rose to about twenty feet above the ground; then the

Terry Knowlton drew a long breath; his eyes were bright with interest. Half aloud he muttered: "Youngsters . . . like that boy!" And looked at Mrs. Lowney. "You must be most awfully proud of him!" he said.

She thought it over; then shook her head. "No. . . . When you think a lot of a person, you don't bother with pride; you're too busy just loving him," she answered.

As the blimp was travelling under

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orders, the navigator figured a course; the coxswain steered it.

Below them, as they started northward, the landscape took on a toy-like orderliness of thin lines of asphalted streets showing between dense massings of shade trees; of sharp spots of color which might be the fanciful tiles on some roof, climbing Bougainvillea, the vivid cerise of blossoming ice plant, or a bank covered with African daisies; again it was the exquisite blue which, on the southern California coast, makes real the Indian legend of sky-colored water; still further on they passed over a fortified headland, where a labyrinth of ammunition-car tracks led to the lairs of the great, disappearing guns—plainly visible from above.

Beyond this, though still travelling northward, the landscape changed: long slopes of craggy, upward-swinging mountains showed the yellow of waterless meadows, burned to a dull gold by the hot sun; a stretch of sage-dotted desert had, from above, the smooth perfection of a lawn; a thin line of cotton-woods, willows and eucalyptus followed the trend of an unseen water course; and tiny, dark dots showed where cattle grazed upon the scattered herbage. Below the blimp the gulls, unafraid, quarrelled and circled; and once a lynx-eyed buzzard wheeled with gruesome patience, above the hiding-place of some stricken animal. For the first hour after leaving their station they sailed serenely and safely upon their appointed way, seeing and hearing the customary sights and sounds of flight . . . but very slowly, as they forged ahead, the sunlight dimmed, paled . . . and disappeared; gradually . . . the atmosphere seemed to thicken. A wave of damp air struck and engulfed them . . . followed by crowding, insistent wraiths of detached clouds driving before a little, icy wind and, even as they swung about to turn, a thick mist was around them.

The radio officer, immediately alert, called across the highway of the sky to their destination: "*Fog* . . . we've run into a heavy bank of it. . . . Is it clear ahead?"

From the landing field the answer came back: "C–5–8? C–5–8? C–5–8? . . . Heavy fog here, too!"

"That's bad!" muttered the radio officer, and glanced toward the pilot. Because of the sudden chill the gas had contracted; this made it possible to run the blimp up to 2,000 feet in an effort to get above the cloud-bank—but it was a vain endeavor: about them the hazy waves and banks surged and billowed with increasing density and a still and stiffening cold. In a few minutes' time the airship was completely lost. Each officer and man bent to his work, or at intervals straightened in his seat to stare blankly at the towering crags of thick, white mist.

The noise of the engines made any attempts at conversation impossible; such orders or remarks as occurred to the six men were written and handed about. And, at first—knowing the exact distance, and the time necessary to make the trip—they kept on at the usual speed of fifty knots.

They ran the course, then came down to 1,000 feet to look about. But at that altitude the surging waves of fog—surprisingly shot across with flickering lines of soft luminosity—seemed almost palpable. . . . It was very cold; curiously silent, detached and remote; the giant dirigible might be anywhere: over deep water; above a pointed church-steeple, or the chimney of a gas-plant or foundry—where a sudden burst of flame would mean an explosion and instant death; the fog, enveloping, non-committal, was as hostilely impartial as the sea: hiding, beneath an impenetrable and uncompromising serenity, all manner of lurking menace.

There was nothing for the crew of the blimp to do but to go up again and, at lessened speed, cruise about until the fog should lift and they could get some idea of their bearings. The radio officer repeated this decision; answered a futile question; and informed the officer-in-charge at the landing field that they had completed their run and were awaiting an opportunity to descend; then turned to shake his head over the towering wall of dead, white fog. "We may be right over the station—" he soliloquized, mentally picturing the disgust of his blimp-mates if time should prove his guess to be correct.

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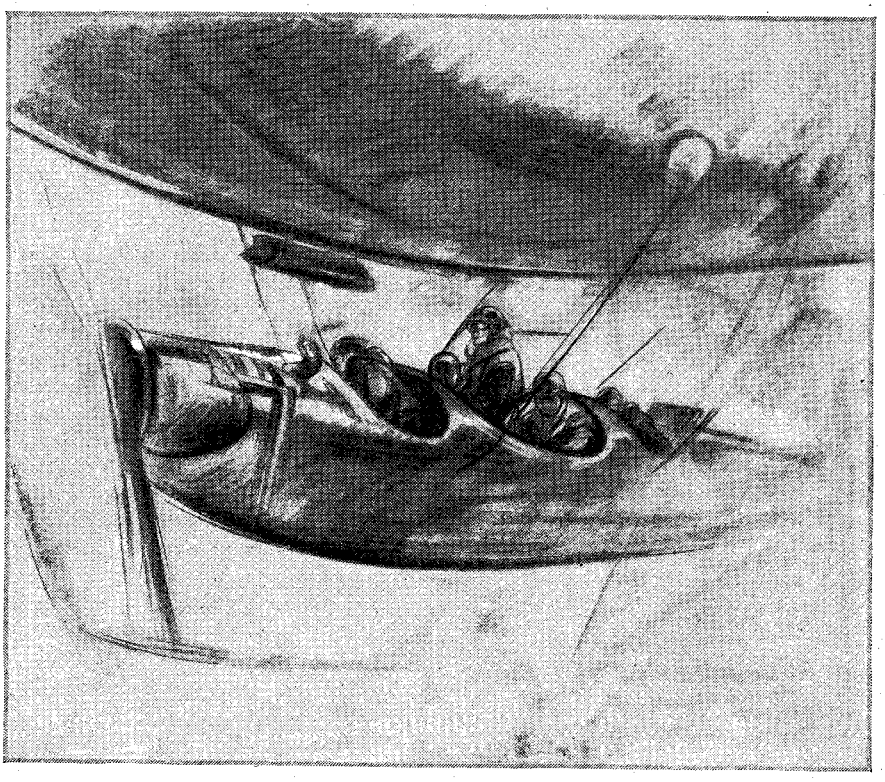
It was not correct. There had been a sharp change in the wind which, in a fog—not seeing the ground—it was impossible to determine. So when, after circling, turning, and cruising about for nearly three hours—answering, at intervals, the worried queries of the station operator; and staying, according to their best judgment, as nearly as possible in the same general radius . . . it came with the shock of ghastly unreality to see . . . looming up with nightmare suddenness, directly in front of them, a rough, sharp, craggy, mountain peak. . . . There was hardly time to attempt frenziedly to steer the blimp upward . . . as the men snatched for the controls, the valves, the throttles, the red, rip-cords, the pyrene; and to shut off the engines for fear of an explosion. . . . By some miracle the gas-bag rode free of the peak—but not the car.

There was a grinding impact . . . the shattering crash of thin wood against stone . . . the quivering pause and lurch of the great bag . . . the shivering tear of loosened finger patches. Lieutenant Lowney had a moment of intolerable regret at the remembrance of the small life insurance, which was all that he could afford to carry, when, . . . one by one, the released suspension wires parted from the bag. . . . The car lurched unevenly forward . . . and fell . . . smashing in to fragments, two hundred feet below. Across the sudden stillness the wireless on the landing field called peremptorily: "C–5–8! C–5–8! *Why don't you answer?*"



It was very cold; curiously silent, detached and remote.—Page 696.

It was two hours later when, white and panting, Mrs. Lowney came through the doorway of Mr. Knowlton's bungalow, and called the invalid abruptly back from the borderland of an afternoon nap. "The wireless has called and called to the blimp—they can't get them!" she said.

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"Read me the names of the towns they should have passed over."

Terry Knowlton blinked dazedly. "What——?" he asked.

"Tim's blimp doesn't answer—it hasn't answered for hours," she asserted.

He was startled into wakefulness by the strained tone of her voice. "The wireless," he commented didactically, "is a very delicate instrument. On the yacht I chartered last summer the wireless had only a fifty-mile radius——"

She ignored his comments. "They should have reached the other station by noon. . . . It's nearly four o'clock," she said.

"Don't worry! They're probably on their way back," he suggested comfortably.

She clinched her hands in a effort at control. "How *can* they come back when they haven't arrived?" she demanded; the anguish in her voice carried across her words: "Can't you—*won't you* —do something?"

He gasped. "I'll do anything you suggest! But I don't even know how to commence!" he explained helplessly.

"If you would sit at the telephone and ask the operator, at each town along their route, whether they've passed—?" she proposed; then added bitterly: "This is the first time I haven't worried about Tim! Somehow, watching them start—seeing their complete mastery of that great thing—reassured me——" She broke off, and took the telephone book which Terry Knowlton held out.

"Read me the names of the towns they should have passed over," he directed,

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and started in pursuit of the runaway blimp.

At first the telephone operators, suspecting some new form of pleasantry, answered cautiously. Terry Knowlton found it kinder not to look at Mrs. Lowney's white face, as she sat opposite him, waiting. But at the seventh town they caught up with the morning's fog. "It was real thick here. . . . No. I didn't see a flying-machine . . . I couldn't have!" volunteered a pleasant-voiced girl at San Miguel.

Mrs. Lowney, with a sharp twist of pain, interlaced useless fingers. "What . . . if the blimp came down . . . out to sea?" she whispered.

"Don't borrow trouble," he advised; then, as she looked up the next number: "Where is Polly?" he asked.

"She's walking up and down the road, wearing my evening dress, and carrying her father's field-glasses," answered Mrs. Lowney, and bent over the book.

Laboriously, futilely, they struggled on up the coast; with each negative answer Mrs. Lowney's face took on an added expression of suffering. Almost it seemed that the great blimp and her crew had sailed into the engulfing obscurity of some port for missing ships. Even Terry Knowlton grew exasperated at the mocking monotony of the reply: "We haven't seen them *here!*"

"'No news is good news,'" he quoted, with an attempt at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling.

She did not answer.

He lumbered on: "If anything had happened we'd have heard before this."

She lifted heavy eyes to his face. "I was the loneliest person in the whole world—until Tim came," she said.

Terry Knowlton, waiting for a long-distance connection, did not speak. There was a little silence.

"Tim married me, the day after he graduated, because my aunt—with whom I lived—wasn't . . . kind to me. . . . Of course I shouldn't have let him break with his mother—but I was only eighteen—and I couldn't let Tim go," she said.

He hesitated. Amid a labyrinth of possibilities for saying the wrong thing, it seemed wiser to say nothing at all.

Her voice rose. "Don't sympathize with me!" she warned him sharply, and swallowed with difficulty. "Don't you see—*can't you understand*—that I couldn't go on without Tim?. . . . Oh yes! Of course I have Polly—but she doesn't *need* me! In a few years she'll be elected first lady-president of the United States; or she'll hoist a flag on the North Pole; or excavate on the floor of the deepest part of the Pacific Ocean—you know she

"She's walking up and down the road, wearing my evening dress, and carrying her father's field-glasses."

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will! . . . But Tim and I were saving for a little house . . . and I was going to paint all our ugly, old furniture daffodil yellow. . . . We'd arranged it all . . . and I *can't* go on without him. . . ."

Terry Knowlton hurriedly took down the receiver and, for the ninth time, asked the distant landing field for news.

"We've combed the coast for her," the answer came back: "No one has seen her! You'd think that she had deliberately *tried* to run away—and made a good job of it!"

Mrs. Lowney gave a little, inarticulate moan of suffering as he repeated the message to her.

At seven o'clock that evening word came in from Santa Ysabel that the crew of the wrecked blimp had been found there, and were being carried to the hospital.

By that time Mrs. Lowney was past making any attempt to speak, except to whisper: "Tim?"

Mr. Knowlton, after some difficulty, was connected up with the hospital and passed along to a cheerful attendant.

"'They're all pretty well banged up—we can't tell just how badly yet. . . . No. No one killed. . . . What? . . . Lieutenant Lowney? Oh, he got off easy! . . . Only a lot of bruises, and both ankles broke—at least that's all they've found so far. . . .'" repeated Terry Knowlton, as the orderly gave out the message.

"But they weren't going anywhere near Santa Ysabel! It's miles and miles away—back in the mountains!" cried Mrs. Lowney.

"In a fog—" commenced Mr. Knowlton.

"I can't afford to go there. . . . We've a lease on our house, and a hotel is out of question, with Polly," said Mrs. Lowney desperately.

"At present you are going home to bed. Miss Burton will give you something to make you sleep—and to-morrow morning, when Polly and you come to breakfast with me, we'll have the latest news, and can decide what to do. . . . You're in no shape to decide anything now—is she, Miss Burton?" said Terry Knowlton firmly.

Just seven days later Mr. Knowlton, huddling down in the cushioned chair on the terrace, stared gloomily at the flowering borders. Behind him, each window of his bungalow was gay with a beribboned holly wreath; and next door Mrs. Lowney had hung a bunch of mistletoe in the living-room and, after surreptitiously decorating a small tree, had brought it over to be secreted until the auspicious morning.

"With Tim away, I haven't much heart for Christmas—but Polly would be disappointed if she didn't get anything," said Mrs. Lowney listlessly.

After she had gone back Mr. Knowlton was left to his own thoughts; he was unaccountably tired from the worry and excitement of the week, and this depressed him. "I'm getting worse, instead of better—the least thing exhausts me. I'll never walk again," he murmured despondently; and would not brighten when Miss Burton passed him on her way to the shops in town. "Buy some nice toys for Polly, and a wrist watch for Mrs. Lowney; it will be pretty dull for them—dining with me won't be much of a treat," he commented; and lapsed again into moody silence.

So absorbed was he in his own melancholy thoughts that he did not see Polly departing, with a tense look of consecration and unalterable determination, in the wake of an itinerant monkey-and-hand-organ man; so when Mrs. Lowney called to him over the hedge: "Have you seen Polly? . . . Winnie says she's run away for good, following after an Italian who doesn't want her!" he could austerely deny any participating cognizance in so unblushing an odyssey.

"She ought to get a bunch of switches—and nothing else—on her Christmas tree!" remarked Mrs. Lowney darkly; and went in pursuit of her wandering daughter.

She had been gone only a few minutes when a gray ambulance swung briskly around the corner, and stopped at her door. From it there ascended a cloud of smoke, and the sound of a violent altercation.

"We're a-fire! . . . What've you been a-doin' in there?" inquired the sailor-driver sternly.

From inside the ambulance a familiar voice answered interestedly: "Well, I had to put my cigarette stumps *some-*

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where, didn't I? . . . I dropped them down the crack under the window—and I guess they've set fire to something!"

"You *guess* so? . . . If it reaches the reserve tank you won't do no more guessin'—you'll *know*—by the way it'll feel to have your head blew off!" promised the sailor; climbing down, he departed with desperate haste in search of a water-bucket.

The occupant of the ambulance did not wait to face his fate in silence. "Come back here and help me—you know I can't get out alone!" he bellowed.

"I'm *responsible* for that ambulance—" the driver's voice trailed back.

The smoke increased. Terry Knowlton, struggling unsteadily to his feet, could dimly see that Tim Lowney was sitting in the ambulance, his strapped and bandaged ankles sticking stiffly out. . . . "If I let him get killed *now*, she'll *never* forgive me—" muttered Mr. Knowlton wildly, and started down the path. Even as he ran he realized that, from nowhere in particular, an elderly woman had materialized and was speeding toward the smoking vehicle.

"I didn't mean to let them see me—But if he's burned—I'll never get over it—" she gasped; and dominantly issued directions while she helped Terry Knowlton lift Tim Lowney down.

"Hullo, Mother! . . . Say, you two. . . . You'll hurt yourselves!" protested the Lieutenant, as, supported on both sides, he was lifted up the walk. "Don't either of you try to pull any of that 'Mahomet and the mountain' line—everybody's done it—it's old stuff!" he warned fiercely.

From the roadway young Mrs. Lowney, returning with Polly, paused to stare in startled unbelief.

"I told the doctor I *had* to come home—couldn't leave Esther and the Pollykins alone on Christmas day—" vouchsafed Tim Lowney.

Through the doorway with him went the man who would never walk again, and the woman who had vowed not to enter her daughter-in-law's house: there was about them, as they went—panting a little under Tim Lowney's weight—a very nice look that was partly surprise—but mostly a triumphant definiteness.

Homesteaders

BY HELEN IVES GILCHRIST

THEY dared go forth from comfort to a land
Of cold and drought, and acres yet untilled,
Sage-brush and bitter wastes of drifted sand,
Because their hearts were with one purpose filled.

Racial the instinct though they knew it not,
One generation farther they could see;
They must make homes for sons of theirs, must plot
A larger curve of life than theirs could be.

So through their pains and heavy-houred days,
When came their evening they had lit a light
Which now their children hold, and by its rays,
Walk more serenely to a greater height.

. . . Keener the winds as up the heights we go,
Deeper the wells where truth at bottom lies,
God grant that we, homesteaders' faith may know,
That from our land their spirit never dies!

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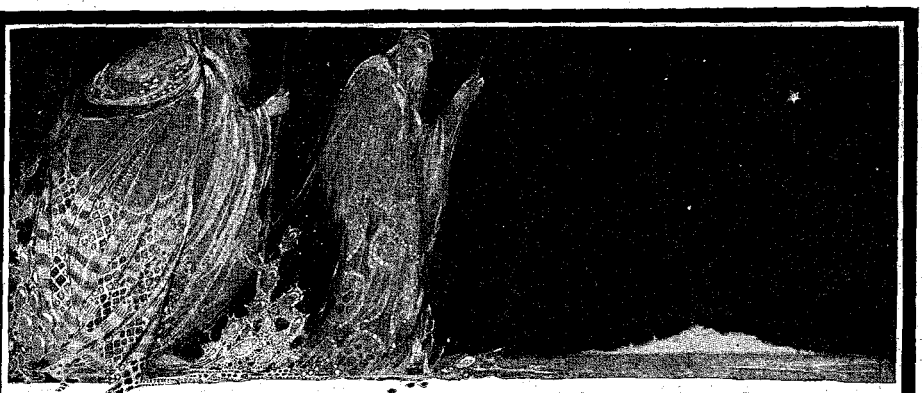

Christmas Canticle

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

At this time of Holy Mass,
When no green is on the grass,
I leap forward with the sun,
And the tides that toss and run,
Till my spirit finds its place,
In the presence of Thy Grace.

Thou, O One of Calvary,
Bid my clouded eyes to see
How Thou workest out Thy Will
In this world of strife and ill
Toward that ultimate dim hour
When o'er all Thy peace shall flower.

Purge my soul of every dross
As I kneel and kiss the Cross!
Strengthen me to have belief
Joy will put an end to grief,
And the dragon Hate be slain,
And Thy Love in triumph reign!

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Drawn by Charles E. Cullen.

Christmas Canticle.

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Salamanca seen from the Puente Romano.

An Adventure in Salamanca

BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WE had departed from Oporto at noon and, having left the vine-clad banks of the Douro behind us, had traversed the bleak and treeless highlands that separate Portugal from Spain, so that it was close to ten o'clock at night when we finally reached Salamanca. We were, I think, the only passengers to alight there, and when we issued from the station, after collecting our luggage in the blackness of the night, the one carriage that had been waiting was disappearing down the road toward the lights of the city that twinkled dimly in the distance.

There was, however, a dilapidated old *diligencia* standing dejectedly before the station, and into this we clambered and told the driver—a swarthy desperado, capped with a broad sombrero, and wearing a kerchief loosely knotted round his neck, and a short jacket that bellied in the wind—to drive us to the best hotel in town. He muttered something or other under his breath, and his companion, the guardia, an equally sinister-looking personage, slammed the door and climbed upon the back step of the omnibus, where he stood, peering in at us through the little window.

We entered the town by the Puerta de Zamora, and rattled down the street of the same name until we drew up at the Hotel del Comercio. The look of it was ominous, for, gathered before it on the

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sidewalk, sat or stood chattering groups of people, stout dueñas with their daughters or nieces and young men and their fathers talking animatedly in the warm June evening air. The corridors of the hotel were also filled to overflowing, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I finally made my way to the desk to ask for a room.

The clerk looked at me pityingly and told me that not only had he no room to offer me but that every hallway was filled with cots, for we had arrived at the moment of the examinations at the university, and the relatives and friends of the students had all come to town for the commencement exercises. He doubted indeed if we could find a room in the city, and this, we found, was what the driver of the omnibus had mumbled at the station. Visits to several other hotels confirmed these predictions, so, behind the dejected mules, we rumbled into a corner of the stately Plaza Mayor and drew up near the Despacho General.

A policeman came up and made some inquiries, and the guardia went off to try some fondas and posadas that he knew of, while we waited patiently in the omnibus. Several good citizens and boys also interested themselves in our behalf, but reports from scouts grew less and less hopeful, for it seemed that, besides the parental hordes, a body of some two thousand pilgrims on their way to northern Spain were spending the night in the city, and had pre-empted every bed in town. It really began to look as if we might have to pass the remainder of the night in the *diligencia* in the corner of the Plaza Mayor.

At last, however, the guardia returned triumphant. He had found a friend who would give up his own bed to us. So he led us off, accompanied by the policeman, through some dark alleys, to a tiny square in one corner of which lights gleamed in a modest wine-shop.

We entered and found it filled with men smoking and drinking. Behind a counter lay a row of barrels from which a man was dispensing wine. Long strands of garlic hung from the ceiling; the walls were plastered with flamboyant posters of bull-fights, while perched upon the stairs that ascended to the upper floors of the house were parrots of gorgeous plumage and birds in gaily painted cages.

A buxom woman who was cooking at a charcoal-stove in a corner advanced to greet us, and led us down a long passage into a high-ceilinged room or, rather, a sort of covered courtyard, whitewashed, and lighted and ventilated only by a couple of small windows, not more than a foot square, cut in the wall high up near the ceiling. Down the centre of the room ran a long table, still decorated with odds and ends of fruit, with cut cheeses, with emptied bottles and other relics of a feast that had regaled some of the pilgrims, who now lay asleep up-stairs and whose shoes decorated the stairway that I have described.

From this courtyard there opened an alcove, unlighted and unventilated, but very clean, and closed only by a pair of glass doors. In this alcove stood a monumental bed which our kindly hostess described as her "*cama de matrimonio*," or marriage-bed, and this she offered us for the night. She asked for time to change the linen, so we went off into the Plaza Mayor again, where we sat down at a café.

The prospect of a night in the stuffy alcove, permeated with the odors of wine and cookery and by the sounds of talking and the strumming of guitars, was none too alluring, so we decided to stay as long as we could in the café, watching the students at the tables or walking arm in arm under the broad arcades of the vast plaza outside, one of the finest in Spain, surrounded as it is with harmonious buildings and decorated with palms and formal gardens.

In the small hours of the morning we returned to our fonda, retired to the alcove, and climbed into the billowy feather-bed that heaved like the waves of the sea each time that one moved an arm or a leg. Loud voices and sounds of laughter still came from the wine-shop, but presently these subsided, the street door closed, and the rasp of the great lock told us that the last guest had departed and that the house would soon be wrapped in slumber. I heard slippered feet in the courtyard, and then a deep and regular breathing told me that our host was sleeping on the long table instead of in the bed that we were occupying.

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Very early in the morning the pilgrims departed, their noisy leave-takings waking us after only a few hours' rest. Later, when we were partly dressed, there was a gentle tap on the glass door, and we were told that a room up-stairs was now cleared and at our disposal.

It was indeed a very comfortable room, light and airy, and quite unlike the one that we had just left, with a large double window opening upon a balcony that overlooked the *plazuela* or little square upon which the wine-shop fronted. It was, too, nicely furnished, but the things that immediately arrested the attention were the multitudinous objects with which it was decorated.

On the centre-table, amid a profusion of artificial flowers and ornate blue vases, stood a porcelain bull, glazed in nature's colors, with a wreath of roses round his neck. The lower walls of the room were hung with photographs, mostly autographed and dedicated, of illustrious matadors and simpering ladies in mantillas, and in at least a dozen of them we recognized our host. The upper walls were hung with bright chromos of religious subjects, while over the bed hung a crucifix and a bénitier filled with holy water. Between the pictures, crossed swords and *banderillas* were placed, and it did not take much perspicacity to tell us that we were in the home of a bull-fighter.

The wife now appeared bearing a tray with our breakfast spread upon it, and this she placed on a table by the open window. In a moment she returned with Loretta, a gorgeous parrot that she placed on the balcony rail just over the demijohn that told the passer-by that we sold wine in our house. Then the cats appeared and after them the dogs, among these latter a tiny white spaniel, "*muy precioso*," we were informed, that wheezed and coughed and finally curled up upon a deerskin rug and there fell asleep.

When we asked the señora about her husband, "Ah, yes," she said, "he is a '*lidiador de toros*,' and between his journeys to the bull-rings of Spain he dispenses wine in this house, which I keep during his absences."

After breakfast we went out to see the city, the seat of the oldest university in Spain, one of the most venerable in Europe, ranking, as early as the thirteenth century, with Bologna, Paris, and Oxford as one of the four great universities of the world. Several of my forebears had held professorships at this ancient seat of learning, so it was with a certain amount of curiosity that we directed our steps toward it.

The University of Salamanca fronts on the quiet little Plazuela de la Universidad, that, surrounded as it is by collegiate buildings, is almost like a "quad." In its centre rises a simple monument to the ecclesiastical poet, Fray Luis de Leon, who, with Cervantes and Cardinal Ximenes, ranks as one of the most distinguished students that the university has produced. Along the south side of the square stand the Escuelas Menores, or lesser schools, while upon its east side, rises the beautiful façade of the Escuelas Mayores, one of the most brilliant examples of the plateresque style in Spain. Above the central door-jamb appear the busts of its builders, Ferdinand and Isabella, and it is further adorned with medallions, armorial bearings, and a profusion of rich detail, until its surface is harmoniously fretted with a somewhat excessive richness, relieved, however, by the plainness of the stone walls behind it. The lecture-rooms of the university surround a spacious courtyard, plain and cloister-like in appearance, that, in the sixteenth century, swarmed with the seven thousand students that flocked to it from all the countries of Europe. Now it counts but a sixth of that number.

The excitement attendant upon the commencement exercises of even these few students had, however, quite upset the ordinary decorum of the place, and our visit was, in a measure, a disappointment, for the library, with its rare manuscripts and papers, was closed and the usual atmosphere of the ancient institution was gone.

Our next visit (being good Americans) was to the old Dominican convent that adjoins the church of San Estéban, in a room of which, called the Salon de Profundis, Christopher Columbus tried in vain to convince the professors of the university of the feasibility of his plan

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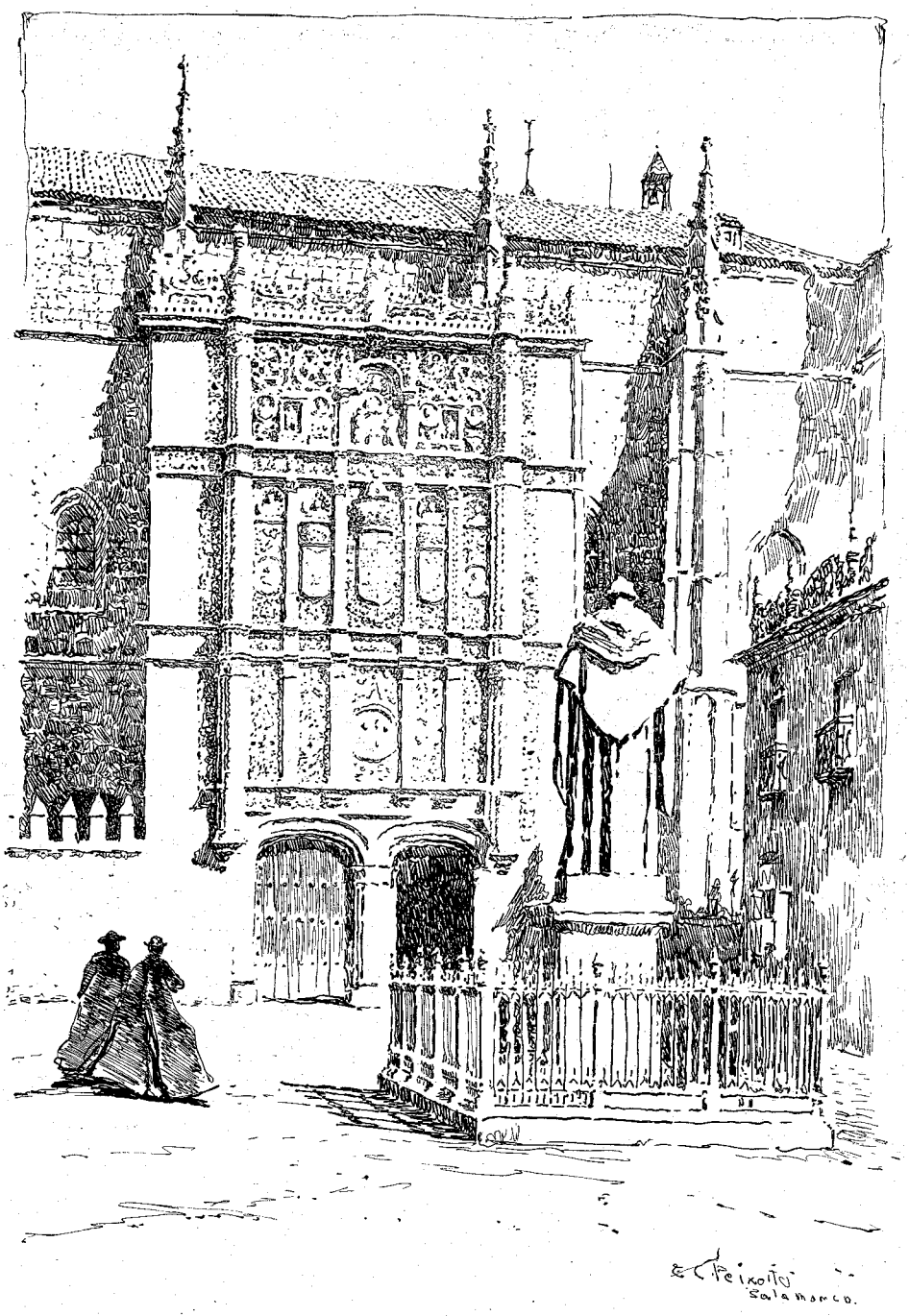

Façade of the University of Salamanca.

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to discover a new route to India. These learned doctors, however, pronounced his scheme "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of government." Their opinion was not shared by the head of the convent, Fray Diego de Deza, who remained the constant friend and supporter of Columbus, and in gratitude to him the great discoverer named the first land he sighted Santo Domingo, and used the first virgin gold that he brought back with him from the New World to gild the retablo behind the high altar of San Estéban, the Dominican church, where its fire still smoulders under the dark arch of the coro.

The remainder of the day we spent in and around the New and Old Cathedrals. The Old Cathedral is particularly strong and fortress-like in appearance. Its walls are exceedingly massive and thick and are decorated only with the severe ornament of the Romanesque style. Above them rises the beautiful Torre del Gallo, an octagonal lantern with a crocketed spire and a scalloped roof, that will immediately recall to most Americans H. H. Richardson's tower on Trinity Church in Boston, for which it served as a model.

The Old Cathedral as we see it to-day is practically the work of Fray Geronimo, comrade-confessor of The Cid, who supported the body of the great Campeador on its last ride from Valencia to its final resting-place in the grim convent of Cardeña. The Cid's body, clad in shining armor, with the redoubted sword Tisona clasped in his dead hand, mounted upright upon his charger, Bavieca, who, according to the legend, wept bitter tears at the death-bed of his master, was borne across the uplands of Old Castile to the spot selected by Rodrigo as his final burial-place:

> A San Pedro de Cardeña
> Mando que mi cuerpo llevan,

and there interred. Geronimo lies buried in a chapel behind the high altar of the New Cathedral of Salamanca, in which also hangs "El Cristo de las Batallas," the bronze crucifix that The Cid always carried in his battles.

The New Cathedral was begun early in the sixteenth century, when the Old Cathedral seemed no longer adequate for the needs of proud Salamanca. It was designed in a florid Gothic style that was still prevalent in Spain though it had been superseded in most other countries by the Renaissance. The west front, especially the vast central portal, is excessively rich in design. Niches and canopies, ornamented with a profusion of detail, shelter a multitude of saints and prelates; the magi, the adoring shepherds, the crucifixion, and a number of other religious scenes are carved within its arches. The massive tower that dominates it is one of the few really creditable works of Churriguera, who was a native of Salamanca but who did so much to debase the already too fantastic ornament of the architecture of Spain.

The interior of the New Cathedral is lofty and imposing, but despite the ambition of its builders the Old Cathedral remains the more interesting building of the two.

Late in the afternoon we returned to our fonda, and just before dinner-time there was a rap on the door, and to our surprise our host appeared dressed in all the glory of his toreador's costume. He was a small man with an agile and well-knit figure, a square jaw and straight firm mouth, and eyes that were always blood-shot, with something of the animal in them. About his low forehead the hair was planted strong and brushed forward over the ears. In his hand he carried his *banderillas* whose scarlet tissue-paper coverings only partly concealed the cruel steel dart at the end.

As we admired him, he told us of his adventures, and brought out a large book, profusely illustrated—a "Manual of the Bull," I think it was called—in which the virtues and qualities of these furious animals were extolled and discoursed upon at length. He showed us posters of bull-fights in which he had participated, and pointed out with pride his name, Cucharета, printed in large type upon them. He seemed, indeed, to possess all the vanity that one would naturally expect in one of those flattered favorites of the populace. In a special room up under the roof he kept his dozen or more *torero* costumes, and up to this room he led us and undid their varicolored wrappings and put them

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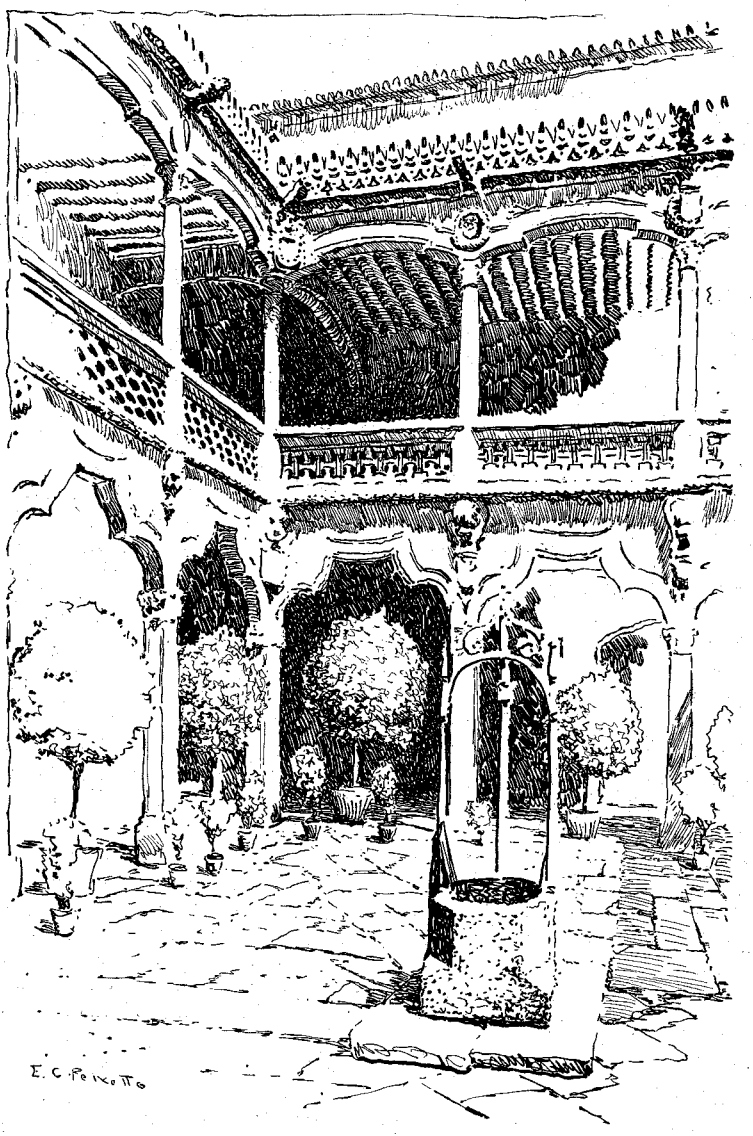

Patio of the Casa de las Conchas.

on and struck poses, tightening the *capa* round his waist as he hummed the march of the *salida*, or throwing his arms above his head as he called the bull, with his left foot poised on its toe ready to plant the *banderillas* that he held in his hand.

And he asked: "Are you going to see me next Sunday in the ring here?" We had not intended to stay quite that long, but he looked so eager that we weakly said "Yes."

The old city well repaid us for this decision, and we spent several days in exploring its byways and picturesque corners, its market-places and curious shops. Its churches, it is true, are not as interesting as those in some of the other Spanish cities. From the purist's point of view, they would be classified as second-rate. Built as they were in the heyday of Salamanca's prosperity, in the late sixteenth century, they show only too plainly the

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exuberances and inexhaustible fantasy of the school of Berruguete. But to the lover of the picturesque they afford many a sketchable angle, with their belfries and buttresses, their pinnacles and statued portals. Their interiors, too, are warm and mellow in tone, and enriched with gilded carvings, with elaborate ironwork, and huge retablos that sometimes cover the whole choir-wall with their painted statues and rich architecture.

Among the palaces of Salamanca there are several of exceptional beauty. One of these is the so-called Casa de las Conchas, or House of the Shells, that derives its name from the thirteen rows of scallop-shells that decorate its façade. Its *rejas*, or ornamental screens, that enclose some of its windows, like the moucharabis of the Moors, are especially noted examples of Hispanic ironwork. They and the escutcheon over the main doorway bear the armorial device of the Maldonados, one of the oldest and most influential families of the city, many members of which sleep in the church of San Benito, in stately tombs with recumbent effigies clad in full armor.

Their rivals were the Monterreys, who also built a great palace, still standing, three stories in height, with its top floor pierced by open galleries and surmounted by an elaborate parapet. At the ends and in the centre of the long façade rise square towers with open loggias and decorative chimneys. The Casa de las Salinas, erected by the Fonsecas, is perhaps the best example of the plateresque of them all, its front being embellished with sculpture of a high order of merit: cherubs' and angels' heads, caryatids, and whimsical grotesques carved on the columns of the door-jambs. Its patio as well as that of the Casa de las Conchas are notable examples of the beauty of Spanish courtyards.

The principal gate on the south side of the city, the Puerta del Rio, or River Gate, leads out to the banks of the Tormes, a broad, turbid river that is here spanned by a long stone bridge, the Puente Romano, a venerable structure of twenty-seven arches, the fifteen nearest the city being of Roman origin.

This bridge commands the best near view of the city, which, in its ensemble, is not particularly picturesque, lying as it does on a barren plain with only a very distant view of the Sierras to add variety. But its little houses, with their pottery roofs and stuccoed walls, pile up, charmingly dominated by the imposing mass of the new cathedral that, built of a dark yellowish-brown sandstone, to which time has imparted a golden patina like a rich amber varnish, towers boldly against the clear, harsh sky of the Spanish plateau.

On Sunday morning we were favored by a visit from our host, who brought me his photograph, duly signed and dedicated to his "*gran amigo*" (for such I had evidently become), and he said: "You must watch for me this afternoon, especially at the entrance of the third bull." We asked the señora if she were going and she replied: "No, I have no desire to see my husband in the ring. I have never seen him and I do not want to. It is too painful."

Though the bull-ring of Salamanca is one of the largest in Spain, one must not expect to see in it fights such as one sees in Seville, Madrid, or Barcelona. The municipality is too poor and great matadors are too expensive. But the broad avenue that leads out through the Puerta de Zamora to the Plaza de Toros was gay that Sunday afternoon, alive with a motley crowd of students, of *charros* and *charras* in their holiday attire (one of the most picturesque costumes left in Spain to-day), of girls in bright calicoes—all these afoot—and with a few aristocrats in antiquated carriages drawn by docile old horses.

The great ring, vast as a Roman amphitheatre, was only about half filled, but the *aficionados* made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. At four o'clock the discordant blare of the municipal band rang out; the *cuadrilla* entered with that dash and dazzle that make a bull-fight the most brilliant sight to be seen in the world of sport to-day; the *alcalde* threw the key into the ring; an *alguacil* picked it up, opened the door of the *toril*, and the first bull rushed forth into the arena.

It is certainly not my intention to describe a Spanish *corrída*, nor is it my purpose to apologize for watching one. For to me a bull-fight, notwithstanding its brutal character and its heartless cruelty,

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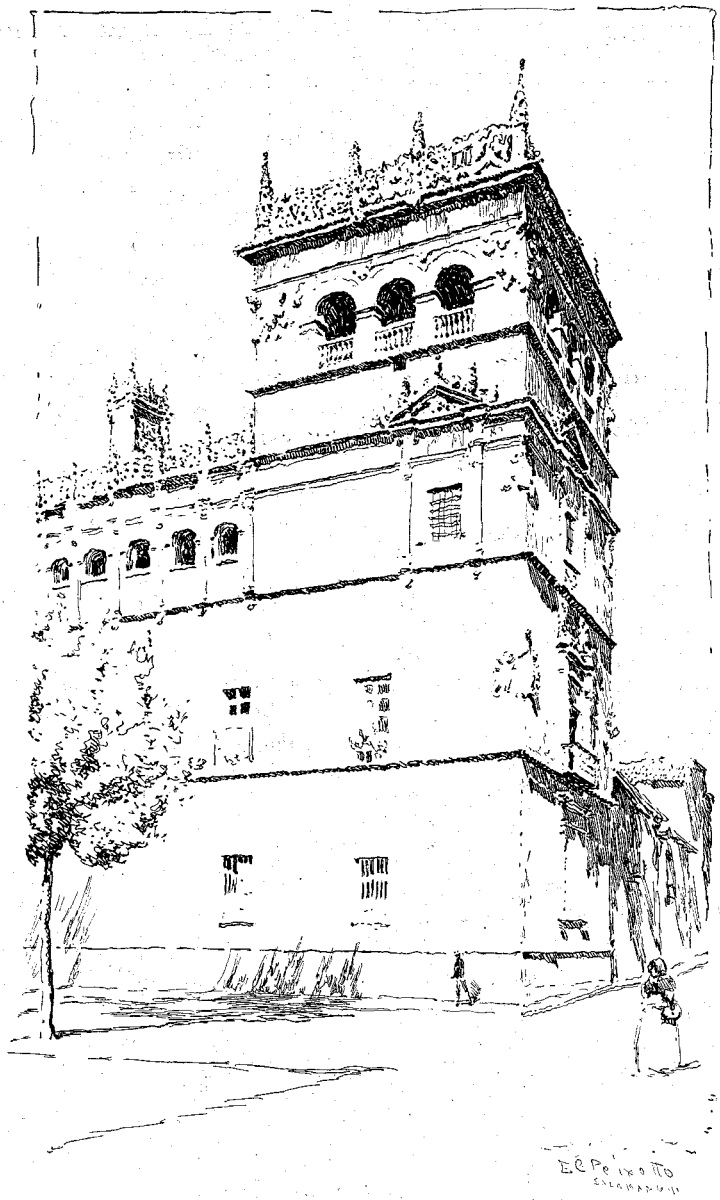

The Great Palace of the Monterreys.—Page 710.

needs no apology. But one must take it as the Spaniard takes it. To him it represents the noblest sport, "a conclusive proof of the vast superiority of both the human and the taurine species in Spain." He understands the dangers that beset the agile *toreros*, he knows and weighs the risks they run, and it is this knowledge of their danger, of the unexpected that may happen at any moment, that keeps him thrilled, constantly on the alert, strained to a high nervous tension, fascinated not, as some writers would have us believe, by a bloody spectacle, but by an absorbing game that, though played over and over again, is never twice alike,

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affording always unlooked-for variations, unsuspected possibilities.

And the toreadors know how to enhance this suspense by adding endless variety of incident, tempting the bull and evading his mad rush by the narrowest possible margin, adroitly turning on their heels at the critical moment, leaping between his horns, or nimbly vaulting over his back with a pole.

Cuchareta.

The first two bulls, that summer afternoon, were disposed of in the usual way. There was a scarcity of horses for economic reasons—and this was a blessing

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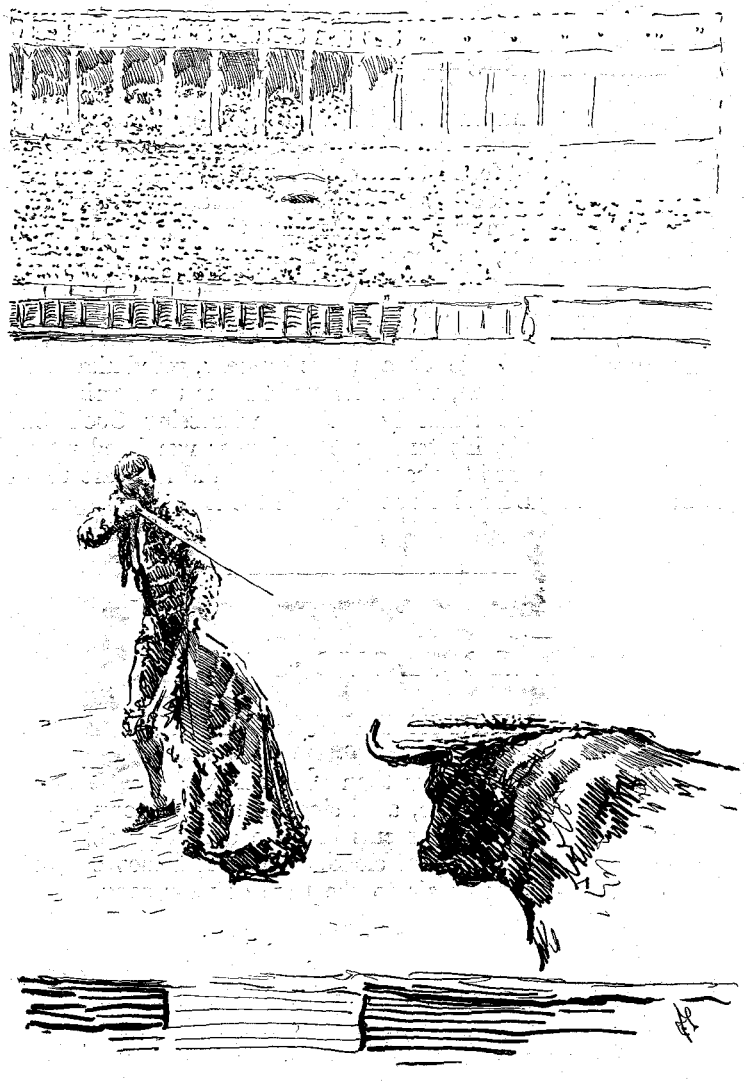

The matador, too, was a competent fellow.

for us, though it raised some protest from the Salamancans. Our friend Cuchareta acted as one of the *banderilleros* and placed his barbed darts with precision and address. The matador, too, was a competent fellow, slight and sinewy as he stood and eyed the big brute before him, despatching him finally with a neat *estocada* that brought a storm of applause from the benches and a shower of cigars and hats about him.

Then there was a pause and a moment of quiet, for the programme announced at this point a "*suerte de Tancredo*" performed by Cuchareta, whose name here appeared in very large type. Just what a "*suerte de Tancredo*" was, I did not at that time know.

The ring was carefully resanded. Into this spotless arena our friend stepped, advanced swiftly toward the alcalde's box, bowing low before him, then turned and asked the public to remain perfectly still during the performance of his trick.

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A *chulo* brought out a box and placed it in the exact centre of the ring. Cuchareta stepped upon this box, wrapping himself in his blood-red *capa*, that he drew tightly about him, standing thus immovable.

A blast of the bugle, the gate opened and a great black bull rushed forth, then stood for a moment dazed, blinded by the glaring sunlight after the darkness of the toril. In an instant, however, he recovered his senses, and, seeing only the flaming-red object in the middle of the arena, with a snort he made a dash for it, rushing toward the motionless figure at a furious rate of speed. And then, when but a few feet from it, he suddenly stopped short, sniffed the air, his tense muscles relaxed, his fury seemed to abate as if by magic, and taking a last look at the immovable figure on the box, he turned away and trotted off.

Wild applause greeted the success of Cuchareta's exploit as, stepping down from his pedestal, he bowed again and again as he walked swiftly, with one eye on the bull, toward the barriera, which he lightly vaulted and disappeared among an admiring throng. This curious act was originated by a Mexican, Tancredo (whence its name), who lost his life at last in performing it, for the bull turned upon him as he left his pedestal, and, as sometimes happens, gored him mortally before he could reach the barrier.

After witnessing Cuchareta's daring, we no longer wondered why his placid, buxom wife did not care to see her husband in the ring.

The Love-Song

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

I AM more tall to-day than ever before;
So great is my pride, as I sing aloud your song,
That the city street seems like the deck of a ship
Breasting far waves of cloud. The world moves thus
Out on its seas of air to the tune of your song,
Rising and falling under the straight noon sun.

You would never know your song, I am shouting it so,
But shouting is fine, when the waves of the sea run high!
Loud notes flung to the wind and carried away
Down through the shining water and shining air!
Shouting is fine, when a ship moves under your feet,
And all of your being is full of remembered song!

I am so tall to-day! I can almost forget
Your notes were made for another, and not for me;
And sung in the quiet dark with a voice that trembled—
Now from afar, and under the deep noon sky,
I do not care to know if she understood—
Let there be shouting—shouting into the sun!
For to all the world the street is only the street
Where one may pass who sings that her heart is full;
And none must know that the street is plunging before me,
Downward and down to the constant rhythm of singing—
Sucked to the whirlpool dark in the surging of music—
Rudderless—lost—in the song that is not forgotten.

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The Right Hunch

BY KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATION BY T. VAN GORP

"JIM," said Mrs. Ferris, following her husband irresolutely down the hall.

"Yes?" Ferris knew that irresolute, fretful tone only too well. He set his shoulders for a lift—a heavy lift. "What's up?"

"It's Leonard, again. I want you to talk to him."

Jim Ferris's gaunt, tired face sagged, darkened.

"Lida, I've talked my head off to that kid. A lot of good it does. Can't you jack him up this once yourself? Besides, I've got to drive out to Grafton and see Foster."

"Take Len along. Talk to him on the way."

"But I need every minute to plan my selling talk to Foster. He comes down from Des Moines to-night. And this deal has got to go through. It's *got* to."

"Oh, well! If you insist on putting your business affairs ahead of your own son's welfare!"

A minute Jim stared at her. Hot and angry protests crowded to his lips. Then he gave way. No use trying to explain things to Lida. Especially when Lida didn't want to understand.

"Oh, you win. What's he up to now? Give me a line on his sins, so I'll know what to storm about. Murder, arson——"

"I wish you wouldn't joke about such serious things. He's getting so lazy and impudent, I can't do a thing with him. And his school reports are simply a disgrace. And the principal called up yesterday and said he was smoking cigarettes, which is absolutely against rules, and he set Pep on Mrs. Harrison's Persian kitten and frightened her into a fit. Mrs. Harrison came over and complained about it. She was most unladylike. I never did like that woman. Of course she's told the whole town that her husband died years ago, but I'm convinced that she's really a divorcee——"

"What else has Len perpetrated?"

"Well, isn't that enough? Then, day before yesterday, he helped himself to the Clines' car and took his crowd of boys away out to Flaherty's road-house, that horrid place on the river——"

"What!" Ferris's big lax body jerked, taut. "What do you mean, Lida? *Flaherty's?* And swiped Cline's car? When he knows as well as I do——"

"That isn't all." Lida grieved on, in mournful triumph. "He got a puncture, and banged the car into a fence, and Mr. Cline says he's got to pay for a new tire, and have the car painted, besides. And out at Flaherty's they played cards, and Lenny put up his whole month's allowance—I'd just given it to him—and lost it, then gambled away his watch, and his tie-pin, too. His Grandfather Hunter's beautiful watch! And he can't get it back, because he lost it to Flaherty himself, and Flaherty says if Len tries to make him give it back, he'll go to the school board and tell the whole story——"

"That'll do, Lida." Jim pushed past her, seized his overcoat, stepped to the foot of the stairs. "Hey, Len! Beat it down here, and drive me over to Grafton. Hustle."

"And do be stern with him. You always slip out of scolding him. You're forever leaving all responsibility to me. Goodness knows, I have a hard enough time as it is. With only one maid, and no car of my own, and never any money——"

Jim, half-way into his greatcoat, halted and looked at his wife, a long, slow, peering look. It was as if he stared at a stranger. Deliberately he perused her: her pretty, petulant face, her slim girlish figure in its costly negligée, the blazing rings on her hands, her whole costly, exquisite little presence. Far too costly,

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too exquisite, for a plodding unsuccessful fellow like him. All his own fault. The man who married a girl like Lida ought to know it was up to him to be a success. And he'd fallen down. Hard. Yet, if he hadn't felt so worthless, maybe he'd have put things across. But that queer smothery pain in his side hadn't let up, the Lord knows when, and his head had ached for years, it seemed to him—though Doc Barrett was just kidding, of course, with his eternal warnings. There couldn't be anything really wrong with a big husky like him.

"You, Len! D'you hear me?"

"Yeh. I hear you, all right. What jou want?"

Len, barely fifteen, but carrying his superb eighteen-year-old body like a young emperor, sauntered to the head of the stairs and scowled down at his father.

"I've told you what I want. Get along down here."

Len considered. Over his sullen, dark, young face, his thought wrote itself, drolly clear.

"I'm in for a powwow, all right. But—I'd rather drive the car than eat. So——"

"Well." Leisurely to insolence, he drifted down the steps, hauled on his sweater, drifted out to the car. Silent in a silence past insolence, he took the wheel and swung them expertly away, through the pretty suburb, out upon the autumn highroad.

Ferris did not speak. Out of a narrowed side-glance he studied his boy—studied him with a weary, angry pride. And as they sped on, through the pale sunlight, his anger dimmed, till only pride and a dumb flooding tenderness remained.

"Gee, but I'm sick of this job," he said to himself. "Wonder why fathers always get the tarred end of the stick? A kid's mother can say what she likes. Tell him she loves him, even, and get away with it. But a father's got to do the Big Grouch, every time. Hand out all the wallops, do all the snarling and scolding, when, ten to one, he's as crazy over his youngster as the mother is. Wants to tell the kid so, too. But he can't. Hasn't the words. Kind of ashamed to let on how he feels, too. Queer. Yet——"

He stared dully at that dark bare head, so close, the flawless young profile, the cold averted eyes, the close-shut mouth. If Doc Barrett was right— Oh, well, doctors were nothing but a bunch of glooms anyhow. But—but wouldn't it be a rotten thing to step out, and leave the boy to remember all the jawings his dad had given him—and nothing more?

"If I thought," he mused, smiling at the grotesque notion, "if I thought that maybe this was my last chance, would I blow him up for sneaking Cline's car? Well, I guess *not*. If it was my last spiel, would I skin him for gambling, even? Huh. I'd be telling him how dippy I was over him when he was a baby, and what a bully pal he's always been, and—and how a kid like him can make up for everything——"

Then his tired brain flamed awake.

Well! Why not? Why shouldn't he say just what he chose? Cut out all the rough stuff, and say the things that were throbbing in his heart. Tell this young sullen precious rascal all his deepest hopes, his plans, his fears, even. Cards on the table, as if it were his last chance, indeed, his last hour——

"Seems like a pretty good hunch," he thought. "'Course he needs to be whaled for taking Cline's car. And that gambling stunt! Yes, I ought to lam the hide off him. Yet——"

Yet—what if all his scoldings should fail, as they'd failed so many times before? What if this deep, inward longing were the right road, the certain key?

He grinned, abashed at his own sentiment. Yet, by George, this was his own son. He guessed he had the right to choose his words to him. And, by George, he was going to do it!

He cleared his throat.

"Say, Len——"

The boy did not stir. But instantly his whole body seemed to stiffen, to put on intangible armor. His round cheek, turned away from the father, reddened, dark. His profile hardened to stone.

Ferris winced at that rigid young defiance. Kid was all set for a blistering. Well.

He waited a minute.

"Say, Len. Next Thursday's your birthday?"

The boy did not vouchsafe the flicker of an eyelid.

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Ferris did not speak. Out of a narrowed side-glance he studied his boy—studied him with a weary, angry pride.—Page 716.

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"Yeh."

"Thought so." Ferris halted again. Tough ploughing. "Snappy fall weather always makes me remember. Ten pounds, and a yell like a siren. Guess I was the proudest father that ever trod shoe-leather."

Not a glint of yielding. But Ferris sensed that amazed young wonder. What sort of an opening gun for a grim paternal bombardment was this?

"Your mother was pretty proud, too. Guess we were inclined to crow, a good bit. I didn't get over the habit, either. You were always a heap of satisfaction. The friendliest baby—you bossed the whole neighborhood, before you could walk. And the best little partner. Gritty little rat, too. Mind the time I took you fishing, and let you fall in the creek?"

A reluctant grin tugged at that graven young mouth. "Yeh."

"You were soaking wet, and all skinned up, and cold as a little snail. Going home, I made you run the whole way. Wouldn't carry you, for fear you'd get a chill. When we got there, your mother rushed out, and set up a regular war-dance. I'd expected you'd indulge in a few blubs, too. But nothing doing. All you said was: 'Y-yes, skun my knees, b-but— Gee, it was worth it!'"

Len's ice-wall gave faint but undeniable signs of melting.

"Didn't suppose you'd remember that, dad."

"I'm not likely to forget it. You were barely four, remember. 'Tisn't every ten-year-old that can show such a grip on himself. Maybe you think I didn't brag! I'll bet I bored the office to tears."

Len did not look especially bored.

"You gave me no end of good times, always, dad. Remember the Thanksgiving mother was sick, and you packed me up and took me to your Aunt Lizzie's, down in Bloomington, and she let me help stuff the turkey and lick the cake-crock? And we slept in a feather-bed, deep as a well. I was tickled to pieces to sleep with you. I'd always slept in my own cot, alone, you know. And you made me a sled out of a soap-box and hauled me all over the place. One day you took me 'way out to Brent's Hill. Funny, I remember the name of the hill, even! You got some big boys to let me coast on their bob. And you hopped on behind, and steered. And the fellows said you were the peachiest steersman ever. Say, know who was the proud one, then? Believe me, it's a wonder I didn't bust."

Not an edge of ice, now. Only delighted recollection.

"I got as much fun out of that trip as you did. Hope we have snow by November. Let's rig up a set of bobs, hitch 'em to the car, then take a crowd out to Glen Ellen. We could carry a dozen fellows, easy."

"Gee! Will you, dad? *Will* you?" Len bubbled, glowed. "Say, you're the best ever. I'll take my whole gang. Then, long's we furnish transportation, they can bring the eats. Say, let's tell 'em to bring steak, and fry it outdoors. And dill pickles, and sandwiches, and pie. Slathers of pie."

"I'll try find some maple-sugar, son. We'll boil it, and wax it on the snow. Same's I used to do, back in Vermont."

"Maple-sugar!" Len whooped in sudden ecstatic memory. "That makes me think of what Aunt Lizzie told me, that Thanksgiving. Strange, how I remember back, so far. I couldn't have been more than nine." Len looked back at his far youth with tolerant amusement. "Until that day, I'd always thought of you as too plumb good for this world. I'd bragged to the other fellows, of course, about the pal you were. But I stood in awe of you, just the same. I reckoned when you were a boy, you averaged fourteen hours a day studying arithmetic and hoeing corn, with Sunday-school and prayer-meeting as occasional mad dissipations. Well. One night, Aunt Lizzie starts in to reminisce. In ten minutes, she'd busted every last ideal."

"What!"

"Yeh. Told me how you'd climbed trees after birds' nests, and played hookey to go swimming, and sugaring-off, and ran away with a circus, when you were only eight, and tolled Deacon Pettigrew's old white nag out of the pasture, and took him to a Cobb Center horse-race, and won seventeen dollars with him, on a free-for-all——"

"For Pete's sake!" Ferris's jaw dropped. He glared at his son with eyes

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of horror. "Aunt Lizzie never gave me away like that!"

"Gave you away? Lock, stock, and barrel. Aunt Lizzie was an old dear, but she was a gabby old dear, believe me."

"I'd like to punch her," growled Ferris hotly. Len whooped again, then slung an iron young arm around his shoulders.

"Don't take it to heart, dad. Maybe my ideals went crashing in the dust. But you didn't. I went right on, tagging you, and bragging on you. And we kept right on, having our good times. While I was a kid, that is." His face sobered. "Say, why haven't we kept 'em up? 'Course, I know you're so busy. But if we could manage just one hike a month, even——"

"I guess we'll manage one, after this." Ferris leaned back stealthily. He wanted to feel the solid strength of that young arm. How alive the boy's grasp was, how just this touch strengthened, warmed him! Queer, how completely that ice-wall had vanished from between them. It wasn't a real wall, anyhow. Just a barrier built up of anger and defiance and ugly bitter thought. Now it had gone, like mist before the sun.

Dimly he knew that this was what he'd gone starving for: his son's comradeship. Well, thank the Lord, he needn't starve any longer. It was his, now, full measure, overflowing.

"Say, dad," Len broke the pause, with a queer embarrassed laugh. "Say, this sure is a funny line of talk from us two. I thought you'd brought me along, a purpose to bawl me out."

"I did mean to bawl you out—good and proper." Ferris chuckled. "But I got to thinking what a square little chap you'd always been, and how plucky and reliable. And I couldn't think of anything else."

"Well. I behaved like a bonehead the other night. I know that."

"Oh, forget it, kid." Ferris's hand went out toward him. Then he drew it back again. He was hungry to his soul to pull that husky vital young body into his arms and lock it there. "If I could just grab him and hug the breath out of him, like I used to do when he was a little fellow! If I dared tell him that he's the whole thing, that I'd starve for him, die for him, and be glad of the chance! But he'd hate anything soft, I know that. I've been fifteen myself."

Yet that terrible primeval hunger fairly tore at him. And for all his hard control, the unspeakable love that filled him for this, his son, brimmed over in his sudden look, his hoarse and breaking voice.

"Listen, kid. Sooner or later we forget a lot of things, see? It's easy to let a punctured tire slide out of mind. Or even—a gambling spree. But what I never shall forget is what a grand little pal you always were. And how honorable. How I could always bank on you."

"You can bank on me from now on, believe *me*." Len's own voice was mighty quavery. He thrust out a big paw, clutched his father's hand, gave it a grip like a young steam-wrench. "I've made all kinds of a fool of myself. But I guess I've climbed Fools' Hill, now. And I've got something to hand you, dad. All my life, you've been—you've been—Oh, gee! What's the use?" Scarlet, furiously abashed, he tried to laugh away the sudden wet on his lashes, the thickening of his tongue. "You're the finest sport that ever trod shoe-leather. And I'll never forget—what you've said—today. Not one word."

"No," said Ferris slowly. He felt suddenly very tired. "No. I don't want you to forget. Not one word. And, mind this, son. Mind that I'll always bank on you. And that having you has made up for all the things I've missed. Always will."

He stopped there, with a curious sense of finality. Yet there was something more that he must say. A lot more. "But I'm too tired. Too dog-tired. And this pain——"

Suddenly he slumped forward over the wheel, like a man shot in the breast. Slumped down like an empty sack, and lay still.

Len snatched frantically at the wheel, righted the lurching car.

"Dad! What in time are you trying to do? Ditch her? Why, dad——"

He jammed on the brake, caught up the limp man, and laid him back on the seat. His father's head sank back against his arm. For one minute of utter agony he stared down into that gray and ashen face, the heavy, half-shut eyes, the brow

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still corrugated with pain. Then he cried out, with a furious, an anguished cry:

"No, you don't! You shan't slip away from me like this! Not when you've just finished telling me—telling me— No, dad, you won't quit on me. You shan't!"

And, gripping the limp body close in one fierce tender young arm, he sent the car hurtling down the homeward road.

It was a long time before Ferris roused again. When he finally awoke, it was to see Doc Barrett's anxious face above him, to hear that gruff and kindly voice.

"Whew, but you gave us a scare! You've started up-grade now, though, thanks be."

Then, from behind Barrett's broad back, there glimmered another presence, a strained, intent young face, a shaking, bullying whisper:

"Thought you'd give me the slip, didn't you, dad? Guess again."

Ferris groped in a dim memory.

"There's something I was trying to say to you, son. I can't remember——"

"Well, I can remember, all right. I'll remember 'long's I breathe. How you took what might have been your last chance on earth to tell me—" Len choked, glowered, jerked himself erect as a ramrod. "Aw, gee! What I came in to say was, don't you think that Doc will let you go on that hike of ours, soon's you're able to ride in the car? Us fellows will take all kinds of care of you. Think we can count on you?"

Ferris grinned weakly up at him. Dim color stirred in his white face. Curious, how, when your own son looked at you like that, spoke like that, his youth and strength poured into your very veins, a flood of power and healing!

"That was a pretty good hunch, all right," he thought to himself. "At the time, I didn't know. I couldn't be sure. But it was the right road, mind that. It was the key to Len, the real Len. It brought down the wall—and that wall can't rise up between us again. Not in this world. Yes, it was the right hunch, after all."

His eyes clung to Len's. It was as if he drank deep of the love and the loyalty of those young urging eyes.

"All right, kid," he said contentedly. "I guess you can count on me."

The Plant-Lore of "The Compleat Angler"

BY JOHN VAUGHAN
Canon Residentiary of Winchester

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER," LONDON, 1775

THE magic associated with the name of Izaak Walton has not yet lost its charm. He has still thousands of devoted admirers both in England and America, and any fresh light thrown upon his career is welcomed with enthusiasm.

Since the dawn of the present century several interesting discoveries have been made. In the old fisherman's will he leaves to his son Izaak "all my right and title of a lease of Norington Farme, which I hold from the Lord Bishop of Winchester." In spite of the industry of the old biographers of Walton, such as Sir John Hawkins, Doctor Zouch, and Sir Harris Nicolas, this farm had never been identified. It was reserved for Mr. G. A. B. Dewar, in his fine edition of "The Compleat Angler," published in 1902, as a result of investigation in the offices of the

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ecclesiastical commissioners in Whitehall Place, to identify the farm with a certain Northington farm in the parish of Overton in North Hampshire. The farm is situated near the headwaters of the Test, and shows without reasonable doubt that Izaak Walton must have often fished in the clear waters of that most beautiful of chalk streams. A similar ignorance existed as to Walton's connection with Droxford, a pleasant village on the banks of the Meon, some twelve miles from Winchester. This place too is mentioned in his will, together with certain books and effects which he kept there. It was found that after the marriage of his daughter, Ann, to Doctor Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester, the old man spent his declining years with his daughter and son-in-law (who was also rector of Droxford), partly in the old rectory on the banks of the Meon, and partly in the cathedral close of Winchester. It was also found that several of those to whom Walton in his will had left memorial rings, but concerning whom nothing was known, were residents of Droxford, including the squire Mr. Francis Morley, and the curate Mr. John Darbyshire, both of whom are buried in Droxford Church. The present writer has further identified the house in the close at Winchester in which the aged fisherman died during the memorable frost in December, 1683, particulars of which were published in *The Cornhill Magazine* for last year. More recently still, Mr. Courthorpe Forman, in *The Fishing Gazette* of July 24, 1920, published his discovery of the occasion of Walton's second marriage with the half-sister of Thomas Ken, afterward Bishop of Bath and Wells. The exact date and place of marriage were unknown, in spite of much searching of registers and other investigations. Mr. Forman's inquiries were at length rewarded by discovering the following entry in the marriage-register of the old Church of St. James's, Clerkenwell: "1647. *April* 23. *Mr. Isaack Walton and Ann Keen were married.*" Thus another interesting point in the life of the old fisherman has been established.

As with Izaak Walton's life, so with his classical work, "The Compleat Angler." The book was published in 1653, and during Walton's lifetime four subsequent editions appeared, the last in 1673. From that date until the middle of the eighteenth century the little volume, measuring six inches by four, seems to have fallen into comparative neglect. On the advice, however, of Doctor Johnson, one Moses Browne republished the work in 1750, since which time more than one hundred editions have appeared. The text has received the assiduous attention of commentators, as though it had been an ancient classic or a book of the Bible. Walton's authorities have been examined, his quotations verified, many of his allusions made plain; some of the curiosities of natural history, in which the book abounds, have been traced to their respective sources; until it would seem that little had been left for any subsequent enthusiast to investigate.

It may be questioned, however, whether the plant-lore of "The Compleat Angler" has ever received the attention it deserves. That the book contains a number of botanical allusions will be at once admitted. The allusions, it may be granted, are sometimes those of a man of letters rather than of a professed botanist; yet, like those of Shakespeare, they are worthy of careful and critical examination. Some of them too are of special interest, as revealing the popular names of British plants in the seventeenth century. It is proposed therefore to notice in the first place the more general allusions to plants and plant-lore to be found in the pages of "The Compleat Angler"; then to consider in turn Walton's garden-flowers and herbs, his forest-trees, and wild flowers; and lastly to note certain curious plant-names concerning which considerable uncertainty still remains.

That many of Walton's plant-allusions should be of a general character is what would naturally be expected from one who was so keenly alive to the interests of country life, and to the simple beauties of the world. He constantly calls his "honest scholar's" attention to the delightful surroundings of a fisherman's pursuit. "What would a blind man give to see the pleasant river, and meadows and flowers that we have met with, since we met together?" Sheltering from a shower under a "high honeysuckle

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hedge," he remarks that the gentle rain "gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows." Or he quotes some lines of "holy Mr. Herbert" to illustrate the charm of "such days and flowers as these," and thanks God who "gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go a-fishing." Sometimes he employs the color of flowers by way of comparison, as when "the belly of a lovely trout looked, some part of it as yellow as a marigold, and part of it as white as a lily." The time of year is indicated on one occasion by the phrase "till the mulberry-tree buds, that is to say, till extreme frosts be past the spring." Or again, with his love of quotation, he calls to mind the lines of Sir Richard Baker:

> "Hops and turkeys, carps and beer,
> Came into England all in a year."

Of garden-flowers, such as old Gerard and Parkinson delighted in, there are naturally but few allusions in a "Discourse of Fish and Fishing." But some occur, chiefly in songs introduced into the narrative. Thus Sir Henry Wotton, late provost of Eton College, is quoted as "a most dear lover and a frequent practiser of the art of angling," which he would call "his idle time not idly spent"; saying "he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers." Some lines of his, descriptive of the spring, which he wrote when past seventy, as "he sat quietly one summer's evening, on a bank, a-fishing," Walton takes leave to repeat to his scholar:

> "The gardens were beset
> With tulips, crocus, violet;
> And now, though late, the modest rose
> Did more than half a blush disclose.
> Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
> To welcome the new-livery'd year."

Or we are treated to "The Milkmaid's Song," made, according to Walton, by Kit Marlowe, which the "honest Maudlin" did "sing like a nightingale":

> "And I will make thee beds of roses,
> And then a thousand fragrant posies,
> A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
> Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

In the last chapter of the book, before the companions separate, they rest themselves, it will be remembered, at Tottenham High Cross, in "a sweet shady arbor, such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven as will secure them from the approaching shower," where they bid each other farewell in a "bottle of sack, which, with milk, oranges, and sugar all put together, make a drink like nectar, too good for any but us anglers."

Of flowers from the herb-garden, and of those employed in domestic economy, we have, on the other hand, many illustrations in "The Compleat Angler." The old-fashioned use of lavender is more than once alluded to. We recall Walton's pleasant picture of "an honest alehouse, where we shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall"; and where "the linen looks white and smells of lavender"; and, he adds, "I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smell so." In the minute instructions given as to the dressing of a fish "so as to make him very good meat," we are frequently introduced to various garden-herbs. For a chub "you must put some sweet herbs into his belly," and a "little thyme cut exceeding small" into the butter. A pike will need "some thyme, sweet marjoram, and a little winter savory," with "two cloves of garlick." To make a carp "a curious dish of meat" you "take sweet marjoram, thyme, and parsley, of each half a handful, a sprig of rosemary, and another of savory, bind them into two or three small bundles, and put them to your carp, with four or five whole onions." In the mediæval Diet-rolls of St. Swithun's Monastery at Winchester, we meet with minnows as a favorite dish, and also with "tansy-tartes." It is interesting to notice that such luxuries were still enjoyed long after the Reformation. Izaak Walton gives the following receipt for making "minnow-tansies": "the minnows being washed well in salt, and their heads cut off and their guts taken out, and not washed after, they prove excellent for that use; that is, being fried with yokes of eggs, the flowers of cowslips and of primroses, and a little tansy; thus used, they make a dainty dish of meat." Plants were also useful for other purposes be-

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sides the dressing of fish. The way to cleanse and scour your lob-worms was to put them into your bag overnight with a handful of fennel; or with "old Oliver Henley, now with God, a noted fisher both for trout and salmon," to anoint the worm with a drop or two of "the oil of ivy-berries, made by expression or infusion," or of the polypody of the oak. This will give them so tempting a smell, that "the fish will fare the worse and you the better for it." In days too when anglers made their own lines, it was useful to know how to render them invisible in the water. This might be done by staining them with the juice of walnut-leaves, or with a concoction of marigold-flowers.

Walton's favorite tree seems to have been the sycamore. Again and again he mentions it as affording a pleasant shade or shelter from the sun's heat, or from a passing shower. The passage will be remembered where he bids the honest scholar go to yon sycamore-tree, and hide his bottle of drink under the hollow root of it. Later on, as they fall to breakfast, he remarks that the spot is well-chosen, "for this sycamore will shade us from the sun's heat." Again, when driven from the river-side by a "smoking shower," he says to his companion: "sit close; this sycamore-tree will shelter us." After an hour the storm ceases, and with his love of classical allusion, Walton says: "We have sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore as Virgil's Tityrus and his Meliboeus did under their broad beech-tree." It is interesting to notice that both Gerard and Parkinson mention the sycamore-tree as often planted in walks and places of pleasure for "its shadowes-sake." The broad beech-tree too sometimes affords our fisherman shelter as he beguiles the time by "viewing the harmless lambs," or by listening to the birds which "seem to have a friendly contention with an echo." Another time he will sit down under a willow-tree by the water-side, in sweet content, "joying in his own happy condition, and pitying the poor rich man that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh." In his discourse on baits "wherewith trouts are taken," Walton mentions incidentally sundry trees and shrubs as the haunt of special flies or caterpillars. Thus some creatures are to be found on privet-hedges, some feeding on willow-leaves, some on hawthorn-bushes, and the oak-fly on the butt or body of an oak or ash.

In his chapter on Fish-ponds and how to order them, Izaak Walton has some curious remarks, taken chiefly, he tells us, from the writings of Doctor Lebault, a learned Frenchman, and of Janus Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz in Moravia in the sixteenth century. He advises that "willows, or owlers, or both" be planted about a fish-pond, so as to afford shade and shelter from the sun in summer-time. The word "owler" is now obsolete, but it is clearly a corruption of "alder"; and alder-trees love a low swampy situation. A strange use of parsley is recommended. In ponds where carp are kept, it sometimes happens that the fish become sluggish and out of condition. Should this occur, a few handfuls of parsley thrown into the pond "will recover and refresh the sick fish." Ponds are further to be emptied and cleansed every three or four years. The purpose of this is both to kill the "water-weeds, as water-lilies, candocks, reate, and bulrushes"; and that oats may be sown in the bottom of them. Candocks is an obsolete name for the water-lily. In this passage it doubtless refers to the species with yellow flowers, in contradistinction to the white water-lily already mentioned. By "reate," or "reit," as it is sometimes written, Walton means *Ranunculus fluitans*, the water-buttercup or crowfoot.

Of "the lovely flowers that adorn the verdant meadows," as Izaak Walton says to his good scholar, he specially points to the lilies and lady-smocks. On two or three occasions he calls attention to these favorite flowers. The word "lily" is no doubt sometimes used for wild-flowers generally, without reference to any particular species. This was certainly the case with many ancient and mediæval writers; it was probably so with Izaak Walton. But lady-smocks is a definite plant. It is the old English name for *Cardamine pratensis* or cuckoo-flower, one of the most attractive of early meadow-plants. Shakespeare, in his "Song to Spring," introduces the same species when he sings:

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"And lady-smocks all silver white
Do paint the meadows with delight."

Primroses and cowslips too were dear to the heart of the old fisherman, and he specially loved a "sweet honeysuckle hedge," in the cool shade of which he could possess his soul in gladness and singleness of heart. "Indeed, my good scholar," he exclaims on one such occasion, "we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Frontispiece of "The Compleat Angler," by Izaac Walton; London: printed for John Francis Rivington at the Bible and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, and T. Caslon in Stationer's Court.

Many of Walton's strange conceits, which add so much to the quaint interest of "The Compleat Angler," were borrowed from other writers. He was remarkably well acquainted, as is evident from his quotations, with the works of naturalists, both ancient and modern, from Aristotle and Pliny down to Gesner and Gerard. And after the manner of his age, he makes free use of their writings. On the authority, for instance, of "Du Bartas and Lobel, and also of our learned Camden, and laborious Gerard in his Herbal," he asserts as at least probable that "barnacles and young goslings are bred by the sun's heat on the rotten planks of an old ship, and hatched of trees." Gerard, it is true, has a chapter on the subject, headed "Of the Goose tree, Barnacle tree, or the tree bearing Geese," and even gives details of "this English wonder." The bird, he tells us, being hatched, "quickly cometh to full maturitie, and groweth to a fowle bigger than a mallard and lesser than a goose, having blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such manner as is our Magpie, called in some places a Pie-ennet which the people of Lancashire call by no other name than a tree-Goose." From the contemporary French poet, Sieur du Bartas, whose work on "The Divine Week and Works" was translated into English by one Joshua Sylvester, a folio of which was probably possessed by

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Izaak Walton, he quotes, for confirmation, the following lines:

"So slow Boötes underneath him sees
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon after.
So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles, O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull."

With the works of Conrad Gesner, the most learned naturalist of the sixteenth century, Walton was intimately acquainted. He frequently quotes him, more frequently than he does any other writer. To Gesner too, it now appears to be clearly established, he was indebted for some, at any rate, of the illustrations which appeared in the earlier editions of "The Compleat Angler." That he himself possessed a copy of Gesner's famous work the "Historia Animalium," or, at any rate, had easy access to one, seems to be beyond question. There is, however, no copy among Walton's books, which his son, the Rector of Polshot, afterward bequeathed to the Cathedral Library of Salisbury. But in the Cathedral Library of Winchester there is a fine copy of Gesner's great work. It is an original edition, in folio, published at Tiguri, that is, Zurich, by Christopher Froschover, between the years 1551 and 1558. The four books, into which the work is divided, treat successively of mammals, oviparous quadrupeds, birds, and fishes. The work is adorned with several hundred woodcuts, which are printed in outline only, the coloring being purposely left to the rubricator. In our copy, which is bound in three massive volumes, some of the woodcuts have been painted, and some left in their original condition. Can it be that this splendid edition, now among Bishop Morley's books in the Cathedral Library of Winchester, was the actual copy used by Izaak Walton, and through which he became acquainted with the illustrations of the trout, pike, carp, tench, perch, and barbel, which he after-

The Milkmaid's Song.

"And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kyrtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

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ward utilized, on a reduced scale, for the first edition of "The Compleat Angler"? Morley and Walton were, we know, on most intimate terms. In dedicating his "Life of Dr. Sanderson" to George Morley, Walton speaks of a "friendship begun almost forty years past." Indeed he was actually residing with Bishop Morley when he wrote the "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker." It is clear then that Walton had ample opportunities of consulting Morley's library, which on his death the bishop bequeathed to Winchester Cathedral. If only therefore we could be quite certain that our copy of Gesner, now among Morley's books in the Cathedral Library, had actually belonged to the good Bishop of Winchester, there would be a reasonable presumption that Izaak Walton had made use of it in his preparation of "The Compleat Angler." The very possibility that he may have done so adds immensely, it will be admitted, to the value and interest of our "Gesner."

"A sweet shady arbor, such a contexture of woodbines, sweetbriar, jessamine, and myrtle, and so interwoven as will secure them from the approaching shower."—Page 722.

From Gesner, Izaak Walton quotes the strange belief that "fishes are bred, some by generation, and some not, as namely, of a weed called pickerel-weed." For no assertion has our honest fisherman been more severely taken to task, although he simply states it on the authority of the "learned Gesner." There is a passage, for instance, in a contemporary writer, one Captain Richard Franks, who in his "Northern Memoirs" speaks thus disparagingly of our author: "When I met him (Izaak Walton) at Stafford, I urged his own argument upon him that pickerel-weed of itself breeds pickerel; which question was no sooner stated, but he transmits himself to his authority, viz. Gesner, which I readily opposed, and offered my reasons to prove the contrary . . . but dropping his argument, and leaving Gesner to defend it, he huffed away." The word "pickerel" means of course a young pike, but what "the weed called pickerel-weed" was

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which, "unless learned Gesner be much mistaken," produced such marvellous results, cannot now be determined. It probably refers either to some species of *Potamogeton* or pondweed, or to one of the water-crowfoots.

In classing bats among the birds, Izaak Walton is again following Gesner, and also in the curious statement that "there is a herb, called benione, which being hung in a linen cloth near a fish-pond, or any haunt that an otter uses, makes him to avoid the place, which proves he smells both by water and land." Walton does not tell us what species the herb called "benione" actually was; but I strongly suspect the reference is, not, with most authorities, to *assafœtida*, but to the *Herba benedicta*, or Blessed Herb (*Geum urbanum*, *L.*), concerning which we learn from the German Herbal, the *Ortus Sanitatis* printed at Mainz in 1491, and which Gesner was undoubtedly acquainted with, that "where the root is in the house the devil can do nothing, and flies from it: wherefore it is blessed above all other herbs." We are further told that where the Blessed-herb is growing in a garden or a field, "no venomous beast will approach within the scent of it."

"This sycamore will shade us from the sun's heat."—Page 723.

But of all the plants mentioned by Izaak Walton that which he calls "culverkeys" remains the *crux criticorum* among botanists. The word occurs twice in "The Compleat Angler," once in the course of the narrative, and once in a song attributed to "Jo, Da," in the first edition, but altered to "Jo. Davors Esq^re." in the fifth edition. Sitting under a willow-tree by the waterside and looking down the meadows, our fisherman sees "here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping *culverkeys* and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to the present month of May." And the verse of the song quoted in commendation of the author's happy life, runs as follows:

"So I the fields and meadows green may view,
And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,

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Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass and *azure culverkeys*."

These musical and graceful lines occur in a little poem called "The secrets of Angling, by J. D.," published in 1615. Walton, though he was familiar with the poem, and quotes six of its verses in "The Compleat Angler," was evidently in ignorance as to the real author of it. Indeed the question of authorship was only set at rest in the year 1811, by the discovery in the Stationer's Registers of the following entry, under date "23 Mch. 1612":—"The Secretes of Angling, in three bookes, by John Dennys Esquier." The writer, it appears, lived at Pucklechurch in Gloucestershire, where the old family mansion still stands, and dying in 1609 was buried in the parish church. His poem, which is perhaps the most charming in our angling literature, was not published until three or four years after his death. A first edition of this very rare work is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and two other copies are known to exist. In addition to "The Secretes of Angling" and "The Compleat Angler," the word "culverkeys" also occurs in a passage of Aubrey's "Natural History of Wilts," published in 1685, where we read:

"At Priory St. Maries, and in the Minchin meadowes there, but especially at Broun's Hill, which is opposite to the house where, in an unfortunate hour, I drew my first breath, there is an infinite variety of plants, and it would have tempted me to have been a botanist, had I had leisure, which is a jewell I could be never master of. In this ground there grew culver-keys, hares-parsley, wild vetch, maiden's-honesty, wild vine bayle."

Against this passage the illustrious naturalist John Ray appended the note: "Culver-keys, hares-parsley, mayden's-honesty are country names unknown to me." In Henry Lyte's "Herball," however, published in 1578, the plant seems to be identified with *Aquilegia vulgaris*, for the author says: "It is called in English Columbine, the flowres of whiche do seeme to expresse the figure of a Dove or Culver." Beyond these notices the name appears to be unknown among our early writers and herbalists. It is clear from the passages I have quoted that "culverkeys" was a meadow-plant, that it had blue flowers, and that it blossomed in the month of May. The last two characteristics would suit the columbine, but the species can hardly be regarded as a meadow-plant. Hence, many other species have been suggested. Doctor Prior, in his "Names of British Plants," is in favor of the bluebell or common hyacinth. Canon Ellacombe thinks it must be the meadow geranium, which, he says truly, is "certainly 'azure' almost beyond any other British plant." Others have suggested the meadow orchis, and the snake's-head or fritillary. It is now impossible to identify with any certainty the "azure culverkeys" of Aubrey and Dennys and Izaak Walton. With John Ray we can only say "it is a country name unknown to me." But in the absence of more direct evidence I should feel inclined to agree with the old herbalist Henry Lyte, and to identify "culverkeys" with the common columbine; a conclusion accepted, I notice, by Archdeacon Nares in his "Glossary," published in 1822, where he says "Culver being columba, and the little flowerets like keys."

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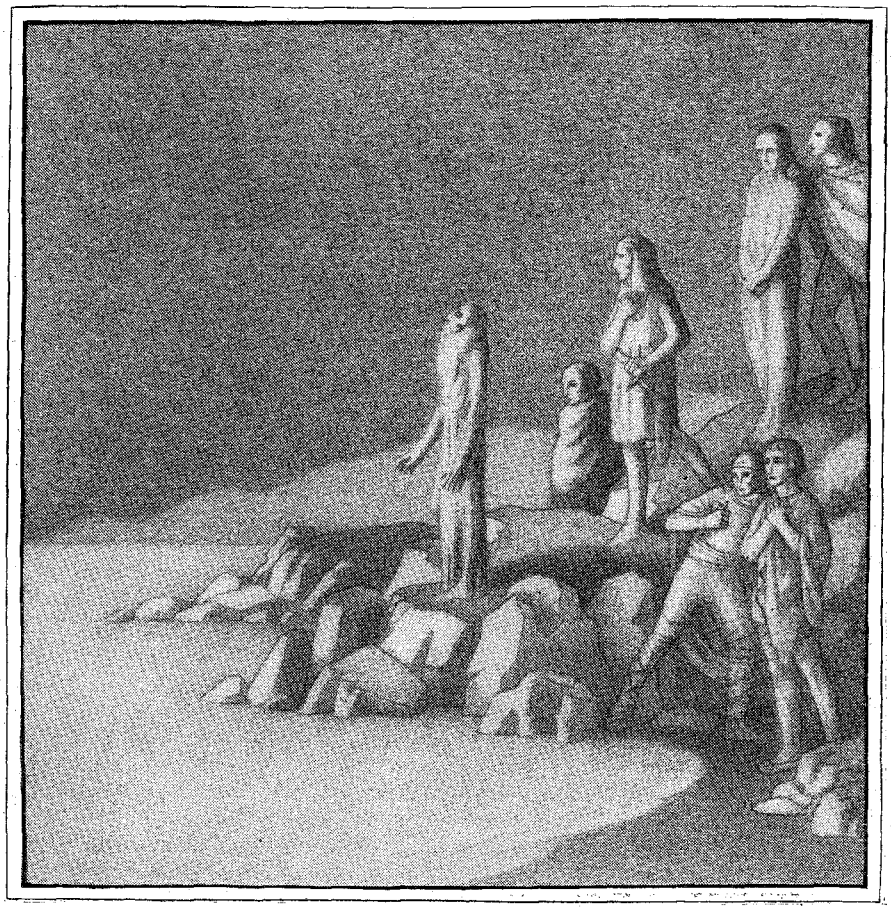

Odysseus

BY AINSWORTH O'BRIEN-MOORE

DECORATION BY HELEN L. WALKER

IN his old age Odysseus sat alone,
Thinking no man knew what; till, with one tide,
There came before him unknown men, who cried:
"Lord, thou art now the last. Our lord is gone!"
Still sat Odysseus like a carven stone,
And no man knew what passed within that mind;
Until the night came, and with night a wind,
And far out, on the windy seas, a moan.

And of a sudden, as they watched the sea,
Out of the clouds they saw the white moon break,
And down the gleaming pathway she did make
Upon the deep, a single galley glide.
And then Odysseus rose, and turning, cried:
"O noble hearts, arise and come with me!"

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British English and American English

BY THOMAS G. TUCKER
Emeritus Professor, the University of Melbourne, Australia

IN the November issue of SCRIBNER'S (1920), Professor Brander Matthews, writing in his usual luminous style, deals with a subject of great natural interest and of no little practical importance. The relations between "American English" and "British English" are so commonly misunderstood and misrepresented on either side, that it is highly refreshing to have the matter treated by one who not only belongs to the ranks of *color che sanno*, but who possesses the essential equipment of a judicial mind. It has appeared to me that a representative of British English might fairly be permitted to supplement his article, and that the supplement might appropriately come from one who was brought up till manhood in England, but has lived for no less a space of time in the English-speaking antipodes.

It is easy for either the genial humorist or the ungenial chauvinist to caricature the speech of another nation. It is easiest when that speech is supposed to be substantially the common property of both peoples. In such a case the "man in the street," ignorant as he usually is of the factors which contribute to the change and development of language, is prone to take it for granted that the speech of his own nation represents the norm, and that any unlikeness of vocabulary or pronunciation which the other exhibits is a fit subject for either pedagogic disapproval or cheap ridicule. He fancies that the deviations from his own national practice are sheer corruptions, perhaps due to ignorance, perhaps to affectation.

A Californian lady once gravely, if not very tactfully, assured me that the English could not "speak their own language." It apparently did not occur to her that "their own language" actually is their own language—that is to say, the language of England. She might perhaps have been surprised to learn that an English lady of education quite as extensive, and at the same time as limited, would—if sufficiently provoked—asseverate with equal conviction that the Americans cannot "speak their own language." Each imagines that there exists such a thing as an "English undefiled," in which every word and phrase has its one proper and unequivocal meaning and articulation, and that such an English has somehow, somewhere, and at the hands of some one, received the *ne varietur* stamp of indefeasible authority. In the British Empire we speak of "the King's English," as if its usages had been determined and defined by royal warrant. What we really mean—as when we speak of "the King's laws"—is that arbitrary liberties with the rules are not to be taken by Roe & Doe, as if any man had the right to defy authority and to create an English diction and grammar for himself. Whether there is any corresponding expression in use in republican America, I know not. Perhaps it is "Boston English."

Be that as it may, the philologist is well aware that no such fixed and authoritative English either exists or ever has existed on either side of the Atlantic. It is as unreal as a Platonic "idea." No supreme authority has ever legislated, or ever could effectively legislate, for an immutable English. None but a sciolist would contemplate the task. A language is not a dead convention, but a living organism, subject to all the changes and self-developing efforts of such an organism. It loses old habits, acquires new habits, and evolves new powers. As Heraclitus said of all other things, it is

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perpetually "in a state of flux." At any given moment the "standard" language consists of nothing else but *the usages sanctioned by a dominating majority of the educated.* Similarly the accepted colloquial language, during any generation, consists of the usages current among a dominating majority of those speaking the language concerned. In neither case can there be finality. It is impossible to render the area of meaning of one word or phrase so distinctly individual that it can never overlap or be confounded with that of another word or phrase. We cannot represent the words of a language as so many separate squares on an infinitely large chess-board; they are circles or irregular figures intersecting each other in all manner of intricate ways. One is often to a large extent synonymous with another; still more frequently it contains part of the same meaning, while—properly used—it lacks the other part. Is it to be expected that popular use, which is largely ignorant use or careless use, will maintain the due distinctions, so that one word will not come to be employed too freely in place of the other, until, perhaps, that other disappears into the limbo of forgotten things? If American English affects the one word or phrase and drops the other, is it to be expected that British English will necessarily do the same and not the reverse? Until all human minds are equipped with the same complete and exact linguistic information, possess the same alertly discriminating faculty and habit, and cultivate the same machine-like precision, there can be no lasting uniformity of diction.

It is the same with pronunciation. Until all our vocal and aural organs are minutely true to one pattern, and until no such thing as mishearing or indolence of articulation exists, there must be many mere loose approximations to the orthodox enunciation of vowels and consonants. Such vagaries, like diseases, are "catching," and a man is largely at the mercy of his local and social environment. Here also is it to be expected that what has happened to British English during the last three hundred years will be the same that has happened to American English during the same period? An Englishman might plausibly assume, and commonly does assume, that the vastly mixed and more migratory population of America has been more likely to corrupt the old pronunciation than the purer and more locally-adhesive stock in Britain. I am far from saying that this actually is the case, for there are many counter-considerations, with which it would require too much space now to deal. But at least it might be worth the while of the American, when he suspects a more or less wilful affectation in what he loosely calls the English "accent," to reflect a little upon the possibilities.

II

THAT one may read the higher or more serious literature of both Britain and America without the least consciousness of divergence is indubitable. Personally I become aware of the local origin of such literature only through the name of the writer or publisher, through the local references, or through explicit remarks—complimentary or otherwise—incidentally made upon the other nation. In conversation also, the better educated an American and a British speaker may be, the less dissimilarity is there in their ordinary diction. The "standard" language is to all intents and purposes identical, and it is a far cry to the supposed day when American English and British English of this grade will become "mutually unintelligible." Jests concerning that danger are but jests, to be taken with no more seriousness than those concerning the laying-in of a supply of overcoats in readiness for the ultimate cooling of the sun.

But no sooner does American writing pass to the less ambitious domains of popular fiction or "smart" and jaunty journalism than the British reader becomes aware of unfamiliar notes. This is not merely so when the writer is deliberately representing dialect. In such cases we naturally look for plentiful eccentricities of speech. We recognize that they are probably as much eccentricities from the American point of view as they are from our own. We no more take them for the ordinary language of America than we should take dialect in our own novelists for the ordinary language of

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Great Britain. Thus—whatever delusion many Americans may entertain upon the point—the humorous provincial phrasing of Mark Twain's characters is probably as fully appreciated by the British reader as by the same proportion of readers in America. Perhaps to us it even gains something in humor through a "quaintness" of language which is necessarily somewhat less quaint to the people who are in more habitual touch with it. Probably, if we were fortunate enough to possess as superlative a humorist writing in Britain, the effect upon the American reader would be analogous. The colloquialism in Mark Twain is, indeed, far less "foreign" to ourselves than many a piece of ordinary writing in the "snappy" journalism of the United States. But this is, perhaps, by the way. The immediate point is that the more popular or ephemeral type of American book or article, even when neither in dialect nor in slang, does generally contain for us sundry indications of an exotic origin. In other words, it contains "Americanisms."

This does not mean that we carp at or resent such unfamiliar expressions as those writings offer; it merely means that we are conscious of them; they suggest a widening, though not yet a perplexingly wide, rift within the common language. To some extent this is due to the mere words. American English does not merely talk, as the national coinage compels it to do, of *dollars*, *cents*, and *nickels*, where British English talks of *pounds*, *half-sovereigns*, *pence*, and *coppers*. It speaks of *faucets* and *caskets* where we speak of *taps* and *coffins*, and of *bills* where we speak of *bank-notes*, or, more commonly *notes*. By *bills* we mean something very different and much less welcome. With us, *bug* is a word avoided in fastidious society, since it has somehow become appropriated to the repulsive *cimex lectularius*. We have no such term as *day-bed*. The American eats *crackers* while we eat *biscuits*. What precise or unprecise sense attaches to the American *pie* is a question to which I have never been able to secure a definite answer. Though British, I do not imagine that *biscuits*, for example, is a better name than *crackers*. On the other hand one need not regard *crackers* as a better name than *biscuits*. In British English *crackers* are a cheap kind of firework much employed by the fiendish small boy. To the uninitiated Briton *crackers* would be an amazing article of diet.

I do not propose to make any long list of such variants. It must suffice to cite a few at random. Perhaps, "in these days of dereliction and dismay," Americans themselves have forgotten what is meant by a *highball*. To British English the word is entirely strange and calls for translation, although doubtless we possess the thing itself, under whatever other name it may taste as sweet. British English never makes a *date* with any one; it makes an *appointment*. That word has the disadvantage of being longer; *en revanche*, we have no *elevators*, but only *lifts*. Nor have we *automobiles;* they are *motor-cars*, *motors*, or, in social usage, more commonly just *cars*. In England a *city* is by ancient convention a town "with a bishop and a cathedral." In Australia it is a town sufficiently large and important to show a certain minimum assessment of property and revenue from rates. In America the term is apparently applied without much discrimination to more insignificant places, which British English would never dignify with any higher name than *town*.

Nevertheless, so far as the mere appellations of things are concerned, it cannot be said that American English needs any extensive glossary for the average Briton. He may not himself use the particular term, but he knows its meaning. It is alien, but it is not foreign. Moreover, even concerning this diversity of terminology, it is easy to overstate the case. Once, when travelling in Europe in company with an American, I observed that I was concerned about my "baggage." He said: "You are not a genuine Englishman; otherwise you would have said *luggage*." But the *nuances* of language are subtle. In point of fact one would not speak of *luggage* unless there were articles of some considerable size or weight. Smaller articles are variously described; colloquially you may call them your *traps*. I should have been un-English only if I had spoken of a *grip* (excellent as that term may be). Again, it is true that we speak of railway *car-*

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riages, but of tram-*cars*. Yet, at least in Australia, a railway-carriage is frequently referred to as a *car*, and habitually so when we refer to the several cars on a "sleeper." It is, however, probable that this usage is mainly due to the fact that American models and semi-American management have had much influence upon our railways. And, speaking of *railways*, I may remark that the term to which I was more accustomed in my English boyhood was *railroad*. The notion entertained by some Americans that *coaches* is British English for *cars* upon a railway is entirely baseless. No Briton ever uses that expression.

Professor Brander Matthews mentions a number of words which he appears to regard as unfamiliar in British English, if not exclusively American. One is *wilt*, in the sense of *wither*. It may be true that *wilt* is not one of the commonest elements in the British vocabulary; nevertheless it is tolerably frequent in circles in which I happen to have moved. But the sense is not identical with that of *wither*. It denotes the first drooping limpness or languescence of a leaf still green, whereas the leaf "withers" when it dries up and loses color. We have not borrowed—or rather recovered—the word from America. It has simply lived on among the less prominent part of our vocabulary. Possibly, and not improbably, American literature has done something to remind us of its existence and to reinstate it in wider employment. The same is in all likelihood true of a number of other useful words which were tending to become obsolete in British mouths. A similar influence has doubtless been exerted upon American English by literature from "the other side." This, indeed, is the great saving-clause in the matter of linguistic separation. American books and magazines are now so widely read in the British Empire, and *vice versa*, that an averaging or assimilating is continually taking place to counteract a divergence which otherwise would certainly become undesirably wide.

To what extent America picks up new words or re-establishes old ones from British books and periodicals, it is for an American to say. On our side there is always a readiness to adopt an American term which fills, as the advertisements put it, "a long-felt want." Especially is this the case with those imaginative or humorous creations in which America excels—not, I believe, because of any keener wit, but because of greater boldness and independence of tradition. The Briton, or at least the Englishman, is as apt to be conservative in language as he is in social traditions and business methods. But he is not so conservative that he will refuse an unmistakably useful thing when he finds it offered. When I read over the list of American compounds supplied by Professor Matthews, it appears to me that we have annexed the best of them and discarded the rest. *Sky-scraper*, *fool-proof*, and *strap-hanger*, are no longer distinctly American. Of sky-scrapers we have hitherto (happily, as we think) had fewer specimens and less need. Nevertheless they are on their way, at least in Australian towns, and the name is now as familiar as if it had been in the language ever since the days of Chaucer. Of things *fool-proof* the world has unfortunately always had dire need, and no British motor-engineer or inventor could resist borrowing the happy coinage of expression. Also, the morality of traffic companies being what it is, we are only too familiar with both the word *strap-hangers* and the victims whom it denotes. I am not sure as to the exact sense of *joy-ride* in America. In Australia it has borne a special application to the unauthorized use of a filched motor-car which is—naturally in the circumstances—made to travel "for all it is worth." Apart from these compounded examples, to call a thing "*the limit*" is part of our established usage. Incidentally it may be remarked that even ancient Greek colloquially applied the equivalent term *peras* in almost precisely the same sense.

On the other hand there is tending to become accentuated between the two branches of the language another kind of difference, of which Professor Matthews is doubtless quite conscious, but which he does not happen to mention. This is a difference in the phrasing and, to a certain extent, in the grammar. So far as I am able to ascertain, an American would find nothing in particular to arrest his attention in such a passage as the following:

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"He strolled around the farm, closely examining its location. Back of the house were a number of outbuildings, of which he drew a plan, lest he forget any detail of their exact position."

Yet to any ordinary Briton this would contain four "peculiarities" which would stamp it as not produced by one of his own people. In the first place he would balk a little at *location*, for which he would have said *situation*. *Around* and *back* are of course among the everyday parts of his vocabulary, but it happens that he does not use them quite in the same manner. He would say *round*, and either *at the back of* or *behind*. But the idiom which would strike him as most strange would be *lest he forget*. British English uses such a "present subjunctive" only after a present tense, and very sparingly even then. Since "drew" is a past tense, it would say "he drew a plan, lest he *might forget*," or, more naturally, "for fear he might forget." Similarly, "They recommended that he *take* the matter into court," is a sentence which would never be heard in ordinary speech, nor be written in ordinary literature, from one end of Britain to the other. The normal expression would be either "They recommended that he *should take*" or "They recommended him to take." The question here is not whether the usage is logical (a point with which even the standard language by no means always concerns itself) or otherwise defensible. I am not arguing either for it or against it. The fact immediately relevant is that, in this usage, American English differentiates itself from British English of the same standing. I do not remember meeting with this particular idiom in American literature of the higher order, and it may possibly be disapproved by austere American grammarians; nevertheless it occurs so frequently in current productions of less pretensions that it appears to be at least recognized as a practice inoffensive to ears polite. Again, British English, though it says "I have seen him only once in two years," does not say "I have not set eyes on him *in* years," but "*for* years." Nor do we say "I *had* him bring me the document," but "I *made* him bring." It is also worth observing that American English is much more free than British English with the possessive case of nouns. To us "*the frost's sharpness*" sounds entirely unnatural for "*the sharpness of the frost.*" We regularly confine the possessive case to proper nouns, nouns denoting living beings, and things personified.

III

THERE is one class of writers by whom such linguistic divergences might be studied with advantage. It requires no detective skill to discern that short stories originally written for one side of the Atlantic are frequently recast for consumption on the other side. Instead of New York the scene becomes London, or instead of London it becomes New York. Peers and peeresses are substituted for members of "the Four Hundred" (if that term is not now out of date), or else Mr. and Mrs. Van Newport are substituted for Lord and Lady Park-lane. In the attempt to achieve local color there follows a certain necessary modification of the phraseology to suit the various social elements forming the *dramatis personæ*. Who it is that readjusts the language and retouches the local color in the interchange, I have no means of knowing. Sometimes it is tolerably well done, sometimes very badly, but it is seldom that internal evidence of the recasting does not crop up in some incidental word or turn of phrase inadvertently retained. An American reader will of course be best able to detect the false tints of the replica when the original was British. On the other hand an American writer is tolerably sure to fall into some little trap or other if he attempts to reword his own production for a British periodical. It might be well for editors on either side to submit such readjustments to some competent and careful scribe who is himself "to the manner born." Any British writer who, without having lived sufficiently long in America, endeavors to make an American speak convincingly in colloquial American English is likely to make a mess of it, just as an American writer, insufficiently habituated to England, almost invariably makes a mess of the phraseology or pronunciation of either the British aristocrat or the British proletarian.

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Thus there is a common notion among Americans that the British lower orders invariably and consistently leave out aitches where they should be, and put them in where they should not. Some even dream that this is possible with the educated—a notion which, as Euclid would say, "is absurd." The fact is that the Scotch and Irish use their aitches correctly, that any decently educated Englishman does the same, and that only the ignorant misplace them. Yet even the ignorant are not to be trusted to do always and exactly the wrong thing. They are far from inserting all those aitches which one finds attributed to the typical English butler in the typical American story. Nothing sounds to a British reader more unnatural and machine-made than one of these butler-speeches, in which the writer has manifestly gone systematically over the words, carefully putting in and leaving out aitches at precisely all the opportunities for incorrectness. The truth is that for generations aitches had tended to become as silent in southern English as they have universally become in Italian or French. Their restitution has been in a large degree artificial. Even now an irreproachably educated Englishman will hardly make them audible in the personal pronouns *he*, *him*, *his*, *her*, unless those little words are stressed. In the latter case he gives them their full value. Meanwhile the butler (whom we are specifying merely as a type) is aware that there are aitches in the language of his social superiors. He therefore throws in a fair number more or less at random, and, of these, some will hit the mark while others will miss. He does not always back the wrong horse.

IV

Nothing has so far been said about downright slang. To the Briton most of the more vulgar and inept kind of American slang is unintelligible gibberish. Even when it appears upon the screen of the American-made "movies," it awakes no ready response. But probably a large proportion of it is equally unintelligible to those Americans of refinement whose course of life seldom forces them into association with such inane travesty of language. Certain it is that there is a vast quantity of vulgar British jargon which conveys no meaning to such Britons as do not themselves move in the circles wherein it flourishes. There is, of course, such a thing as professional slang or class slang as well as the *argot* of low lives and low intelligences; but here we are concerned only with the last-named. Such slang is not language, except in so far as some fortuitously happy term may perchance rise in the social scale, graduating from a "vulgarism" into a "neologism" and thence passing into generally accepted use. However vast may be the divergence between British slang and American slang, and however completely foreign these transient pseudo-languages may be to each other at a given moment, the fact hardly affects the relation between the speeches proper.

In this regard an illusion is not unnatural. There are certain ingenious American writers who cultivate an art of writing deliberately in slang. They mean it to be slang, and not normal language. As necessarily happens in such cases, they crowd into a page a greater aggregate and a more varied and picturesque assortment of *argot* than would actually be used in real life by any individual speaker. Their aim requires that they should give us, not typical and diffused slang, but ideal and concentrated slang. So, at all events, the outsider would conclude from analogous efforts at home. I have seen a temporarily popular Australian production of the same kind, consisting of verses written in what purports to be the slang current among the lower orders of the city of Sydney. To myself, even after more than thirty years of extensive "mixing" in Australia, a large proportion of the phraseology is utterly incomprehensible, the fact being that the writer has culled practically every term of local *argot* discoverable and has mercilessly packed it into the compass of one deliverance. The result is slang *in excelsis*, or rather *in profundis*, as it was never actually spoken on land or sea. Unfortunately a British reader of this class of American composition is apt to imagine that he has before him American English "as she is spoke," while an American reader might equally imagine that he is meeting with

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fairly characteristic Australian English. Nothing could be further from the truth. The *homme moyen* of New York in the streets of Sydney, or of Sydney in the streets of New York, would find himself linguistically quite at home, except for a few words and phrases of the type already discussed before we came to the mention of slang at all.

V

THESE remarks bring us to a final consideration. British English includes English as spoken in the British dominions outside the United Kingdom. What of the English of Canada, Australia, or South Africa? Is there as yet setting in any noticeable disintegration of the language within the empire itself? Of Canada, influenced as it is by proximity to the United States, or of South Africa, influenced as it is by Dutch associations, it would be better for others to offer an opinion. Of Australasia it may be said that its English is hitherto indistinguishable from the English of Great Britain. Apart from a few words evoked and encouraged by novel and local circumstances in a use necessarily unfamiliar to the "old country," there is nothing to mark the Australian as such. Great Britain has, it is true, no *squatters*, nor has it any *stations* in the Australian sense. And here, by the way, it may be observed that Australia knows no such thing as a *ranch*. Its ranches are *stations*. The story-writer who places his scene in, or makes would-be knowing reference to, this part of the world, at once betrays his lack of direct acquaintance with it when he writes of "a ranch in Australia." Meanwhile *squatters* are not small settlers (who are commonly known as *cockatoos*) but large landed proprietors who own "stations." In legal phraseology they are *pastoralists* or *graziers*, but in current speech they are never anything but *squatters*. In England a *grazier* is something very different, being usually a small proprietor or holder who undertakes to provide grazing for a few head of cattle or a flock of sheep on behalf of some one who requires such temporary accommodation. *New-chum* is the colloquial Australian for a recent immigrant; a *jackeroo* is a young man, often a new-chum, learning the business of farmer or squatter. But a dozen or so of such novel or variant terms count for nothing as against the fact that in the senses regularly attached to words and phrases, in their pronunciation, and in their syntactical combinations, Australian English is as British English as the English of what is still—though decreasingly—known as "home." Perhaps a few old words which have become rare or local in the old country have regained a wider currency in this. Perhaps also we are more immediately receptive of striking "Americanisms." But neither in the colloquy of Australian social intercourse nor in the vivacities of Australian journalism is there anything worth calling a mark of growing differentiation.

. . . . . .

After all, the divergences between ordinary British English and ordinary American English do not amount to anything like the differences which exist between the ordinary English of Lancashire and that of Kent, between current Devonshire English and current Yorkshire English. Scottish English is often practically a foreign language to an Englishman; American English, though it occasionally appears "quaint," is immeasurably nearer to his own speech than that of a baker's dozen of dialects within Great Britain itself. We have assuredly no occasion to worry over the future. Each side may enjoy its little laugh and indulge in its little exaggerated mimicries. If an American writer represents an Englishman as saying *nawsty* for *nasty*, no particular harm need result. In point of fact no Englishman does say *nawsty;* he says *nahsty*. The Englishman may take a genial revenge by making the American say *haff* for *half*, and by amusing himself with the word *gotten*. This done, the Mississippi man may turn his facetiousness upon his own countryman of "N' Yark," and the Londoner upon his own countryman of "Coomberland" or "Zummerzet." And then all alike, and equally, may proceed to enjoy a work of poetry, fiction, or philosophy written on either side of the Atlantic in that triumphant English which still knows no division into British and American varieties.

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Corkran of the Clamstretch

BY JOHN BIGGS, JR.

THIS is a record of genius. I saw him for the first time as he lay beneath an apple-tree, endeavoring by muscular twitchings of his upper lip to grab an apple which lay just beyond the reach of his long black nose. Indisputably it was a game which he played, and he ordered it by set rules of his own devising. It was fundamental that he could not move his body, but he might crane or stretch his neck to any impossible posture. I climbed the paddock fence, and moved the apple an inch toward him. He looked at me reproachfully, but seized it none the less, and, devouring it with a single crunching bite, rose to his feet, and proceeded inscrutably to stare.

He was a dumpy little horse, resembling a small fat business man, and as soon to be suspected of immortal speed as a stock-broker of a sonnet. His torso was a rotund little barrel. From this his legs, heavy and muscular, stuck out at odd angles. A lean neck rose from the mass, and upon this was plastered a head, many sizes too large, which looked as if it had been thrown at him from a distance and had inadvertently stuck.

His gaze mellowed and he regarded me more leniently. A faint smile began to wreath his lips; the smile expanded to a soundless tittering. At last, in looking at me, he fairly laughed. This I considered impolite and told him so. He listened courteously, but made no comment other than raising a quizzical hoof. He walked around me and looked carefully at my reverse side. This satisfied him. He returned to the apple-tree, yawned broadly, and lay down. Richard Thomas Corkran was at rest.

Tentatively I offered him apples, but his ennui was not to be dispelled. Finally, he slept the sleep of a good and honest horse. I retired to the fence lest I disturb the sacred slumbers.

Genius is an unutterable thing. It is a spark flying from no visible flame. It is an excitement of the soul; it is a terrific motivation. It is a vapor that splits the rock of reality.

Richard Thomas Corkran was a strange rhapsody of speed. He was without circumstance, without explanation. No great family had crossed a bar sinister upon his unknown escutcheon. His fathers were indistinguishable clods of work. At the time of his first race his sides were galled from plough harness. Literally he was self-made.

He was possessed of an iron will and intelligence. Consummately he understood his metier; never did his greatness overwhelm him. He remained unmoved, his attitude the epitome of a successful business. Yet he was capable of a cold and dignified fury. Always was it merited, but he worked himself to it, for he had found it to be an efficient symbol. A balanced quietness was his attitude upon the track, and from it he never deviated. He raced without the slightest enthusiasm or excitation. Icy imperturbability marked his technique—an imperturbability that was unaffected. From the tips of his tiny hoofs to his absurd head he was polite, both to his rivals, whom he scorned, and his attendants, whom he considered unworthy of notice, and this politeness proceeded from his conscious known superiority.

One thing of all things aroused his wrath, hot and sincere. He considered himself a free agent, and any molestation of this right caused anger to boil within him. The hours of his business were those which he spent upon the track; at all other times he came and went as he pleased. He would permit no officious infringement upon his leisure. As to his racing it was indomitably his own. He considered all human aid simply co-

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operation. If it became direction, no matter how tactfully suggested, he was done. He would not move a hoof toward the track's end. In his maiden race, a whip had been laid, solely as an incentive, upon his muscular little thighs. Richard Thomas Corkran had slid to a stop with stiffened fore feet, and, without heat or expression, but with icy malevolence, had kicked his sulky to fragments of wood and steel. Thereafter his driver, by iron order, sat braced to the sulky, and with loose reins simply fulfilled the requirements of rule. The race and the trotting of it were solely Richard Thomas Corkran's.

It was five o'clock when they came to arouse him, and this partook of a stately, ordered ceremony. There were five men in all, and I presume that he would not have deigned to rise for less. Down the field in careful formation they advanced. First came the head trainer, magnificently unencumbered by blanket, sponge, or currycomb, the veritable master of the bedchamber, and flanking him, his subalterns, two graceful yellow boys—this touch exotic—carrying combs and skin-brushes; next came two buckets, marked with the white initials *R. T. C.*, and then his *own* blanket, plaid-striped, refulgent, the one slight vulgarity necessary to all genius. Last of all was a small white dog, like an animated wash-rag, propelling itself forward with staccato bounds and barks.

The process halted; the dog continued forward, and barked malevolently in the ear of recumbent greatness, which responded with a slow opening of its left eye. The long thin neck rose from the ground at a right angle, and surveyed the halted host. Richard Thomas Corkran got to his feet and shook his rotund little body. He stood waiting.

As they combed and brushed him, he moved no muscle, but placidly chewed a succession of straws that hung pendulous from his lower lip. It was a gesture nonchalant. At length his black coat was sleeked and glossed. The head trainer stepped forward and felt his chest, his hocks, and pasterns. This he endured with kindness, and, inspection over, trotted toward the watering-trough, preceded, however, by the white dog. Pleasurably he played with the water, drinking but little. He blew through his nostrils, causing white bubbles to rise and burst through the turmoil of the surface. The light, finely made racing harness was then put upon him, and adjusted perfectly to each of his expanding muscles, and last the blanket, strapped and belted, making him look like a fat, plaid-cowled monk. The gate was now opened, and he walked gravely from the paddock. Behind him streamed his acolytes in meek procession. Heralding him was the woolly dog. Last was his sulky, wheeled by a negro boy. Past the judge's house he plodded, and I saw the old jurist rise from the porch to greet him.

The discovery of Richard Thomas Corkran, and his relation to Judge Coleman, a famous county story, deserves record.

At dusk one summer evening Judge Coleman, exercising a favorite mare, herself of note, had, on the Clamstretch, come upon the son of a neighboring farmer, atop the height of an old-fashioned racing sulky, a wooden affair with high shaking wheels. Beneath this relic, for the sulky jutted out almost over his rump, careened an odd little horse, looking in the darkness, so says the judge, like a small, black mouse.

"I'll race you, Tommy," said the judge jokingly to the boy.

"Done," was the reply, and the little horse moved up to the mare's nose.

"Take a handicap, Tommy," said the judge, amused by the boy's confidence.

"*You* take the handicap, judge," said the boy, and the judge, fearful of hurting the boy's feelings, walked his mare some ten yards to the front.

"*Now!*" shouted the boy, and the judge heard with amazement the strong, unbelievably quick beat of the little horse's hoofs as he struck to his stride through the white dust of the road. Past the striving mare he went as if she were haltered to the ground. Three times was this astounding performance repeated, while the straining nostrils of the mare grew red with effort.

The judge pulled to the side of the road.

"What do you use that horse for!" he asked.

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"For ploughin'," replied the boy, and he was near tears with pride and rage. "I have to use him for ploughin'."

"What do you call him?" went on the judge.

"Richard Thomas Corkran," replied the boy. "After grandpop."

Then and there, for an adequate price, Richard Thomas Corkran changed hands, and the judge that night examining him by the light of a stable-lantern discovered the marks of plough-galls upon his flanks.

No attempt was made to teach R. T. C. to race; none was ever needed. When the time came for a race he plodded to the track, and from thence to the starting-point, and thereafter at some time favorable to himself he commenced to trot. No agitation of spectators or contesting horses, no jockeying of drivers, might shake his icy imperturbability, his utter calm. The race done and won, he returned at a walk to his paddock. In two years upon the Grand Circuit he had never missed a meeting nor ever lost a race.

With something of awe I watched him as he passed between the high stone posts of the judge's entrance gate and entered the Clamstretch.

This road is a long white ribbon which runs from the Porter Ferry to the hills. Its crown is covered with clam-shells beaten to a soft imponderable dust, and from this it is known as the Clamstretch. It is agreed by county racing authorities that from the centre of the ferry-gate to the old Weldin Oak is a perfect half-mile, and a horse that covers this distance under two minutes is worthy of notice. Richard Thomas Corkran, when the humor was upon him, had trotted the exact half-mile in one minute and five seconds.

It is a county saying that colts the day they are born are instructed by their mother mares in the trotting of the Clamstretch.

Beneath the old Weldin Oak and lining the road are rough wooden benches, and before them the ground has been worn bare and hard by many feet. At the side of the road sways a decrepit whitewashed stand, as high as a man's chest, and with two cracker-boxes for steps. This is the official stand of the judge of the course when such a formality is necessary.

The customs of the Clamstretch have grown up with time, and are as unbending as bronze. It is decreed that Judge Coleman shall be the ruling authority of the meeting, that the time of trotting shall be from twilight to darkness, and that there shall be as much racing as the light permits.

First the horsemen gather and solemnly trot practice heats, each driver carefully keeping his animal from showing its true worth, though the exact record of each is known to all. Then, with stable boys at the horses' heads, they collect in little groups about the oak, and with tobacco, portentous silences, and great gravity, lay careful bets. But with the entrance of the judge comes drama.

He minces across the bare space before the oak and nods gravely to each friend. From an interior pocket of his immaculate gray coat he draws a small black book, the official record of the Clamstretch. In this book he enters the contesting horses, the names of the owners, and the bets. This finished, the four horsemen selected for the first race pass to the road, briefly inspect their gear, climb to the sulkies, sit magnificently upon the outstretched tails of their horses, and with whips at point, drive slowly toward the gate of the ferry lodge.

The noise of the hoofs dies to abrupt silence as the contestants jockey for position at the start, broken by the sudden thunder of the race. Puffs of white dust, hanging low over the road, rise beneath the drumming hoofs; strained red nostrils flash across the finish. Comes the stentorian voice of the announcer, giving the winner and the time. Gradually the soft light fades; the last race is ended; the judge bids the company a grave good night, and the red point of his cigar disappears in the gloom of the meadow.

There are many names great in the history of racing, whose owners have trotted the broad white road and have been duly inscribed in the black book. From Barnett and Barnetta B., from Almanzer and the Bohemia Girl, forever from R. T. C., the time of the Clamstretch is set, and it is a point of honor between horse and man that when a great

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king falls he is brought back to trot his last from the lodge gate to the Weldin Oak. From Clamstretch to Clamstretch, is the saying.

I have often witnessed the custom of the Clamstretch, and this time I entered upon it inconspicuously in the magnificent wake of Richard Thomas Corkran. Upon the bare meadow, around the old oak as a nucleus, were gathered many horses. A wild roan mare led the group, a young, untried creature, who kicked and squealed in a nervousness that turned from sudden anger to helpless quaking. A negro at her head, a shining black hand upon her bit, soothed and quieted her with honey upon his tongue and a sturdy desire to thump her in his heart. Her owner, a bewhiskered farmer, stood just beyond the range of her flying heels and looked at her with dismay.

"Now, pettie," he kept saying. "Now, pettie, that ain't no way to behave. That ain't no way."

A hilarious group of friends, in a half-circle behind him, ridiculed his attempts at reconciliation.

"She ain't your pettie," they shouted. "She's some other feller's. . . . Maybe she ain't got none at all. . . . Give her hell, Jim. . . . Soft stuff's no dope."

A large horse, piebald and pretty, looking as if he had been purchased in a toy store, stood next to the virago. Her nervousness was apparently communicated to him, for occasionally he would back and rear. At these times, he raised clouds of dust, which sifted gently over the field, causing a shiver to run down the line of waiting horses.

"Keep 'em horses still," shouted the negro boys. "Hold onto 'em."

One giant black, a colossal hand upon the muzzle of his horse, a mare as dainty and graceful as a fawn, threw out his great chest with pride.

"My lady's a lady," he crooned softly as the other horses stamped and grew restive. "My lady's a lady." The pretty creature looked at him with wide brown eyes, and shook her head as if softly denying.

An animal at the end of the line held my attention. His hide was the color of running bronze. His head might have been struck for one of the horses of Time, the nostrils flaring and intense, the eyes wild with hint of action. He looked as if he might run with the whirlwind, be bitted to a comet's orbit, and triumph. Sacrilege, it seemed, when I learned that he had never won a race, was quite lacking in the heart that creates a great horse. In him nature was superbly bluffing.

Richard Thomas Corkran stood at some distance from the rank and file. Boredom was unutterably upon him. He seemed looking for a place to lie down and continue his interrupted slumbers, and to be restrained only by the fear that he might be considered *gauche*. Truly there was nothing in which he might be honestly interested. No horse present could give him even the beginnings of a race. His heaviest work had been done upon the grand circuit in the spring and early summer. Vacation and leisure possessed him for this day at least. True, upon the next day he was to trot a race which was, perhaps, the most important of his career. Now, through the courtesy of the judge, he was the *pièce de résistance*, the staple, of the evening. At the end of the racing he would trot a heat in solitary grandeur —one heat, not more, and this heat would be preparation for to-morrow's test. Two horses, strategically placed over the straight half-mile, would pace him, but they would have as little to do with his trotting as the distance posts upon the track. A little knot of men, gaping and solemn, had already gathered about him, interpreting his every bored motion as proof positive of his phenomenal speed. He accepted this as his due and was in no manner affected by it.

The men, as always, interested me. A few were professional horsemen, so marked and moulded. They were calm persons, who spoke without gesture or facial expression. Thought flowed soundlessly behind their shrewd eyes. Their attitude was one of continual weighing and balancing of mighty points.

The rest were prosperous farmers, country gentlemen, or honest artisans from the near-by village, all pleasure-bent. The regalia of those who were to drive, or hoped to drive, was unique. They seemed to express their personalities best through high black boots, striped trousers, and flaming calico shirts. The cli-

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macteric pinnacle was usually reached with an inherited racing-cap, scarlet, ochre, brown, yellow, plaid.

Twilight cupped the world, seeming to grant a hush to earth. The road took on new whiteness, the meadows gradually darkening, touched by the night and the brooding quietness that comes as the sun goes down.

The first race came to a close—a torrent of young horses. The wild-eyed virago was among them, and she won by a prodigious stretching of the neck. Thereat, totally unable to withstand triumph, she bucked and squealed, dragging her sulky, that tormenting appendage, behind her.

"Shure, it's temperamental she is," said a Scotch-Irish farmer standing beside me. "But she might have walked in on her hands and won."

The spectacle was dramatic. There was a flurry of horse and man as a race was called, a rushing to the track's edge by the spectators, a happy bustling of self-important officials. From the knots of excited humanity emerged the horses, the drivers with their whips at trail beneath their elbows, their eyes self-consciously upon the ground. Slender sulkies, gossamer-wheeled, were pulled out, tested by heavy thumpings, and attached. Carefully the reins were bitted, run back through the guide-rings, and the drivers swung themselves up. The final touch was the arranging of the horse's tail, and here technique differed. A good driver must sit upon his horse's tail. This is beyond question. The mooted point is whether he shall do so spread or flat. Authority as usual holds both sides, Richard Thomas Corkran absolutely dissenting, for he would allow no one to sit on his tail but himself.

The horses dwindle to specks upon the long white road. The sound of the hoofs dies to faint pulsing in the ears, a shadow of sound. Silence follows, breathless, expectant, broken by the clarion of the start.

The rhythm becomes a rhapsody of pounding hoofs, quick-timed, staccato. A black swirl up the road falls to detail of straining bodies. A roar crescendoes to high shreds of sound as they flash across the finish. A second of tense silence—pandemonium.

Three races of three heats each were trotted. Darkness was drifting down upon us as the last was finished, and Richard Thomas Corkran walked out upon the track.

His small black body blent with the semi-darkness, rendering him almost indistinguishable. The crowd followed him across the track. There was no preparation, no ceremony. The small figure plodded into the graying distance. His pace was scarcely above a walk. He might have been a plough-horse returning from a day of labor. The spectators drew back to the road's edge.

The twilight deepened. We waited in silence. A faint drum of hoofs sounded down the wind. Sharper, swifter, it grew. A black line split the darkness, lengthening so quickly as to vanquish eyesight. There was an incredible twinkling of legs as he passed me, a glimpse of square-set methodical shoulders, which moved with the drive of pistons, of a free floating tail spread to the rushing scythe of air. He finished.

Carefully he stopped, not too sharply lest he strain himself. He turned and plodded toward the oak, where hung his blanket, and as its folds fell upon him he returned to peaceful contemplation.

Came the voice of the announcer, a hoarse bellow through the gloom—"Ti-i-ime by the ha-a-alf. Ooone—five—an'—two—fi-i-ifths!!" A roar of applause broke to scattered clapping. Relaxation from the tension expressed itself in laughter, jest, and play. The crowd prepared to go home. The Clamstretch was for that day done.

After dinner Judge Coleman, whose guest I was, and myself walked down the close-cropped green to the paddock fence. A moon had risen, bathing the land in clear pale yellow. Within the paddock and beneath his apple-tree lay Richard Thomas Corkran. He rested upon his side, his small torso rising and falling gently with the even flow of his breath. From his upper lip protruded a straw which moved gently as the air was expelled from his nostrils. Untroubled by thoughts of to-morrow's race, he was again sound asleep.

The next morning I saw him leave his paddock for the fair grounds. A large

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truck, whose side just disclosed the upper edge of his rotund, barrelled little body, held him, his three attendants, and his staccato, white and woolly dog. His placid eye fell upon me as he passed, and I saluted and followed him.

The site of the State Fair was a great fenced field upon the outskirts of a near-by city. Upon one side towered a huge grand stand, facing a broad and dusty half-mile track. In the gigantic oval, thus formed, was a smaller ring, tan-barked and barricaded, used at times as a horse-show ring, across a corner of which was now built a small, precarious wooden platform, where vaudeville teams disported themselves in a bedlam of sound for the free edification of the multitude.

On the outside of the oval of track, stretched the Midway, in parlance "Mighty," a herd of tents and rough-board shacks, a staggering line, running to a quiet negro graveyard, overgrown with yellow grass and flecked with the gray of forgotten tombstones.

Toward the city in larger tents and squat, unsided buildings, were the farming exhibits, and between these and the outer road the racing stables, flanking a hard-beaten square, in whose centre leaned a rusty pump, dry for years, and used as a hitching-post. Beyond, in a multiplicity of stalls and sties and bins, uncovered to the air, were huge and blooded bulls, monster hogs, and high-crowing, cackling fowl.

Over the wide field hung a haze of dust that stung the nostrils and soaked into the skin, causing a gray change.

I entered through a choked gate into which people streamed as a river banks against a bulwark, a confusion of carriages and cars, walking women with toddling children, red and blue balloons swaying between the ground and the gate-posts, flying bits of straw and dust, howling hawkers: a high-pitched excitation of mob.

As I passed through the wooden arch came the sleek backs of racing-horses, surging toward the eight's posts, and the wild foreground of waving arms as the spectators beat against the rail.

The crowd was a sluggish, slow-moving monster, that proceeded with sudden aimless stoppings. It was impossible to change or alter its spasmodic pace. It rippled into every corner of the field; it ran over fences and beat down barricades. It possessed an attribute of quicksilver in that it could never be gathered or held.

Its sound was a great crushing. It winnowed the grass beneath its feet, and the beaten odor came freshly to my nostrils. Its urged over itself and spun slowly back. It never seemed to break or detach itself into individuals. Its tentacles might loop and cling to various protuberances, but its black bulk moved ever on.

I wandered through the maze of exhibits, stopping and listening where I would. The broad river of crowd divided to smaller eddies that swirled endlessly within and between the long rows of buildings and tents.

I passed glittering rows of farming machinery, red-painted, sturdy, clawed feet hooked into the ground. This bushy-bearded farmers tenderly fingered, and fought bitingly and ungrammatically with one another as to its merits.

A small tractor crawled upon its belly through the mud, and struggled and puffed its way over impossible obstacles. It was followed by a hysterical herd of small boys, who miraculously escaped destruction under its iron treads.

I crossed the square where the lean, cowled racing-horses were led patiently back and forth by the stable boys. Always the crowd was with me, beating its endless, monotonous forward path. I grew to hate it, longed to tear apart its slow viscosity, to sweep it away and clear the earth.

Inside the buildings I passed between endless counters piled high with pyramids of jelly, saw the broad smiles of the presiding housewives, smelt brown loaves of prize bread. Baskets of huge fruit were allotted place, red apples succulent and glowing, fuzzy peaches white and yellow. The presiding deity of the place—the veritable mother of all food—I found in the centre of the shack. Her function was the creation of pie, and this of itself seemed to me sufficient. She was a large woman, red-faced, red-handed, and without a curve to her body. She was composed of but two straight lines, and be-

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tween these lay her solid ample self. Her round fat arms were bare to the elbow and white with flour. On the table before her was an incalculable area of pie-crust, which she kneaded and powdered and cut with deft and stubby fingers. Behind her was a huge charcoal range upon which uncountable pies cooked, and around her were infinite battalions of pies, tremendous legions of pies, gigantic field-armies of pies. Exaggeration itself fell faint.

Before her, in the consummation of a newer miracle, fed the multitude. All men they were, and they ate steadily, unemotionally, as if they might eat eternally. They went from pie to pie to pie. They never ceased, even to wipe their lips. They never stopped to speak. They selected their next pie before they had eaten their last, and reached for it automatically. It was a spectacle so vast as to possess grandeur. Such a woman and such men might have created the world and devoured it in a day.

Around the eaters stood their wives—certainly none could have dared be sweethearts—gaping with that curious feminine lack of understanding—awed but unreasonable—at such prodigies of feeding.

I came next upon monster hogs, buried deep in the straw. Gruntingly they lifted their battleship bulks and waddled to the walls of the pen in response to the pointed sticks of small boys. The air was permeated with animal odor, occasionally split by the fresh smell of cooking pastry and pungent aromatic spices.

With the Midway, sturdy respectability changed to blowsy, tarnished sin. Gaudy placards in primal colors bellied with the wind. All appeal was sensual, to grotesquerie or chance. From the tent of the "Circassian Syrian Dancing Girls" came the beat of a tom-tom, like that of a heavy pulse. Squarely in the passageway a three-shell merchant had placed his light table and was busily at work.

"Step up, ladies!" he called. "Step up, gents. Th' li'l pea against the world! Match it, an' y' win! You take a chance evury day. When yer born you take a chance, when you marry you take a chance, when you die you take an awful chance. Match me! Match me! Match me!"

His fingers moved like the dartings of a snake's tongue. The tiny pea appeared and disappeared.

"You lost! Poor girl. She lost her quarter. The Lord knows how she got it. Time tells an' you ain't old yet . . .!"

Beyond, outside a larger tent, sat a mountainous woman, a tiny fringed ballet skirt overhanging her mammoth legs. She was like some giant, jellied organism. To the crowd which gapingly surrounded her she addressed a continual tittering monologue.

"Step up here, baby. . . . Come up, lady! No, I ain't particular even if I am fat. . . . I don't care who looks at me. I'm a lady, I am. Hell, yes! See that man over there?" She swung a monster finger toward a barker. "He keeps me up here. . . . Sure, he does! You jest let me down an' at him—I'll do him in—I can make twelve of him!"

Further on the crowd clustered thickly around a small tank, from the end of which rose a tall ladder topped by a tiny platform. So high was the ladder that it seemed to melt into a single line. As I watched, a young man climbed upon the edge of the tank. He grimaced and bowed to the crowd.

He stripped off a beflowered green bathrobe, disclosing a body as sleek as a wet seal's, and like a slender black monkey, climbed the ladder. Reaching the platform, he posed with outstretched arms. The crowd stiffly craned their necks.

At the side of the tank appeared another man with a flat, pock-marked face. There ensued an extraordinary dialogue.

"Leopold Benofoski!" shouted the man beside the tank to him in the air, "Is there any last word that you would like to leave your wife and family?"

"No," shouted the man upon the platform.

"Leopold Benofoski!" shouted the interlocutor. "Are you prepared to meet your fate?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Then dive!" shouted the other, "—and God be with you!" He hid his face with a prodigious gesture of despair.

The young man drew back his arms until he was like a tightened bow. For

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a second he poised upon tensed legs, then, like a plummet, dropped from the edge of the platform. Incredibly, swiftly he flashed down. I caught the glint of his white legs as he hit the water, a high splash, and he had drawn himself out of the other side. A grimace of shining teeth, and he was gone. The crowd, unmoved, went sluggishly on.

Slowly I worked myself through the area before the grand stand, where the crowd was thickest. There had been an accident upon the track: a young horse, "breaking" because of the hard path worn in the finely combed dirt between the turnstiles of the fence and grand stand, had reared and flung its fore legs into the air. A débâcle had followed as the animals close in the ruck had plunged into the leader. Three drivers had been thrown into a thresh of horses. Splintered sulkies and broken shafts lay in the débris, hazed by the cloud of dust. One horse, maddened with fear, had run squealing on, not to be stopped until it had completed the mile. One driver was badly injured.

This had had its effect upon the crowd. An uneasy ripple ran across the grand stand. There was a tinge of hysteria in the movement, a desire to clutch and shiver. As time passed the tension heightened. In the officials' stand I saw the small, staid figure of the judge, peering alertly at the frightened multitude. Then came a consultation of bent heads, and his hand swung up to the cord of the starting bell. The flat clang, for the bell was muffled, beat into the turbulence. A gradual quiet fell.

There followed the announcement of the curtailment of the programme to the immediate race of Richard Thomas Corkran.

I cut my way swiftly through the crowd, back to the stables, for I desired to see the little horse leave the paddock.

I found him firmly braced upon stocky legs as they bound his anklets. His refulgent blanket drooped over his rotund torso, and from the striped folds emerged the long, grotesque neck and the absurd hobby-horse head. As I approached he eyed me with droll appreciation, for I seemed always subtly to please him.

As the last anklet was buckled he shook himself. It was a methodical testing to see that he was entirely in place. Satisfied, he took a few short steps forward, carefully balancing his weight so that no muscle might be strained. At this juncture the white dog, apparently just released from captivity, bounced forward like a lively rubber ball. Fierce was his attack upon the nose of Richard Thomas Corkran. Devious were his advancings and retreatings. Quietly did the little horse receive this adulation. Again he shook himself.

Now was the spider-web tracery of harness put upon him, the silvered racing-bridle and the long thin bit. The blanket readjusted, the paddock-gate was opened, and with the small, white dog surging before him, his attendants following, he plodded toward the arena.

As he emerged into the crowd there beat upon him a roar of sound. Like a great wave it ran down the field and re-echoed back. It split into individual tendrils that were like pointed spears falling harmless from his small unmoved back. Through the path that opened out before him he slowly went, unnoticing and grave. He entered the weighing ring.

Courteously he stood as his blanket was removed, and he stood bared to the gaze of the three inspecting officials. Then the slender spider-wheeled sulky was pulled up and attached. Suddenly I saw his head lift: the contesting horse had entered the arena.

He was like a legged arrow, a magnificent, straight-lined dart. Thin to the point of emaciation, the bones of his body moved like supple reeds beneath a lustrous skin. Lightly muscled was he, tenuous skeins at his wrists and hocks. He looked as if he might drift before the wind.

He was very nervous. There was a continual thin white line across his nostrils as his high chest took air. A rippling shiver ran through him.

Richard Thomas Corkran was the first to leave the ring. Never had he taken his eyes from his opponent. His small, black muzzle remained fixed, imperturbable. Slowly he plodded out upon the track.

The flat sound of the bell, calling the race, drifted down from above my head. As I fought my way to the rail, the roar of the crowd rose to frenzy. The horses

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were going by the officials' stand to the starting post.

The challenger went first, his curved neck pulling against the bit, his gait a drifting, slithering stride. After him came Richard Thomas Corkran, a tiny, methodical figure. His head was down. I could see the sulky move gently forward under his easy step.

As they reached the post and turned the tumult died away to a clear and appalling silence. Glancing up the rail, I saw the heads of the crowd leaning forward in motionless expectation.

For an instant they hung unmoving at the post. Then the challenger seemed to lift himself in the air, his fore feet struck out in the beginning of his stride for Richard Thomas Corkran, without warning, had begun to *trot*.

They swept down toward the thin steel wire that overhung the track at the start. In breathless silence they passed, and I heard the shouted—"*Go!*"

Like a dream of immeasurable transiency, they vanished at the turn. I heard the staccato beat of hoofs as they went down the backstretch.

The crowd had turned. To the rail beside me leaped a man, balancing himself like a bird.

"He's ahead!" he shouted wildly. "He's ahead!—ahead!"

I swept him from the fence and climbed upon it myself. Above the bodies of the crowd at the far side of the track I saw two plunging heads. For a second only were they visible. Again they vanished.

They came down the stretch in silence, the spectators standing as though struck into stone. At the three-eighths post they seemed to be equal, but as they drew down the track I saw that the challenger led by a fraction of a foot. His flying hoofs seemed never to strike the ground. He was like some advancing shadow of incredible swiftness.

Richard Thomas Corkran raced with all that was in him. His small legs moved like pistons in perfected cadence.

As the challenger passed I could hear the talking of the driver, low-pitched, tense, driving his horse to a frenzy of effort.

"Boy! Boy! Boy! Let him have it! Let him have it! Take it from him! I'm tellin' you. Go it! Go it! Go it!"

Richard Thomas Corkran's driver sat braced to his sulky, the reins loose upon the horse's back. I caught a glimpse of his grim, strained face above the dust of the advance.

Again there was the wild beating of hoofs up the back of the track.

"He's gotta do it now," shouted some one beside me. "He's gotta do it now. He can't lose! He can't lose!"

At the seven-eighths post the crowd thrust out its arms and began to implore. The waving arms leaped down with the striving horses. The challenger was ahead by yards. His red nostrils flared to the wind. Never had I seen such trotting!

He came under the wire in a great plunge, his driver madly whipping him. Richard Thomas Corkran was defeated!

For seconds the crowd hung mute, seemingly afraid to move or speak. Then from the edge of the grand stand came a single shout. It grew and ran around the field, swelling to an uninterrupted roar that seemed to split itself against the heavens—a tribute to the victor, a greater tribute to the vanquished!

Richard Thomas Corkran plodded slowly around the track to the paddock gates. His head was down as before, and his rotund little body moved steadily onward. At the gates he halted and waited as the winner was led through before him. Then he gravely followed and disappeared into the crowd.

He had met triumph with boredom; he met defeat, as a great gentleman should, with quiet courtesy and good humor. There was nothing of disdain or bitterness upon his small, black muzzle; Richard Thomas Corkran passed to the gods of horse as he had come, imperturbable, alert, sublimely sensible. But in his passing his tiny hoofs were shod with drama. Departing greatness may ask no more!

I saw him later in the paddock. His white, woolly dog was stilled; a negro rubber sobbed as he held a washing bucket. The little horse stood by himself, his feet as ever firm upon the ground, untouched, unmoved, and quietly resting. The thoughts that he possessed he kept, as always, to himself. I bowed my head and turned away.

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Philandering among the Roses

BY SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. R. WEED

IT was a bright May morning and the sun had been up for hours. The robins in the maple-trees outside Philander Tuttle's bedroom windows had finished their hymns to the morning and had been hunting worms for quite some time on the dewy campus. The shouting and chatter of students going by to lectures floated upward in warning. Philander Tuttle, Ph.D., assistant professor of English at Midwest University, wide awake in his bed, gave no heed to these or any other symptoms of past-due activity. The hands of his clock marched around to an hour far beyond his habitual rising time; but there he lay, his sensitive eyes blinking at the light, his thin lips puckered in meditation, one slender hand occasionally fluttering up to his sparse and scattered pompadour.

Philander had lain so most of the night. He had gone to bed simply from habit, knowing that he could not sleep. Nobody could have under the circumstances. Any man who had wanted one thing as ungettable as the moon all his life and another thing way and beyond the moon for the past year, had wanted these things, especially the last, so desperately that he had been afraid to say his wish aloud in his own locked room lest the flat walls should double up with laughter —folks will laugh at little, baldish men who preach and practise correct English —any man in this stage of yearning who might suddenly find his desires within almost easy reach would lie awake more nights than one.

So Philander lay awake and thought in cycles. Each cycle began with a letter and a slip of paper clutched in Philander's left hand. The slip of paper was a certified check for ten thousand dollars. The letter was typewritten on stiff buff paper and signed by a heavy stub pen driven by a hand of no mean weight or decision. The letter began "Dear Phil." That, even more than the signature, betrayed Sophronia Tuttle, Philander's aunt. She had never yielded to the fitness of "Philander," had obstinately contended that, had her nephew started out with a man's appellation, his life would have been all different. Her suggestion, spurned, had been "Cyrus."

This was the text of the letter:

"DEAR PHIL:

"I've made a bet.

"No, I suppose you don't approve of a lady's betting. I'm not a lady. I'm the man of the house, the head of the family. You know it, so does everybody else.

"Sam Bates, my superintendent, has been reading a lot of fool stuff in the magazines—all about the underpaid college professor. Claims said professor has simply devoted himself to an essential trade that demands skilled labor but won't pay for it. Says he's as good a business man as the next one, if he only gets his hand on some capital—which he never does. 'I'll bet anything,' says Sam. 'Taken,' says I.

"So, enclosed find my check for ten thousand. Consider it capital. Don't put on airs and fling it back into my face. If you don't get the surplus, it'll go to the Chinese. Now, if the heated things I've said in the past, when you would not learn to take hold at the mines, are not true, I want to know it. If they are true, I want Sam Bates to shut up and quit glooming around me like an accusing conscience.

"The money is yours. The summer vacation is coming on. Look about you for a suitable investment. I'll drop in some of these days and we'll talk it over.

"If you put it into something that pays, I am bound to add ten thousand

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more. If you don't—and you probably won't—Sam Bates agrees to pay me back the money and hold his tongue.

Affectionately,

SOPHRONIA TUTTLE.

P.S.—For pity's sake, show some common sense. I'm a lone old woman, Phil. I'd be glad to eat my words and pay the bill."

It was the postscript that kept the letter from going, intact, into the return mail. Every time Philander read that insolent message, he grew downright angry—for Philander. Then the postscript would set him to thinking about Aunt Sophronia. Funny, queer, lonesome, gruff old lady—particularly lonesome!

"There!" he muttered. "How in the deuce could I be expected to show any sense? Nobody short of a blessed woman who twists her hair as tightly as Aunt Sophronia would ask a man to keep his head. Ten thousand dollars!"

Philander flopped on his pillow and with thin, tapping fingers proceeded to calculate. He invested his capital in his life-long wish and he married the year-old wish—and right there he began to lose his confidence. Feverishly he would clutch his bits of paper and start a fresh cycle. Just as, with a weighty sigh, he began the two hundredth round, heavy feet slopped up the staircase and a heavy hand beat on his door.

"Doctor Tuttle!" Thump, thump! "Doctor Tuttle!"

"Yes?"

"Are you sick, sir?"

"Sick?" Philander's tone was dazed. "Mrs. Biggs, my health is excellent. Why do you ask?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you didn't come to breakfast. Your first class was at eight o'clock and your next is at nine."

"Upon my word, so it was and so it is. I had forgotten. I'll be down right away."

So strong is habit that Philander conscientiously did his best to hurry; but right in the act of selecting a necktie, he slumped on the edge of the bed and began to think some more. Suddenly he gave his pillow a resounding smack and stood up. His decision had been reached. There'd be no more shilly-shally beating around the bush. He chose a lavender-silk necktie, which he had bought six months before but had never dared to wear. Humming a little senseless tune left over from his own giddy sophomore days, he took a newly cleaned straw hat from its box, and hooked a rakish cane over his arm. A soft, tantalizing breeze stole in through the window and tickled him under his chin. Philander chuckled like a naughty boy, slipped the check, the letter, and a rusty little bank-book into his coat pocket, and went down to breakfast—whistling—Philander Tuttle, Ph.D.

"Land sakes, Doctor Tuttle, you seem chipper this morning," greeted his landlady from the foot of the splintery staircase, "but the pancakes is cold."

They were cold, and dank and soggy. The fried liver was as hard as the plate on which it was served, and the coffee too muddy to contemplate. Still, Philander whistled, and in the dining-room at that.

Then, because the board before him in no way harmonized with his soaring spirits, his vision widened to take in an amazing blotch of color at the far end of the table. Philander wiped his glasses and looked again. It seemed too good to be true that the pink chambray gown should really hold Miss Emily Harden, Philander's favorite theme reader and his one-year-old wish, far and beyond the moon and all the stars. Emily Harden was one of these demure little ladies whose type had its heyday in the age of hoop-skirts, strapped slippers, and hair looped softly down over the ears, with a rosebud peeking out from the left side. Her modern dainty gingham, however, was not bad. Her smooth brown hair and equally brown eyes were delicious. Philander was to be excused for staring and for wishing; but when Emily Harden realized his suddenly audacious, speculative gaze she blushed painfully and exquisitely.

"I am late," she confessed, pointing to a bundle of themes beside her plate. "I was afraid I shouldn't get these to you before the nine-o'clock class."

Philander continued to stare.

"Chuck 'em!" he said abruptly.

"I beg your pardon?"

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"Chuck 'em!" repeated Philander. "Throw the darn things out of the window. And come play hooky with me."

"Doctor Tuttle, I don't understand."

Philander stroked his sparse locks thoughtfully. The mild concern in Miss Harden's eyes deepened. Anybody who knew Philander Tuttle's sober workaday habits of speech and thought would have been concerned.

"It is three minutes to nine," said Miss Harden with a shy Puritan air of admonition and something of a soothing note. "Won't you have to hurry?"

"Hurry?" said Philander.

"Freshman English," reminded Miss Harden.

"What's freshman English?" demanded Philander, poking out his mild chin. "To-day? Not much! Come on! Do let's play hooky!"

Miss Harden's brown eyes were wildly troubled now.

"Why, Doctor Tuttle, I never——"

"You never did? Dear me, what a pity! How much you have missed. Now, in my remote past, ever and ever so long ago, when I was young, you know, the brightest spots I can still see are the days when I ran away from duty. You really must try it with me to-day."

"I have so much to do, Doctor Tuttle. My postgraduate thesis is almost due. It is very nice of you to ask me, but really, I think you had better go without me."

"Alone?" snorted Philander. "Never! Playing hooky all by oneself gets frightfully stale. You don't know, because you've never tried it—either way. Please go—or don't you care about blue skies and birds and soft breezes?"

"I love them. Oh, I love them!" said little Miss Harden wistfully.

"And roses?" coaxed Philander on a sudden inspiration.

"Roses!" said Miss Harden, clasping her hands.

"Please!" said Philander, leaning toward her with such a give-me-a-bite-of-your-cooky expression in his near-sighted eyes that Miss Harden wavered visibly. Then a responsive, naughty gleam flickered in her eyes. The professor hung his hat on the end of his cane and waved it wildly.

"Chuck 'em! Now, do!" he chortled, laying hands on the themes. Miss Harden pulled them away.

"No," she rebuked him gently, "they will have to be attended to to-morrow."

"Ah, yes, to-morrow!" sighed Philander, wondering why the word suggested Aunt Sophronia. "Well, hide them, anyway, and get your hat."

"Now," he said in farewell to the cold pancakes, as Miss Harden ran up the steps, "what in the deuce have I done?"

He did not feel so rueful as amazed at himself. Standing with one arm about the scarred newel-post at the foot of the stairway, his eyes yearning up through the shadows, he realized that this had been his mental attitude for a long, long time; that his crisp, correct "Thank yous," "Good mornings," and "Good-bys," as the dear little woman had slipped in and out of his office, had been a silly cambric mask to his emotions. But how had he dared to drop the mask? Surely, to-day her hair was no browner or silkier than usual, her sweet mouth no more appealing, her eyes no more lustrous.

Unconsciously Philander put his hand to the pocket of his coat and rustled the stiff papers within. "For pity's sake, show some common sense," flared the postscript across his eyes. Miss Harden saved the day by reappearing on the stairs. She still wore the pink chambray frock; but her face retired now provokingly in the shadow of a straw bonnet, dark brown, to blend with her hair; and in her hand, replacing the odious themes, she carried a ridiculous bag of silk, splashed with beads that twinkled as she walked. Philander breathed hard. The postscript receded.

"Where to?" asked the lady, blushing and dimpling.

"Be orthodox," said Philander. "Let's start off with a sundae."

"Not right after breakfast," protested Miss Harden.

"You forget. I didn't eat breakfast," he reminded her. "My soul rose above cold liver and pancakes."

"Then the ice-cream will surely give you indigestion."

"Alimentary machinery vulcanized by five years of Mrs. Biggs's breakfasts," ruminated Philander.

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Philander was to be excused for staring and for wishing.—Page 747.

Miss Harden laughed, a delicious, gurgling, helpless outburst. She herself jumped at the sound of it. Philander once more waved his hat on the end of his cane. Together they took the path to the university sweet-shop.

"Bring us two—er—Lover's Delights," ordered Philander.

"But I don't know what that is," objected Miss Harden.

"Sh! Neither do I," confessed Philander.

"It's a combination," began the soda clerk.

"Never mind," commanded Philander. "Spoil the whole surprise by ex-

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plaining, if you dare! Just bring them on."

A long, lanky, wandering sophomore, on refreshment bent, stuck his hungry head inside the door, glimpsed his English professor, and with a dismayed snort departed.

"Oh!" cried Miss Harden, "what will people think?"

"The Lord only knows," sighed Philander rapturously. "I have never fathomed people's past and present thoughts, to say nothing of the future."

He seemed not one particle abashed. In fact, with every minute of that bright May morning Philander gathered exhilaration. His eyes, usually pale blue, almost colorless, darkened and widened. He breathed faster, and every fifth minute he discovered an added charm about Miss Harden. Aunt Sophronia's postscript had depreciated. He crackled his vest pocket now and then, but the only result was an accession of giddiness and irresponsibility. And far back in his scholastic head an idea, which had germinated in his lumpy bed at Mrs. Biggs's, gathered shape and color—chiefly pink.

They went to the bank, where Philander deposited his money, pretending that it was an overdue check from the board of curators. That was the first, last, and only rational act of the day.

They strolled past an electrical shop. Something about the glittering display of utensils connected itself with the developing idea in the back of Philander's head. There was a copper chafing-dish in the centre of the window. Somewhere Philander had seen a picture of a round table with just such a chafing-dish standing on a lace-edged doily. And a bright-eyed lady was stirring something in the dish while a hungry man waited expectantly.

"Wouldn't you like one of those?" asked Philander.

"Yes," admitted Miss Harden, "but they're frightfully expensive."

Then, of course, Philander, being a man of means, bought the chafing-dish. I doubt if he heard the price; I am sure he didn't care. He ordered it delivered to Miss Emily Harden, care of Mrs. Biggs.

"Oh, you mustn't," exclaimed Miss Harden.

"Please," said Philander. "You can cook things for me every once in a while. In memory of past starvation, couldn't you do that?"

"But do you suppose Mrs. Biggs would let me?" asked Miss Harden.

Suddenly Philander realized that the round table and the white doily had no place in Mrs. Biggs's parlor. The background of his vision assumed lines that were not those of the Biggs dwelling.

"I will make arrangements," he said vaguely.

He tried to buy Miss Harden more accessories suggested by shop-windows, but she turned down each offer before he could so much as get a foot on the doorstep. His last suggestion was an Oriental rug, which mesmerized him with its soft faded tint of rose. Miss Harden became alarmed. She believed she ought to go home. Oh, no, Philander couldn't have that. He hadn't been in earnest about the rug, just joking, and they hadn't had any kind of walk yet. They ought to take a peep at the woods on this beautiful day. He knew a place. Please?

There was something irresistible about Philander. You might be thoroughly exasperated with him, but when he said "Please," why, even Aunt Sophronia succumbed. Besides, while we know something of what went on in Philander's thinking conservatory, Miss Harden's virgin thoughts remain a mystery.

At any rate, they took to the woods. Philander trembled on the verge of another purchase, but caution and his fine sense of fitness drew him back from a tempting florist's window. The pink Killarney roses there seemed a bit overpowering and haughty beside the little theme reader.

"No, wild ones or tiny ramblers," pondered Philander aloud.

"I beg your pardon, Doctor Tuttle?"

"I was merely thinking that a few of the wild roses might be out," explained Philander. "It's a trifle early, but in the sun——"

The path in the woods was a brown path under bright-green foliage. The ground was soft and springy under their feet; the shadows lay cool and soft about them, save where here and there in a more open spot a few wild roses bloomed; the air was spicily sweet. The road rose and

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dipped, curved in and out; and then suddenly came a clearing, seen first from the crest of a hill. A railroad track made a sharp line across the centre of the picture and buried itself in a dark tunnel on either side of the valley. Again they were in the woods, denser and deeper now. Twenty feet below them on the left a lyrical brook murmured and chattered. They talked of everything and of nothing. Sometimes for half an hour not a word was spoken. Often they stopped in fascination to point out to each other a gay-plumaged bird. Once they spent ten minutes admiring a green lizard with shoe-button eyes. Again, they found a spring bubbling out from the rocks to feed the creek, and they stopped to drink of its chilled waters.

"Do you know," said Miss Harden, as they stood there, "you are the first man to ask me to go walking—the very first man since I came here as a freshman five years ago?"

"No!" cried Philander. "They must all have been blind!"

Miss Harden stared at him gravely and then she laughed. The jolliest spring would have sounded harsh beside that merry, rippling tinkle.

Philander listened, charmed. Then he began to wonder. Then, because he had a sense of humor of his own, he laughed, too—but somewhat sheepishly. He had been an instructor at the university every one of those five years.

Noon found them nearing the farther edge of the woods. The trees grew perceptibly thinner and Philander felt a most unusual gnawing within. His pale face had taken on a flush, and the breeze had shamelessly uncovered the bald spots over which he was wont to spend so much time plastering his blond hair. His hat he carried in his hand; it was full of flowers gathered at Miss Harden's bidding. The latter was in no way dishevelled, but her eyes, too, sparkled with a light they had never reflected in Philander's dusty office. Philander had taken to sighing most profoundly every time that he contemplated her during the last half-mile.

"I'm hungry," she announced suddenly.

"So'm I," said Philander. "I've been wondering what was the matter."

They rounded a bend in the path and the woods ended abruptly. And there, right before them, stood the most charming cottage in the world. It was white, with green shutters and a hip roof of weather-browned shingles. A wide piazza held out its arms to them; and over porch, roof, and fence rioted a wilderness of rambler roses.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Harden.

Philander wiped his glasses and beamed. Almost in awe he approached the fence and touched a rosebud. The flowers matched Miss Harden's pink chambray so perfectly that he doubted their reality. They—they were the pink glow of his vision.

"Did you ever see anything more beautiful?" demanded Miss Harden.

"I never did," vowed Philander, trying desperately to focus his eyes on both the girl and the house.

"And there's a chicken!" she squealed, "a beautiful, white chicken! There's lots of them! Oh, the darlings! I must go look at them."

She tripped around the rose hedge to survey the poultry-yard. In the sandy enclosure scratched chickens of every age and stage, all of snowy purity. Miss Harden's absorption left Philander totally outside.

"Some of them are big enough to fry," he suggested, not proposing so to be forgotten.

"Oh, I couldn't eat them."

"I could. I could eat a pet kitten. I am going to the front door and invite myself to dinner. Will you come, too?"

She hesitated.

"Please?"

Reluctantly Miss Harden withdrew her attention from the chicken-yard to follow Philander. A neat, comfortable woman in blue percale opened the door of the house.

"How do you do, Mrs. Duncan?" said Philander. "I want you to meet Miss Harden. Miss Harden, Mrs. Duncan. I came to settle that business, you know. And could we persuade you to ask us to dinner, please?"

Mrs. Duncan smiled tenderly at Philander, as if she knew and loved him well. Then she looked at Miss Harden and nodded her head.

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"Why, surely, Doctor Tuttle," she said. "Come right in. You'll have to wait for dinner, but I'm glad to have you."

She led them through a cool hallway into a living-room made fragrant by the roses outside the windows.

"Sit down," she bade them, and they plumped wearily into reed chairs, more tired than they had dreamed but supremely content. Miss Harden took off her hat, leaned her head against a gay chintz cushion, and closed her eyes. Philander, watching her, was struck by the eminent fitness of her surroundings. He almost resented the owner's return, even when she brought them two generous glasses of home-made grape-juice, icy cold and rich and invigorating.

"This is the most wonderful place," sighed Miss Harden, and Philander again wiped his spectacles and beamed.

The belated dinner was perfect. All Miss Harden's scruples vanished when the crisp chicken was put before her. As for Philander, he disgraced himself and wondered how he could ever face Mrs. Biggs after those biscuits. The good woman who lived in the house watched the two with a rather inscrutable expression on her dull face.

"Did I understand you to say, Doctor Tuttle," she inquired finally, "that you had come to settle that business?"

Philander put down his sixth biscuit.

"Yes," he said eagerly. "Have you the papers here?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Duncan. "You see, you weren't so very definite. Of course you did say you'd pay all expenses for making out the deed and such, so I had Squire Tibbs prepare the papers; but he's got them over at his office in Union."

"Perhaps I was indefinite," said Philander, disappointed. "I—I didn't have anything much but the desire when I opened negotiations. But since then it has become possible for me to gratify that wish. Couldn't we get to Union somehow—to-day? I'd like to buy the place, cash down, to-day."

Miss Harden had been looking out the window at the rose hedge and the chicken-run, her eyes as wishful as Philander's pale-blue ones, and her sweet mouth drooping. At Doctor Tuttle's last remark she gave a jump and turned her attention to him, only to find him gazing, not at the roses, but at her, with a world of yearning too. For a full minute they looked at each other so and did not breathe.

"To-day!" repeated Philander then, his pale face flushing with unusual impulse. "I will not wait another minute. You see," he pleaded, as if to both women, "I've had the idea a long, long time. If all your grown life you had been shut up in a little gray cell, and suddenly some one opened the door to show you a shining path to the land of heart's delight, would any number of dragons along the way make you shrink back into the little gray cell? All my life—my poor, narrow life—I have dreamed of a house like this—a little, low house, white, with green shutters and roses. Nothing will convince me that the fairies didn't conjure this one up for my benefit. I want it. I'm afraid to wait for it. So, hitch up Dobbin or Dolly, or whatever its name is, that I see dozing in the stable out yonder, and let's go to Union and sign those papers!"

"Her name's Sarah," said Mrs. Duncan with dignity.

"God bless Sarah!" cheered Philander.

So in a lazy, low-swung, old-style surrey Philander and the little theme reader and Mrs. Duncan drove to the county-seat. Philander said no further word, merely wiped his glasses and beamed. Miss Harden trembled on the verge of speech, but really accomplished no reproof. A theme reader does not argue with her superior in office—not in public. In Squire Tibbs's dusty little place Philander signed pompous papers and wrote out a tremendous check. And then they drove back—the possessor, the dispossessed—given notice to vacate June the first—and the astounded but very important accessory before the fact.

Mrs. Duncan went into the house on certain housewifely work, leaving Philander and Emily Harden on the rose-bowered porch.

"Now," said Emily Harden, "you have gone and done it."

"Yes'm," said Philander meekly.

"Whatever possessed you?" demanded the girl.

Philander ran his fingers through his

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thin blond hair, hopelessly confusing what order remained.

"I am not sure that I can make it clear," he said, blinking at the charming landscape. "I—I did not sleep very well last night. I lay there rather deciding what a poor worm I had always been. And then this morning there were the birds and the sunshine and the shouts of happy young folks. It all got my angora, so to speak."

"Why, Doctor Tuttle!"

"Phrase I picked up on the campus," explained Philander airily. "And it was a rare morning. Did you notice?"

"Lovely," admitted Emily, her eyes tender over the blue line of hills far off across the valley.

"When I got down to breakfast," continued Philander, "Mrs. Biggs's dining-room seemed twice as musty and dingy as usual—the cold, soggy pancakes and the chilly, black liver on a greasy platter. Remember?"

"Horrible!" Emily shuddered.

"Exactly! Then I noticed you sitting there. In that dark old hole of a room your fresh pink dress made such a splash of color—Miss Emily, you know, I'm a sad sort of chap. Among other grievous shortcomings I have a beastly habit of not really seeing the nice things about me. It would seem almost that the damnable shortness of my vision was rooted in my soul. I have a comfortable negative sensation that something in my life is rather nice, without knowing just what. Then, all of a sudden, I wake up to the realization that within reach for the last five—for a number of years has been the most charming, adorable——"

Philander broke off in confusion. Emily had ceased to stare at the distant hills. Her large brown eyes questioned Philander with some alarm.

"You had a bunch of those beastly themes in your hands," he resumed hastily. "Miss Emily, I have come to the place where the sight of a folded theme chokes me."

"It isn't sensible," said Emily gravely, "to feel that way about the work you have to do in order to earn a living."

"Not sensible," admitted Philander, "but natural. Of course I don't suppose I would ever go to President Van Laarten and say: 'Speaking as an enslaved professor of English to the head of a glorious institution of learning in a noble country, I state that English themes, particularly freshman themes, are abominations. I cannot assimilate any more of them. I must have a change of diet. If the atrocious things must be written, I petition for a garbage-incinerating system, etc.' I wouldn't go so far as to say all that, perhaps, but it wouldn't be a circumstance to what I really feel—to the soul-outpourings that might be offered a sympathetic ear. Miss Emily, you've been assisting me as theme reader ever since you graduated a year ago. Tell me, do you like themes—freshman themes?"

"They get rather tiresome," conceded Emily.

"They do," said Philander with warmth. "They—they also get my angora. I become a hater of my fellow men. I should like to turn a machine-gun on—on the chapel full of freshmen!"

"Doctor Tuttle, I never heard you talk so!"

"You never heard me talk at all until to-day. You've heard me lecture and criticise and consult; but you've never heard me talk. Miss Emily, I despise, I loathe freshmen, and so do you."

"Why, I don't anything of the kind," said Emily.

"Miss Harden, look me in the eye," commanded Philander.

Miss Harden obeyed him literally. The broadside proved too much for Philander. He flushed and sighed—a tremendous sigh for such a little man.

"The most marvellous eyes in the world!" he murmured. "Like coffee—clear coffee, not Mrs. Biggs's."

"Doctor Tuttle," admonished Emily, "you are deliberately leading away from the subject. Whatever possessed you to buy this farm?"

"I thought you liked it," pouted Philander.

Anybody would have liked the farm.

"It is lovely," sighed Emily, "very tiny for a farm, but perfect. Still, I think——"

"That brings me back to my story," said Philander happily. "There you sat——"

"Now," said Emily, "please don't lead

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away again. You bought this place. It was the wildest extravagance. You know you can't afford it."

Philander, rising, plucked a spray of the tiny pink roses from a porch pillar.

"It is never extravagant to buy what you really want," he observed. "Besides, you haven't asked why I couldn't sleep last night."

"Well, why couldn't you?" asked Emily, as he seemed wholly occupied with trimming the leaves off his rose spray.

Philander carefully adjusted the roses in his buttonhole.

"I had a letter yesterday," he said at length.

"Yes," encouragingly.

"From a lady."

"Oh!" nipped by frost.

"A most estimable woman."

Congealed silence.

"She owns coal-mines."

"Really?"

"Yes, she always wanted me to take an interest in the business."

Emily made inventory of the professor—spotless Panama, spotless gray suit, faultless tie, speckless collar, shoes whose fastidious lustre no amount of tramping had destroyed—and smiled.

"Yes," sighed Philander, "precisely. Dirty business, you know. I couldn't bear it. It put her out considerably and she cast me off. Said I should never have a penny of her money and other harsh things."

"Who—is—this—woman?" demanded Emily.

"My aunt," replied Philander, "Sophronia Tuttle." Emily sank back against her pillar. "She means well, you know. She wrote me the letter, you see, and sent a check for ten thousand dollars. I deposited it at the bank this morning, if you recall."

"Ten — thousand — dollars!" gasped Emily, as if so much money had never been lumped before.

"Yes. She intimated that flesh and blood would assert their claim in spite of my obstinacy. She expressed a desire that I would invest the money sensibly."

Philander stepped out into the yard, cocked his head on one side, and surveyed the house.

"And you spent it all at once for climbing roses!" came the voice of reproach from the porch.

"Roses," said Philander, "and a flock of white chickens, a shady porch, a rooftree of my own, flowering meadows, budding orchards, clean air—and Paradise—and hope. Miss Emily——"

He held out his hand in pleading.

"I don't understand," faltered Emily.

"Miss Emily," said Philander, "if you weren't sitting there on that step, if you weren't part of the picture and the hope, it wouldn't be Paradise. Miss Emily, I've explained what a short-sighted fellow I am. Really, I have always wanted you, but I didn't have sense enough to understand. I'm not like other men, Miss Emily. I'm so wofully handicapped—my size, my eyes, my total lack of—what does Aunt Sophronia call it?"

"It isn't that," said Emily, rising, too. "I have always had the highest respect for you, Doctor Tuttle."

"Don't want to be respected, want to be loved," blurted Philander.

"If—if I did—care for you," said Emily haltingly, "I wouldn't listen to you to-day. I—excuse me, Doctor Tuttle—I don't think you are as sensible as usual. I am probably just a negative sensation. All that money coming so suddenly has made you do some very foolish things. I won't let you add me to them."

"I thought you would understand," reproached Philander. "Very few would, but I hoped it of you. Why, Miss Emily, I never was so sensible. Here I've poked along at school-teaching, when I really loved the outdoors and longed for a home of my own and— Miss Emily, this isn't a sudden notion!"

"Your aunt would be horrified," said Emily.

"Oh, Aunt Sophronia!" sputtered Philander. "What's it to her?"

"It was her money, you know."

"She'll never miss it. Anyhow, I'll probably never see her again. Oh, won't you please listen."

"I couldn't consider it," said Emily, decisively turning from the pleading figure.

A claxon blared on the road back of the house—the Union road.

"My goodness, what's that?" cried Emily, turning back.

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Philander kicked a toeful of gravel all the way to the front gate.

"Those damned Fords get anywhere," he fumed as the hood of the machine nosed into view.

"It's a woman," announced Emily.

Coat and hat would never have betrayed the driver's sex. It was a large, yellow psyche-knot beneath the hat brim.

"Aunt Sophronia!" groaned Philander, collapsing on the lowest step.

A gasp, a flutter of pink skirt, a scurry, and a faintly slammed screen door tokened the vanishment of Emily Harden.

Philander was too busy to stop her. A straggling rose shoot had spread over the corner of the step on which he had slumped. It took him some time to detach the penetrating prickles. Before he could get his mind off his physical discomfort Sophronia Tuttle had brought her vehicle to a snorting stop, had let herself down to the ground, and was half-way up the gravel path.

"Well, Phil Tuttle!" she cried. "What are you doing here?"

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Philander. "I can't seem to see just where this thing is caught. I pull it loose one place and it clings——"

"Rats!" ejaculated Miss Tuttle. With one firm hand she laid hold of her nephew's shoulder, with the other she jerked the rose shoot away.

"Ouch!" protested Philander.

"All over!" announced his aunt. "Maybe a thorn or so left. You'll find out later. Well, this is a surprise. I certainly didn't expect to find you here. Well?" sharply. "Can't you say something?"

"How do you do, Aunt Sophronia," said Philander, extending his hand.

"Kiss me," commanded his aunt.

Philander obeyed.

"I'm rather glad I found you, after all," commented Aunt Sophronia, as she placed herself on the upper step. "Gosh, it's hot! I stopped at your boarding-house but they said you had gone out for the day. Disagreeable old fish, that Biggs woman. No wonder you have indigestion. Didn't expect me, did you?"

"No," said Philander, "not here. Thank you, Aunt Sophronia."

"Thank me?" said Aunt Sophronia. "Why?"

"For the check. It was very generous of you."

"Oh, yes!" Aunt Sophronia laughed as one gratified. "A little surprise, eh? I hope you put it away safely."

"I—I deposited it," evaded Philander.

"Phil," said Sophronia Tuttle, turning upon him, "I don't know why it is, but you always talk like a simpleton when you're with me. I've overheard you talking to other people and you're not the least bit that way. You've always been a hit with Sam Bates. Sam claims I don't know you. He says there are lots of good heads without any interest in coal-mines. Says if you had a little backing instead of cold criticism, you'd show me a thing or two. I tell Sam he's a plain fool and you're another; but I'm willing to show you both up."

She set her mouth and eyes hard as she appraised Philander's shrinking figure. Philander waved his hand in resignation.

"Mr. Bates is very kind," he murmured.

"Humph!"

Silence.

"What— How did you happen to come here?" asked Philander after some minutes of desperate mental fishing.

"I had some business to see to over in Union," explained Aunt Sophronia. "I was interested in property advertised in the neighborhood. I never believe in transacting business second-hand. I came to see Squire Tibbs."

"Squire—" Philander's voice foozled into a squeal.

"Know him?"

"I've met him. Excuse me, Aunt Sophronia, I want a drink of water."

"Nonsense! Sit down. Well, I found the property had already been sold. The squire wouldn't tell me who bought it."

Some color crept back into Philander's harassed countenance.

"But I didn't drive all that way for nothing," continued Aunt Sophronia. "Thought I might as well take a look at the place. Might make a deal with the purchaser. You never can tell."

Aunt Sophronia rose, clumped down the steps, and stood in the middle of the path, arms akimbo, taking keen, quick survey of the premises. Philander, fearful of the penetration of those sharp eyes,

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came and stood behind her. He gave the effect of hiding in her skirts.

"House in pretty good repair," mumbled Aunt Sophronia. "Better than I expected. Too much folderol vines and things, but some like them. Good meadow-land. Ought to have good stock. Chickens, poultry-yard. Orchard needs attention. Off the main line of travel. But with a little money and care——"

A sudden idea seized her.

"Well, if I'm not a simpleton myself!" she cried. "Phil! Phil! Where are you? You must know the people who bought this place. Do they live here?"

"They are just stopping here for the day," ventured Philander, reluctantly leaving his ambush.

"You know them?"

"Er—slightly."

"Well, for heaven's sake stop shaking and stammering and take me in and introduce me," commanded Aunt Sophronia.

Poor Philander! He wiped his forehead. He looked at the house, the roses, the meadow, the corn-fields. Again he put his hand to his head, then, with a sudden gesture of desperation, hurled his hat to the porch, thrust his fists into his pockets, and faced his aunt squarely.

"I don't see why I'm such an ass," he said. "The fact is, Aunt Sophronia, I own this house."

Speech then forsook the aunt. She tottered in the path. Philander put out his hand to steady her.

"Go away!" she cried, shaking him off. "You—you bought this place?" she gurgled finally.

"I did," said Philander solemnly.

"With my money?"

"Mine," said Philander. "You gave it to me. After that it was mine. I didn't ask for it, but you gave it to me."

"Phil," said Sophronia Tuttle, "don't be insolent. I told Sam Bates that check would take away what grains of sense did rattle in your head. In the name of everything, what do you expect to do with a farm now you've got it?"

"Farm it," contended Philander.

"Farm it? Much you know about farming, you—a school-teacher!"

"As much as you, a coal-miner," retorted Philander. "What were you going to do with it?"

"That," said his aunt, "is none of *your* business."

Philander shrugged his shoulders.

"Phil Tuttle," pursued the aunt, unabashed, "you left town this morning with a woman."

"We will not mention the lady," protested Philander.

"A pretty girl," said Aunt Sophronia. "Mrs. Biggs wonders you'd never shown her any attention before."

Philander murmured something inaudible.

"What's that?" demanded Aunt Sophronia.

"I said Mrs. Biggs was more astute than I realized."

"Humph! Well, I've always been afraid some woman would get her clutches on you. I suppose she raved about the roses."

"She has an eye for beauty," said Philander.

"She has an eye for an easy mark," observed Aunt Sophronia. "She coaxed you into buying this farm as a playhouse for her——"

"She did nothing of the kind!" sputtered Philander. "All my life I've wanted a place like this. My parents couldn't give it to me. They gave me a classical education. You wouldn't give it to me. You offered me a lot of dirty, filthy mines. I found this place to-day. I had the money and I bought it."

"It takes a sly woman to make a man think he has always wanted something which she wants!"

"Dammit!" cried Philander, walking up and down. "Emily Harden is not a sly woman. She's the dearest, sweetest lady in the world. I'd offer her the Garden of Eden if I could. I love her. I have loved her a long time. I begged her to marry me."

Aunt Sophronia began to laugh.

"Don't laugh!" begged Philander, tearing at his hair. "She wouldn't have me, you see."

The more abject he looked the more Aunt Sophronia laughed.

"Bought the farm and then she turned you down," she chuckled. "If that isn't like you!"

"I should think you'd be ashamed!"

Even Aunt Sophronia jumped, the tone was so stinging and scornful.

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Drawn by C. R. Weed.

"There!" she cried, "You can take your old farm!"—Page 758.

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Her brown eyes ablaze, her cheeks flushed, her hands clasped nervously together, Emily Harden stood on the porch.

"I should think you'd be ashamed," she repeated. "You—you heartless old woman!"

She descended and slipped her hand into the crook of Philander's arm.

"We don't want anything more to do with you ever," she said to Aunt Sophronia. "We don't want your hateful old money and we don't want you. I shall be very proud to marry Doctor Tuttle." Philander pressed that arm close to his side. "But we don't mean to take anything from you—not anything. Philander, dear, have you those papers in your pocket?"

With some wonder, but more adoration, Philander fished into an inside pocket and drew forth a document. Emily threw it at Aunt Sophronia's feet.

"There!" she cried. "You can take your old farm! I'm sure we don't want it if your money paid for it. Come, Phil."

Philander forgot his hat, forgot the farm, Aunt Sophronia, everything but the pressure on his arm. At the gate he bent his head and kissed the clinging fingers—timidly. Then he looked back. Aunt Sophronia had collapsed on the steps. Her shoulders and psyche-knot were shaking convulsively.

"She's crying, Emily," faltered Philander.

"I don't care," declared Emily. "She ought to—forever and ever."

"She doesn't understand," suggested Philander. "We never got on very well."

"I should think not," said Emily. "She's a mean, spiteful old thing. If you make up with her, I'll never speak to you again."

It was a gray, dreary, dripping morning in May. The bravest and spunkiest robin would never have ventured forth on a maple bough. Again Philander Tuttle, Ph.D., tossed on his lumpy bed in Mrs. Biggs's boarding-house and with slender, tapping fingers totalled up his resources. And perhaps because there was nothing in the atmosphere to invigorate a troubled spirit, Philander grew momently more depressed than the dampening weather. Yesterday the world had lain at his feet—but yesterday had faded hours ago and his vision had suffered eclipse. Only one glory remained—Emily. Philander's eyes grew very sweet and tender, then more than ever mournful. He had meant to give so much to Emily. It would have been rapture to play Prince Bountiful to that dear little woman.

Heavy feet slopped up the staircase. A heavy package thudded on the floor. A heavy hand thumped on the door panels.

"Doctor Tuttle!" called the soggy voice of Mrs. Biggs. "A chafing-dish come for you yesterday. You'll have to take it back. I don't allow no cooking in the rooms. A lady left a note for you last night. I'll shove it under the door."

Philander dragged himself to the door, drew the pasteboard carton within, and picked up the note.

"Dear Phil:" it read. "The deed for your property and my second check for ten thousand are waiting for you at your bank. Sam Bates wins. I didn't dream that you had it in you. I was going to buy that place and adopt me a brand-new family, I was so sure of disappointment in you. Don't thank me. Invite me to the wedding.

(Signed) SOPHRONIA TUTTLE."

You should have seen Philander then.

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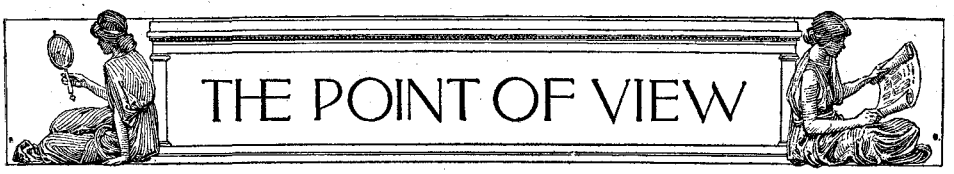

THE sixty-fourth celebration of Christmas, by one family, in one house! Not a common record in our Middle West, where if the family stays on the house is usually replaced, or if the house stays on the family is replaced. Here, however, both house and family are mere upstarts to the ancient apple-trees, tapping roofs, and porches. "Talk of Christmases," they might murmur, "Christmases were Christmases in the good old days when Johnny Appleseed was our nurse, this hill unencumbered of houses, and our young vision unvexed by pavements below and airplanes above." Nevertheless, the dates of successive residents and their "things" cut a swath in the years. The grandfather of the present chatelaine, comrade of her childhood, was born during Washington's life; and her favorite teaspoons, bearing the common initial of a great-greataunt and herself, were possibly fingered by Washington and his Lady, since according to place, time, and condition of ownership they "might 'a been."

A Christmas Sheaf

Once only, in all the sixty-four years, has the house been closed over Christmas, and even then one born in the house came to wind the old clock which has ticked out so many million of minutes for us all. That year the chatelaine, facing her first holiday alone, fled the country, waking up Christmas morning to look through port-holes on a tropical land of green hills and snow-white houses, with seemingly every masthead in the harbor topped with wee cedar trees. But that is a long way from the cot.

Old Christmases centre in a gay, auburn-haired little figure, the organizer of all our fun, the originator of all our novelties, with a troup of family and neighborhood youngsters. "But *mother!* when I was on this *identical* spot a minute ago you said I was *hot*, and now you say I am *cold!*" Bubbling laughter, and "Time's up! game continued next Christmas Eve!" Not till the third year did the great dignified cat, name o' Satan, tail proudly held aloft and neatly tipped with white, clear the mystery by walking under a low chair which scraped the silver thimble off that peripatetic hiding-place. How we mobbed the perpetrator!

Of Christmases before my own day I can salvage few details, though such participants as remain insist they were "great times." The year I was four, however, is clear enough. Each guest and member of the family had an appointed corner, suitably decorated, into which gifts were placed. Mine was "my corner," and the supreme gift a wax doll with a trunkful of clothes. I never cared for dolls and loathed sewing; but "Rosa" inspired considerable affection. She smilingly sacrificed an impeccable complexion, promptly all pitted over with my little finger-nail marks, to furnish forth "wax," which the elder children occasionally and surreptitiously chewed. It was not then called gum. My "corner" deserves a line. With the first snow of autumn, came into the house a big, white triangular shelf, which my father would screw on to the baseboard of the warmest corner of the sitting-room, and there my indoor, waking life was mostly spent. I sat on it, I napped on it, I used it as a table, my playthings were stored under it, and low over it hung a great medley picture, composed of two hundred and fifty steel engravings each fertile of a story. Here I was near the mother I adored, though paying little enough attention to her frequent company. Occasionally some bit of conversation pierced my solitude. "The most selfish woman I ever knew," I once caught, about a so-called saint of the town. Then as my eyes lifted inquiringly, a startled mother added: "You see she always talks about her children when I want to talk about mine!" I still recall how my father laughed.

The second large doll I remember receiving—my indifference to the species was well-known—was certainly the last. There was a big reunion that year, in honor of an older member of the tribe, just back with her little family from a long stay in China. We youngsters, herded in the library, watched the crack of the door into the parlor, through which elders hastily squeezed themselves, and the face of a boy was suddenly irradiated by a stolen glimpse. He grinned

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at me and measured off with his hands, "so big." More appealing than the great doll, however, was a wee China boy in gaudy paper attire, with a bequeued head that turned. I have it still, in my cabinet of ancient days, standing beside a tinier Colonial maiden of china, with face, hair, pinafore, and pantalettes painted on, and arms eternally akimbo. I even published about that pair a *Spectator* which the public kindly attributed to Mr. Mabie.

Much of the fun of early Christmases was our own preparation. We made "holders," patiently working around pins stuck in an empty spool; and combed the stores in preparation for our purchases. Dependable revenue came from picking currants for family jelly, and from a county-fair premium on our collection of bird tail-feathers. I suppose the entry had been made for our benefit, and I cannot recall that we ever had competitors. I can still recognize more birds by their tail-feathers than by their song, though it is years indeed since many of those familiar feathers have been dropped in our city yard.

While the hanging of stockings was not *de rigueur*—though our mother's telling of how *she* used to do so in old Vermont, "always getting a penny in the toe *and* an orange," was—I recall two instances. Once in the light of a hundred candles and a glowing fire hung a single stocking, six feet long, the unpacking of which was continuous hilarity; and another time, from a clothesline stretched down the dining-room, hung large, empty gingham stockings, each bearing a guest's initials, the stockings being publicly filled from our individual baskets; many gifts, thanks to persevering wheedling and low-down methods, getting into the wrong stockings.

The Christmas Guests

WHILE the main body of guests, kin and near neighbors, remained the same from year to year, there were always two or three transients, friends' friends, or some lone body stranded over the holidays. One year a naval officer, just in from three years at sea, turned up to surprise his family marching to the tree. Often there was some delegation bearing gifts to the older members of the family, with little speeches made and returned. Representatives of the family in China came often, jolly children vacationing from school and college, looking to the old house as the next thing to home, and the chatelaine as *in loco parentis*. They added the thrill of packages in Oriental wrappers, and postmen demanding customs. I recall a curious great white pressed flower, marked "rare." It was doubtless that *Davidia*, "the most interesting and most beautiful of all trees which grow in the North temperate regions," to rediscover which Mr. E. A. Wilson was sent from England on a special mission to the western mountains of China.

Sometimes a governor or a president joined our Christmas party, and one year his beautiful lady headed the Christmas procession, marching with our grandfather, who lived to be ninety-five. Down to the littlest we were provided with "musical instruments," and grandfather playing his jew's-harp and his partner her comb were gayest of the gay. The pair of pink glass perfume bottles, which at a still earlier Christmas she gave her namesake, still decorate my bureau. Both stoppers are missing, but that deficiency is balanced by the fact that the little red and gold flower-pot, from a boy neighbor, lacks its saucer, which long ago went to join the pink stoppers in limbo. This boy was the youngest of three brothers who used to be part of the Christmas Eve party. The eldest inspired the first sentence I ever put together. The second, when a child of four, essayed to carry off a bone of a skeleton unearthed in our garden—a skeleton of an Indian with a bullet in his jaw, doubtless slain in the famous battle near this spot. "No, L. D.," said a workman, "this was a red man, and if you take his bone you will turn red." The little boy, so he told me years afterward, dropped the bone and ran home; but "Red Man, 1812," in vermilion letters, on a so-called tombstone, marks the spot. Alas, years afterward, between Christmas and New Year's, the well-beloved trio of brothers went off, hand-in-hand, to a happier land.

About the first Christmas-tree that I remember hovers the figure of a visiting cousin's cousin, to whose charm I had dedicated a cross-stitched book-mark. I was awed by seeing her slip a button, and with Victorian sentiment and an angelic smile tuck my gift "into her bosom." Returning New Englandward after this visit, she went down

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in the Ashtabula bridge disaster, a bit of jewelry being the only relic found to mark her identity. She had given me the first Christmas card in my history, an illuminated verse, "Perfect Love casteth out Fear." I had no idea what it meant, beyond a token from my adored. Again, as with the pink bottles and the red flower-pot and the bit of jewelry,

> "The bust outlasts the throne,
> The coin Tiberius."

For Perfect Love having by mischance got into a box of Mythology cards, I refused, with childish pertinacity, ever to have it separated from that pagan group, the characters of which gradually became as familiar as my cousins. To meet to-day, in the pages of a book, Clotho or Proserpine or Artemis, who holds the house in keeping, is to be transported quicker than light to the evening of Perfect Love and the bookmark tucked away in the folds of a green velvet gown.

The Reindeer Toboggan

GAMES always formed part of our Christmas booty, and the rigamarole of "Sam Slick" developed into a sort of rite, symbol of the enduring life of the household. Any of us old stagers can repeat the book by heart; nevertheless, at each recurring Christmas party, its worn pages are returned by the hostess, while the guests, fingering the old cardboard slips, come in at the proper blanks. "Jack-straws" too, with the original set, has become an annual formula, though by a freak of custom only the men-folks play at this, keeping their score of rubber from year to year. While they bend breathless over a table, the little ones make for the stairs. The heavy "comforter," sacred to Christmas tobogganing and known as the "reindeer," was spread on the upper step of the long, straight stairway, the coaster seated on it with knees drawn up, the comforter gathered tightly round him, corners grasped in his hands. One thrust-out of his feet and the whole contraption was off. "There's no use spanking the children," was our elders' comment, "they're calloused!" Another rite of the Christmas Eve party was the singing of the circus by the owner of a lovely voice who played her own hilarious accompaniment, and which was called for early enough in the evening to set us all off. It was our *Dulce Domum*, sweet song of home.

The Christmas saint occasionally visited us in person. "The children were so disappointed that I did not see Santa Claus last year that you'll have to be it this time," my father was overheard to remark, fortunately not by one of his children. But Santa, tree, stockings, or what not, the central feature constantly varied. One year there was a marvellous little house, shaped after our own domicile, in the preparation of which favored children helped for weeks, going to the woods to gather the fine moss with which it was covered, pasting bits of tissue-paper over the windows, contributing trees and figures from our Noah's Ark to decorate the lawn, and patiently sticking in toothpicks to form the fences. The wonderful little house, lighted from within, was a bit of fairy-land, enchantment for weeks afterward for the whole townful of children. Once the "mahogany tree" sprouted a veritable little forest, each bare-branch tree, with its quota of candles, allotted to two persons. The engaged couple had the pear-tree, hung with wee scissors and things in pairs; a lemon-tree beckoned two humorous cousins; the peach and cherry trees bore material fruit and flowers, and the date-tree grew calendars and engagement books as well as fruit. One year of the war, the long dining-table was laid out as a map of France, each guest having been assigned his town or woods, which were marked by little flags, forests of lighted candles, and his own pile of gifts. Puns on names or personal characteristics served as guides, giving momentary cheer to Lucy le Bocage and the looking-glass Somme.

A form of distribution so favored that it begged repetition was a sale. Each guest was furnished with beans and buttons as counters, and bought his own gifts from the collection. One and all turned their backs on presents especially designed for them in favor of quite different trinkets. They berated the chatelaine for not furnishing them with more money, combined forces to break the bank, grinned when a few gratis beans were pressed into their hands, talked to themselves, and ever after referred loftily to their plunder as what they had bought at the sale!

No record of those early holidays can ig-

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nore the Christmas odors, the Christmas weather and the Christmas feasts. Always a wagon-load of hemlock and arbor vitæ was brought up a day or two beforehand, and branches tucked over every picture, hung from every chandelier, and wreathed in every window. Lacking holly and mistletoe, we strung cranberries and popcorn; while apples and winter pears heaped on trays added to that delectable potpourri.

In old-time celebrations regular evening collations were served, the guests sitting around the walls of the rooms. I recall being allowed to pass the cheese, of which I was inordinately fond, and using my fingers to pass the largest chunks on the plate to the persons I liked best, and the smallest to those less *grata*, till my merit system was nipped. I remember one rollicking cousin, delegated to carve, picking up a whole spiced ham on a big fork and waving it in air.

Of course it ought always to have snowed, for nothing quite so Christmasy exists as the sound of many muffled feet running up the steps and "stomping" off the snow on the porch to the accompaniment of "Merry Christmas" shouts; with the prospect of immediate use of gift sleds and skates and red mittens. However, "wonderful weather," one note-book records; "fires all out and windows open, sweet peas blooming in the frames," adding that same eve, "snowing hard." Other years the record is cold enough: "A drunken man went to sleep in the corner shrubbery; zero weather and snowing furiously. Fortunately, one of the guests saw him by the light of a late delivery wagon, so he was rescued from a bitter end—there so near our warmth and gaiety!"

I should like, somehow, to attribute the averting of this near-tragedy to the Appleseed apple-trees, but I find no way. However, extending down the avenue, beginning directly over the spot the poor reveller chose for his couch, is a row of silver maples, which we early dubbed after the Apostles:

> "God bless my Hut from thatch to floor,
> The twelve Apostles guard my door;
> Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
> Bless the bed I lie upon."

and who shall say that they who recorded for us the tale of our Lord's birth did not keep faith with the sleeper who had doubtless himself, in his earthly father's house, once chanted those nursery rhymes?

Do you ask, patient reader, why I linger so over these gathered trivialities? No more do I expect you to follow them than I expect summer visitors to look, really, at my garden. They come to talk of *their* gardens, and the gardens they have seen on their travels. Even my weeds put them *en rapport* with remembered weeds elsewhere, and their eyes sparkle in reminiscence. Reader, think to-day of your own Christmases gone, of the home that sheltered your childhood, of the appeal of consanguinity, of the games you played among care-free contemporaries under your parents' adoring eyes: all commonplace enough, but to which memory and association and nature, through long years, have added the touch of golden alchemy. Memories are a Christmas gift which cannot be worn out in using. As Stevenson reminds us, "The little sunbright pictures of the past still shine in the mind's eye, with not a lineament defaced, not a tint impaired." And so to you a Merry Christmas!

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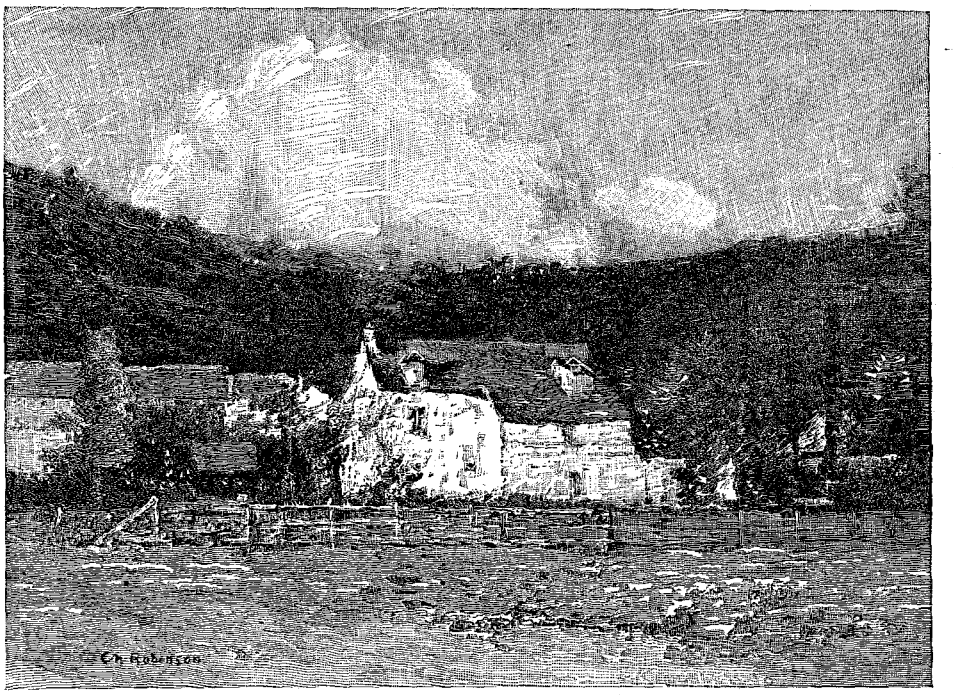

Engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley.

Theodore Robinson

A PIONEER AMERICAN IMPRESSIONIST

BY ELIOT CLARK

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THEODORE ROBINSON

THE pictures of the Impressionists have a twofold significance. They are not alone of interest as pictures, but they have revealed to the present age a new visualization of the objective world. The realization of nature is in truth not merely an imitation but a creation, an appreciation, the record of a human reaction, and nature is in an eternal state of being artistically newly discovered and revalued. What we speak of as a truthful representation of nature is often but a resemblance to the accustomed or standardized form. Leonardo says somewhere in his note-books that every new art development is a return to nature. But accustomed as we are to the traditional and conventional interpretation, each new art form seems a departure from nature. The pictures of the Impressionists which when first exposed in the early seventies seemed so blatant and bizarre have revealed to us new visual truths which have become in turn the standard of comparison.

The work of Theodore Robinson has likewise a double significance, for he was not

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only a painter but a pioneer. He brought to America the newly discovered principles of the Impressionists and the exhilarating world of youth and sunshine, and is intimately associated with that movement which reanimated American art and quickened its expression with new impulse and understanding. He occupies much the same place relative to the Impressionistic movement as William Morris Hunt did as the apostle of the Barbizon masters. We realize to-day that the heretics of the past are often the prophets of the future, and the work of Theodore Robinson which was looked upon by the passer-by as affected and false was a sincere and noble effort to seek and portray new truths rather than follow accepted standards unanimated with life.

Theodore Robinson was born at Irasburg, Vermont, June 3, 1852, but his boyhood days were passed at Evansville, Wisconsin. After some preliminary study in Chicago he came to New York, where he worked at the National Academy schools under Professor Wilmarth. During the short interim in which the academy schools were discontinued, Robinson and a number of his fellow students, as a means of continuing their instruction, organized the Art Students' League, the name of which he suggested. In 1874 Robinson sailed for France, that year made memorable in the annals of modern art by the first collective exhibition of the painters thereafter known as the Impressionists. But the young student had not yet turned to the open air, and continued his academical studies for several years under Carolus Duran and Gérôme. This early training proved of inestimable advantage and imparted that technical knowledge and understanding of line and form which brought to his later work that surety of hand and discipline without which the improvisation of the moment is often unconvincing. Although he returned to America in 1880 and remained until 1884, it was not until 1892 that he definitely settled here. Among the younger artists he found many sympathetic and receptive minds, notably the group of the Society of American Artists organized in 1877, and of which he was made a member in 1881. It was there he received the Webb Prize for landscape in 1890 and the Shaw Prize for figure in 1892. Although his work was at this time appreciated and honored by his few sympathetic associates, he unhappily did not enjoy a wider recognition and was subjected to much unjust and pernicious criticism. He died April 2, 1896.

In the early eighties Robinson became interested in out-of-door subjects and the problems of light and color which were then agitating the younger painters of Paris, and it was this vision which revealed the infinite pictorial possibilities of the newly discovered world and led him to Giverny, where Monet several years earlier had settled. This was the decisive step in the career of Theodore Robinson. If the principles of the Impressionists drew him to Monet, it was Monet who drew him to nature. Thus his eyes opened to the beauty of the great out-of-doors, to the light that clothes the landscape in vibrant array, changing ever as the light changes and ever beautiful.

The problems of working out-of-doors directly from nature presented new difficulties, the solution of which could not be achieved in following the traditions of the studio. Working indoors from the model the subject is seen within a limited area, the conditions are constant, the light and color more or less static, the range of value entirely within the limitations of the palette. Out-of-doors, on the contrary, the angle of vision is extended, the effect in its various manifestations is ever changing, the intensity of the light far surpasses the limitations of mere pigment. This necessitates at once selection and simplification. Robinson observes in his article on Monet, "that an intense lover and follower of nature is not necessarily an indiscriminating note-taker, a photographer of more or less interesting facts." If the pictures of Robinson seemed to the casual glance of his contemporaries to be careless, ill considered, overcolored, and uninteresting in subject, we realize that it was only by relation to the accepted forms which had become commonplace, and not that he had painted merely the commonplace. He felt "that there is an abundance of poetry outside of swamps, twilights, and weeping Damosels." It is the direct vision, the living verity of light that he recorded. In consequence his pictures have that sense of spontaneity and intimacy which is produced only from first-hand observation, that decisive and buoyant touch which is the result of the exhilaration of the moment, the happy record of a newly discovered world.

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But if he eliminated the associative idea in the traditional sense of the story-telling picture, we must not conclude that his pictures are without idea. The visual interest in nature is reawakened, and it is this immediate reaction to the subject, this personal exhilaration, this joy in the beauty of the outward world, this heightened sensibility, that becomes the very idea and theme of the painter. The joy of being out-of-doors, the freedom from constraint, the sense of well-being, the love of fellowship—these emotions,

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although not so readily expressed as the more melancholy and often morbid thoughts of the so-called Romanticists (who really limited the very sense of the word romance), these exhilarating and life-giving emotions, we see not only in the character of the subject portrayed—the way in which it was seen—but in the very manner in which it was painted.

The pictures of the French period painted at Giverny show a wide range of interest, and include several large figure subjects as well as many smaller canvases of local landscape. The surrounding country is happily related to the predilections of the modern painter. It has a peculiarly delightful and intimate charm. The river reflects the opposite shore and its banks are grown with picturesque poplars; the fields are cultivated with varicolored products; the hillsides, only so high as to define the valley, are mapped out in interesting patterns, and the little hamlet of Giverny, with red-roofed houses and simple façades, belongs to the intimacy of the landscape. It is a decidedly friendly country, and has nothing of the forbidding, the austere, or the solemn grandeur of uncultivated nature. It is this particular charm with which Robinson has imbued his pictures and brings to his subjects a particularly human and intimate association. Our painter is not so happy in suggesting the illusion of expanse, and finds it more difficult also to design in extended perspective. Robinson is at his best when the theme is limited in area, which allows of carefully considered space relations and a more or less linear design with simple planes. He does not portray the dramatic aspects of nature, the unusual effects of changing weather, or the form and color that express power, volume, and action. His mood is tranquil, serene, and joyous. The later pictures were painted directly from nature, and in consequence depended upon more or less constant and even conditions of weather. We must not expect, therefore, themes of a subjective nature which are evolved from an introspective mood.

If in the forms of nature we see something of the absolute, the eternal, and unchanging, in its manifestation to the human consciousness as revealed by light it is ever changing and varied. As Robinson said in writing of Monet: "One of his favorite sayings is 'La nature ne s'arrête pas.'" It is the expression of this illusion of form and its ever-changing color as revealed by light that became the principal problem of the Impressionists and that likewise is for Theodore Robinson the very theme of the picture. It is this preference for the transient effects of light and its accompanying color that marks the departure from the prevalent interpretation of form, and that caused the pictures of our painter to seem strange to the eyes of his American contemporaries. He confesses that when as a student in Paris seeing for the first time the "Danse des Nymphes" of Corot then hanging in the Luxembourg, "I well remember how oddly at first its blue tone struck me." And again: "That there is more color in nature than the average observer is aware of, I believe any one not color-blind can prove for himself by taking the time and trouble to look for it." "That refined color must necessarily be dull color, that one should not paint up too near white; that one should husband his resources; and that if any qualities must be sacrificed let them be those of color and air—all these theories have been stoutly and efficiently combated by the Impressionists." These assertions of our painter show his preoccupation with the considerations of air, light, and color, and his pictures reveal his attentive and constant observation of their effects in nature. But Robinson's color is never affected, blatant, or spectacular. He delighted in the beauty of closely related harmonies and was particularly fond of light neutral hues, opposing violet with variations of cool greens and vivacious touches of delicate gold. He did not use color for its own sake as something entirely apart from the representation of nature, but, on the contrary, he was a most sensitive observer of the values which give the illusionistic effect of form and differentiate distances and planes. Sensitive to the effects of the complementary contrast of hues and conversant with the principle of their effect when juxtaposed, Robinson did not allow the theory of broken color to become merely a mannerism. His sensitive perception of the change of color with the change of value and his keen observation of the chromatic effects of light mark particularly his departure from the academical representation of form.

As a painter his brush was sensitive and artistic, his touch delicate and deliberate.

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Although he painted with a full brush, he wisely avoided the too heavy impasto which in later practice led to so much meaningless texture. If he was too much of a painter to thus distort technic and disguise inability, he was never, on the other hand, tempted any comprehension of Mr. Robinson's prize work one must have the range of the gallery. To exhibit it properly in his house the owner will have to show it at the end of a tunnel, and even then the paint will testify most eloquently of its existence."

to parade his craft in affected display of clever brush-work. But if to-day we remark the sensitive touch and the delicate and sympathetic treatment, it is difficult to conceive that his pictures appeared coarse and unrefined to many of his contemporaries. When his picture "In the Sun" was shown at the Society of American Artists in 1892 and awarded the Shaw Prize, a conservative critic writing under the caption of "Art in Dabs and Smears" remarks that "To get Seen to-day we remark that the form is exquisitely rendered, the shadows are kept quite thin, the painting is sensitive and reserved, but at the same time direct and emphatic, and the knowing economy of means significant of a master. In writing of Corot, Robinson expresses his thought relative to the significance of finish. "He was one of the first painters who dared to maintain that a picture is finished when it gives the desired effect, that henceforth

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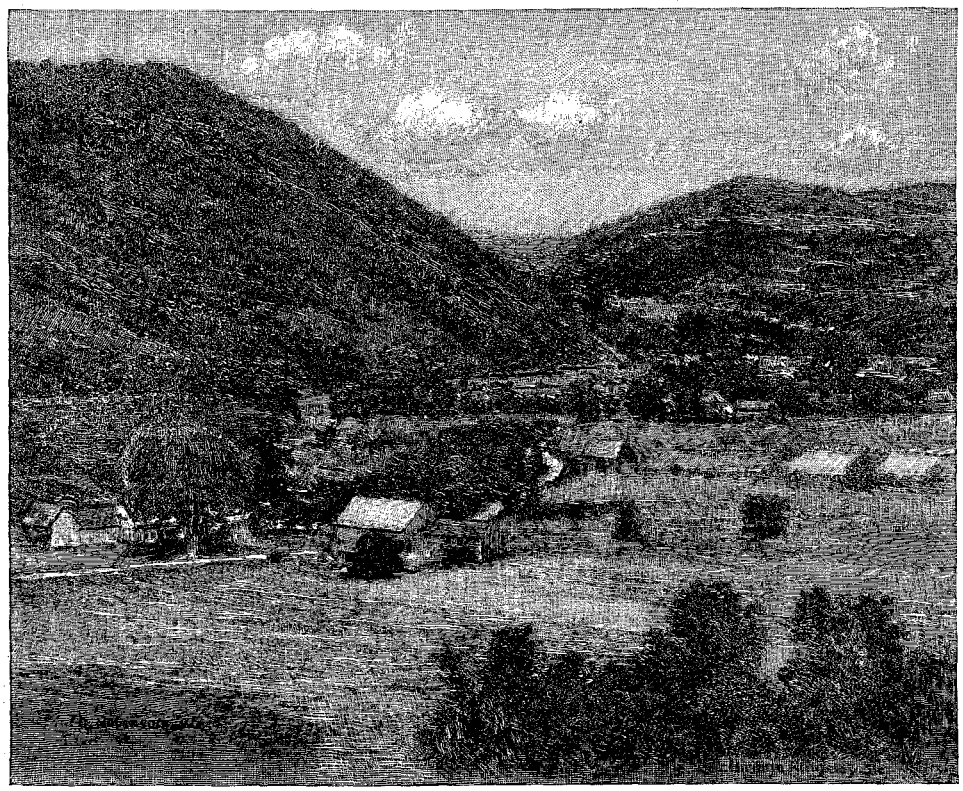

Engraved on wood by Elbridge Kingsley.

all the scratching in the world adds nothing."

On returning to America it was perhaps difficult for our painter to become at once sympathetic to a country which is more rugged and wild and where the composition is not so easily arranged as in a land where the hand of man has planted trees and the subject is more decorative and defined. But Robinson knew that the picture is in truth composed in the mind of the artist, and that where there is air and sunshine there is also infinite material for the painter. And the short period of his work here after his final return shows clearly that the influence of France had not limited his vision or formulized his expression.

This is well exemplified in "On the Canal," in the collection of Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, a larger replica of which is in the Philadelphia Academy. Here we see the brilliant coloring of a clear summer day, with flying clouds, an effect typical of our Eastern States but seldom seen in northern France. Robinson has rendered it with unerring accuracy and an almost primitive frankness. It has the unaffected and uncultivated simplicity of American landscape, but the artistic eye has observed the beauty of the commonplace and characterized it in a masterful manner. The wooden fence, the telegraph-poles, the red bridge, the simple farmhouses have been made elements of a picturesque pattern which at the time was thought very unbecoming and unconventional. To see thus in a comprehensive and understanding way and to express this perception is in truth a kind of revelation, a kind of seeing which is far removed from what is lightly spoken of as merely imitating nature. It was in this sense that Robinson was a creator and has helped us to revalue and revisualize the objective world.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Three Years after the Armistice

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

ON the 11th of November there was celebrated in no very ostentatious way the third anniversary of the ending of the war. It occurred in many respects under interesting circumstances. An international conference, ostensibly for limitation of armaments but actually for discussion of the world's pressing problems, political and economic, was just convening at Washington. The United States—of which the outside world's bitter complaint since the middle of 1919 had been that, after having shared in drawing the Treaty of Versailles, it had refused to accept it and had insisted on holding aloof from Europe's problems—was the caller of the conference and the leading figure in it. All the great nations of the League of 1919 were represented. The Prime Minister of France was a delegate at Washington; the celebrated French Marshal who had conducted the Allied armies to final victory was at the same time a guest of the United States. From all these viewpoints the situation was remarkable—a good deal more remarkable than the American people seemed to realize. Naturally, it turned the mind to retrospect of the three-year period since November, 1918.

Circumstances of an Anniversary

Political events moved with extreme rapidity in the immediate sequel to the German surrender. The sudden downfall of monarchy in Central Europe, the rise of experimental governments, the attempts of Communists to seize control, the overthrow of Bolshevist insurrections by the forces of law and order and by popular vote of the German and French electorates—in short, the whole familiar sequence to a period of toppling governmental systems—these events followed on one another's heels so swiftly that the world began to conceive of its existing problems as altogether political.

More slowly, and only after a full year's interval, economic problems took the front of the stage. During the first of the three years, indeed, the world's markets had indulged in the illusion that ending of the war had brought a new era of immediate international prosperity; it was not until the next two years that the economic situation passed into a chapter of readjustment as sweeping and violent as the political upheaval of 1919. To-day, with the ending of the three-year period since Germany's surrender, and with economic conditions, except in Russia and Central Europe, approaching something like temporary equilibrium, the larger and unsettled political questions are again beginning to obscure the economic. From the financial view-point, it is a time to look back at the history of the period and see what has actually happened.

SUCH retrospect is more necessary because of the complete bewilderment into which the mind of the economic as well as the political world has been plunged. As is always the case in a period crowded with rapid changes and quick succession of spectacular events, the unconscious impression is that a very long time has elapsed since the signing of the armistice. People do not in November of 1921 look back at November of 1918 with the sense of chronological nearness, of closely associated ideas and problems, with which the people of November, 1913, looked back at November, 1910. Instead of the slow unfolding of events and tendencies belonging to an ordinary era of history, the world has been hurried, one may say, with the utmost

The Illusion of Time

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violence from one era into another and then into still another.

In the freshman class of one of our largest universities, the question was put this year to a body of students: "When, under what circumstances, and with what result the first battle of the Marne was fought," and none of the students was able to answer. However incredible such an incident may seem to those of us who lived close to events in 1914, a moment's reflection will bring to mind the fact that the battle of the Marne occurred seven years ago, and that not merely were the freshmen of 1921 only ten years old when it was fought but that the overwhelming rush of epoch-making events since 1914, and especially since 1918, has simply blurred the memory. As with the political landmarks, so with the economic. Even in the exchange of every-day business conversation one hears constant reference not merely to "things as they were before the war" or even as they were "before the armistice," but as they were "before the fall of prices in 1920."

The World after Three Years of Peace

WHERE has this tossing stream of action and reaction, movement and counter-movement, brought us? It is not unlikely that, when the after-war period is reviewed in the histories of half a century from now, these three years will be described as a preliminary chapter of confusion before the real work of economic rehabilitation had been begun. At the same distance of time from the ending of the European wars in 1815, the allied armies of occupation were just being withdrawn from France; gold was selling at 106½ in London; industrial England was in the grip of disastrous trade reaction, following the premature overdoing of exports on long credit to continental countries which turned out to be paralyzed by the war.

At the same distance of time from 1865, merchants' paper was quoted in New York (as it was a year ago) at 8 per cent; our paper currency was at a discount of 28 per cent. The country was losing pretty much all its gold; for a summary for 1868 reported $34,000,000 gold received in the year from the California mines, $49,000,000 drawn from private hoards into the general market, and $71,000,000 exported to foreign countries—much the same story as England has to tell to-day. Estimating $750,000,000 American securities sold to Europe in the three years after the Civil War, a high financial authority described that movement as "representing the difference against us on foreign-trade account" and as meaning that, "instead of gaining wealth, we are losing ground."

In other words the situation, three years after each of those older wars of exhaustion, was both chaotic in itself and entirely misleading as an indication of what was to follow in the economic history of either country. Perhaps it would have been impossible, on those occasions, for even experienced economists or financiers to predict correctly how the various countries of the world, and the United States in particular, would range themselves in the economic system one or two decades later. Still, there are certain economic signs to-day which are clearer than the signs of half a century or a century ago, and which may give us some sort of clue to the longer future.

Forecasts during the War

DURING the war, especially in its later stages, a constant matter of discussion was what place in the community of nations the several great financial and commercial states would occupy after the war was over. We knew that the mere results of war had sometimes profoundly altered the position, absolute or relative, of one or more such nations. There existed also the further questions, not only whether the economic history of a belligerent nation might be changed through military defeat, but whether its power and prestige might not be permanently altered through the economic exhaustion of the war itself—through destruction of property and loss of man power in the case of France, for instance; through collapse of its foreign trade in the case of Germany; through sale of its foreign investments and surrender of its office as a central money market, as in the case of England; and through the crushing burden of a wholly unprecedented home and foreign debt in the case of all three.

Most of us probably recall the war-

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time prophecy that, in the field of foreign commerce and finance, England's day was over even if the Entente Allies were to win the war. Every one will remember the other prophecy that this time France could not recover—a prediction, incidentally, not unheard in France. Perhaps the most curious fact of all about this war-time constructing of national horoscopes is the fact that Germany was the one belligerent whom nobody, even the bitterest of her antagonists, then consigned to economic ruin. It seems a very long time ago nowadays, but it was only in the middle of 1916, that the Economic Conference of the Entente governments was drawing up resolutions as to how, after the war, they should resist the economic encroachments which they expected from the Germany whom they also expected to defeat on the battle-field. If the delegates to that conference at Paris could have seen five years ahead and pictured the Germany over whose present economic predicament the rest of the world is at present puzzling its mind, it is an interesting question what resolutions would have been drafted.

Summing up the Situation

WHEN, therefore, we survey the world's confused economic panorama three years after the armistice, there are three distinct questions which occur to mind: What is the present position of each of the belligerent states, compared with what it was before the war? How does that present position fulfil the general expectation of war-time? What does it warrant us in expecting for the several nations in the longer future?

England, whose economic leadership in 1914 was undisputed, provides some perplexing considerations. Taken in all its aspects, the economic recovery achieved by Great Britain since the war has been disappointing. Its paramount achievement was the turning of its £1,690,000,000 excess of public expenditure over public revenue, in the fiscal year ending March, 1919, into a surplus revenue of £230,000,000 in the fiscal year ending last March; with the application of that large surplus to redemption of war debt. The pace has not been steadily maintained, for in the nine months since last March, the Exchequer reported £42,000,000 deficit in revenue, against £77,000,000 surplus in the same period a year ago. This unfavorable change is accounted for partly by reduction in the excess-profits tax, partly by the fact that sales of war material, which were immensely large a year ago and were carried as revenue, have been cut down nearly one-third this year. Nevertheless, the achievement has been substantial.

England in 1918 and 1921

BUT in the same nine months of 1921 the progress of England in restoring her foreign trade—a vital consideration—has been distinctly disappointing. It is true, the excess of imports over exports during that period was reduced from £313,000,000 in 1920 to £231,000,000 in 1921; but that reduction was wholly a consequence of sweeping curtailment in the import trade; the exports of British products decreased in value nearly 50 per cent. That decrease was partly caused by the lower average prices but by no means wholly, and the British government statisticians have shown by a recent calculation how slowly the pre-war status is being regained; the actual tonnage of the country's exports during August having been only 47 per cent of August, 1913.

Every one, to be sure, is aware of the part which the reckless attitude of labor played in that result through tying up British fuel production and therefore general British industry during three months of the last summer. Yet even such social considerations have to be given weight in judging a country's economic position; more particularly, when contrasts in the relations between labor, the government, and the general public, as shown in the British coal strike and in the recent attempt at a transportation tie-up in America, are so very impressive.

As against these qualifying considerations in the foreign trade, the British government has made important headway in bringing its paper currency back to a normal status. To this the foreign markets seem to have been singularly blind. The amount of war-time currency notes outstanding has been reduced nearly 16 per cent from the maximum of last December; that reduction has been progres-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 71)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 69)

sive; and, what is equally significant and equally as a rule ignored, the reserve of gold and of Bank of England notes secured up to their face by gold has not been reduced at all, so that the ratio of gold reserve to outstanding currency notes has risen from 13 per cent last December to 15½ per cent this autumn. It is impossible to doubt that this forward step has been one essential influence in the rise of sterling exchange on the New York market to a rate more favorable to London than a year ago by 51 cents per pound, or 15 per cent.

Question of Ultimate Gold Redemption

FROM all past experience, it was to be expected that somebody in England would by this time have been crying out that straightforward resumption of gold payments was impossible, even for the longer future. Therefore no great surprise need be entertained at the calm proposal of the London *Statist*, last September, that instead of aiming to restore the pound sterling to its redeemable gold value of the century before the war, the British pound should be made by law "convertible into gold at the valuation measured by the actual exchange rate with the United States dollar at the time chosen for taking this step." As a basis for such change, it was coolly suggested that the New York sterling rate of $3.65⅝ be adopted, as against the present lawful parity of $4.86⅝; with the consequent degrading of the gold content of the British sovereign from its present 113.001 fine ounces to 84.892. That the conservative British banking community should have been equally amused and indignant at this extraordinary plan of making currency depreciation permanent by statute in the financially strongest European state—a plan rejected contemptuously by serious statesmen even in the depreciation of 1818—was what might have been expected.

No such economic tomfoolery is likely to be seriously discussed in England. Long before another decade has elapsed, we shall be hearing of England's proposed resumption of gold payments. But summing up the more or less mixed conditions in the economic situation, three years after return of peace, it is possible to say that Great Britain's position in the economic world is far less powerful than in 1913; that economic recovery, especially in foreign trade, has been far slower than the British financial community predicted during war-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 73)

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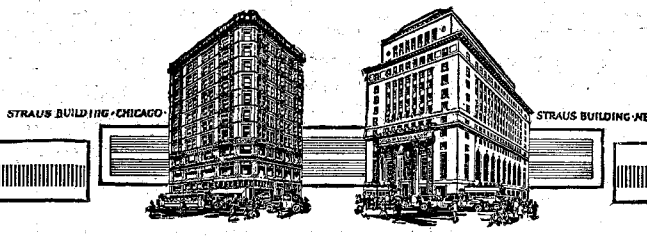

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 71)

time, yet that the central problem is being grasped, not perhaps with the spectacular suddenness of France, but at all events with the dogged British adherence to sound economic tradition. This fact, at all events, promises steady progress in return to England's old position in the economic world—even if the war turns out to have permanently transferred to the United States a good part of England's functions as the central money and investment market.

The Case of Belgium

AS compared with these conflicting and contradictory aspects of the British economic situation, one gets a clearer view, at least of existing conditions, in turning to Continental Europe. It hardly need be said that all of those states have been seriously affected during the present year by the previous over-stocking of their commercial markets, the precipitous fall of prices, and the sudden cutting off of the formerly abundant foreign credits in America and elsewhere. Belgium has suffered with the rest; notwithstanding which, it is easily possible to say of Belgium that it is now in most respects the busiest industrial state in Europe, with apparently the most orderly working classes and the most hopeful industrial outlook, whether judged by foreign or home observers.

But this is equivalent to saying that expectations of war-time have been quite upset. That Belgium, which was commonly described on the eve of war as a "hotbed of labor radicalism" and which during the war was commonly pictured as crushed industrially by the German army and by the German satraps who followed it, should have been the first European belligerent to achieve notable industrial recovery and the only one to escape the turmoil of discontented labor, is a very extraordinary incident in history. It may be explained in part by the idea which dawned on the Von Bissings after a year of war, that if Belgium was to be victorious Germany's booty it was just as well not to ruin its industrial plant beforehand. But a much better explanation lies in the fact that Belgian capital and Belgian labor were both prepared by four years of compulsory idleness to engage with hope and cheerfulness in the new opportunities of peace. At any rate this is a happy omen for the future.

DURING the war the financial fate of no European belligerent was regarded more pessimistically than that of France. France

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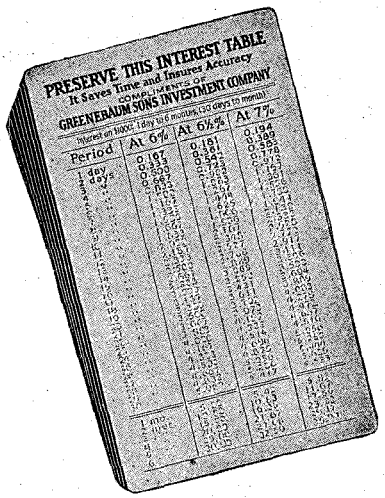

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was "bled white," the vigor of French government and people was collapsing—all this grew to be an exceedingly familiar saying in 1918. Even Ludendorff's memoirs intimate belief that there was nothing left of France in that year except Clemenceau, and certainly France emerged from the war with the greatest proportionate loss of men and treasure, and the most extensive wreck of her productive facilities, that had befallen any nation in the Great War. A very few months ago it was the common remark both of unofficial and official visitors to Paris, that France was being grossly mismanaged in a financial way; that she was merely living on the hope of the huge cash indemnity which Germany would be forced to pay.

Prediction and Fulfilment in France

Yet it so happened that, at the moment when this somewhat unfavorable verdict was being pronounced, two of the most remarkable economic achievements of the period, both leading rapidly toward economic stability, were getting to be the every-day talk of Paris. The first of these incidents has been discussed already in these columns—the wholly unexpected turning of the surplus of imports over exports, which amounted to nearly 13,000,000,000 francs in the first half of 1920, into a surplus of exports amounting to 297,000,000 in the first half of 1921.

THAT this great change resulted mostly from heavy curtailment of the import trade was evident on the face of the returns; from which fact some people inferred that France was starving her manufactures in raw materials. But export of manufactured goods was increasing, even in tonnage, at the very time when import of raw material was decreasing, and it soon became apparent that what industrial France was doing was to draw on excessive stocks of material accumulated during the excited buying of 1919 and 1920. Undoubtedly this meant that the export balance could not continue in its recent magnitude; indeed, the excess of exports for the year to date has already been considerably reduced during August and September.

The French "Export Surplus"

But the fact of a very important and gratifying change was none the less manifest, and the policy which that change reflected in foreign trade was even more strikingly reflected in the currency. The paper issues of the Bank of France reached their maximum, 40,000,000,000 francs, in November, 1920; the amount

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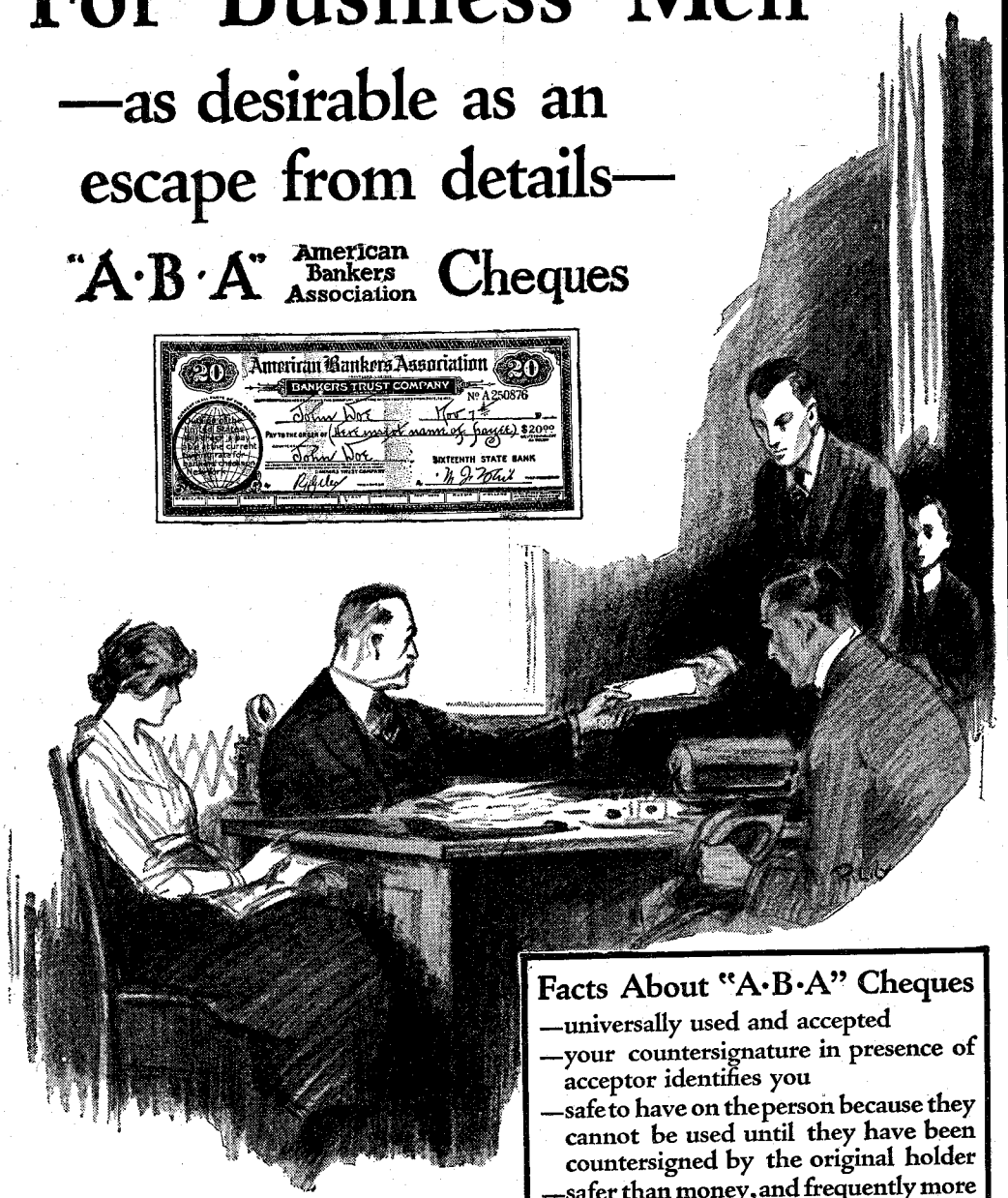

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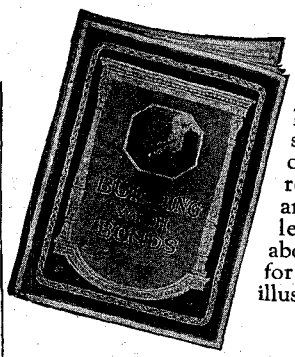

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outstanding then was nearly six times what it was when the war began. A great part of this virtually fiat money issue was put out indirectly by the government in paying its war-time deficit. As against the increase of about 33,000,000,000 francs in outstanding paper notes between July, 1914, and the 1920 maximum, the government's borrowings from the bank for war purposes had amounted to 26,600,000,000. Our own country's paper money issues between 1861 and 1865 were put out with a similar purpose. When the plan for resumption of specie payments at last reached legislative success, Congress agreed to authorize United States loans to raise the gold for a redemption reserve, but it flatly refused to take up and retire through such use of the public credit all or any part of the outstanding paper itself.

French Government and Paper Currency

FRANCE has been more courageous. During the past twelve months her government has repaid 1,600,000,000 francs of its borrowings from the Bank; that repayment being made possible through issue of long-term government bonds to French investors and the condition being that an equivalent sum in paper currency should be retired. The government has stated its purpose of repaying 2,000,000,000 more at the end of the year. Primarily through this straightforward facing of the facts, the French paper currency has been reduced this year 2,700,000,000 francs. Whether reduction can be regularly continued at that rate hereafter is no doubt debatable. If it were so to continue, eleven or twelve years would suffice to bring the paper currency of France back to the total of July, 1914. But the really essential facts are what France has done already and how she has been doing it.

This reduction of inflated currency has been made in face of opposition. Mr. Hoover stated some months ago, in a report based on Department of Commerce information, that in France "there is constant agitation for further bank-note inflation," but that "the minister of finance, the governor of the Bank of France, and all responsible financiers are against it and it will not be permitted." All of the best-informed Paris financial critics reported not long since that "the government's whole financial policy aims at gradually reducing these advances from the Bank and arriving eventually, though of course not for a considerable time to come, at restoration of gold payments." Few

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economists, financiers, or statesmen would have believed this situation possible three years ago. But the surer guide to the probabilities of French recuperation was the similar achievement of the country in the past. Guided again by that historical analogy, we may pretty safely look for a France restored to her old and distinguished place in the economic organism within the next quarter-century.

With France, as also with Italy—whose general policy regarding trade and currency has resembled that of France, though with much less striking results—the offsetting consideration of an unfavorable sort has been the failure to "balance the budget"—in other words, to bring public revenue anywhere nearly up to public expenditure. The actual French deficit in the eight months ending with August was 716,000,000 francs, and a full year's deficit of 2,500,000,000 was calculated to be in sight. This was largely due to the heavy cash expenditure for reconstruction of the devastated regions, a work which had to remain a burden on the treasury of France unless and until the German reparations payments should meet the bill. In the special budget of the French Finance Ministry for 1921, no less than 15,000,000,000 francs was allotted as "expenditure recoverable."

The Question of Reparations

THAT outlay could not be directly met by Germany's contemplated delivery of bonds payable in the future. The burden could be actually removed only through one or both of two expedients—equivalent cash payments by Germany, or Germany's assumption of the physical task of reconstruction. The adoption in earnest of the second of these alternatives has been the notable occurrence of the past few weeks; its adoption bears almost as directly on the economic future of Germany as on that of France.

We examined pretty thoroughly a month ago into the present economic status of Germany. That examination showed Germany's economic recovery to be heavily handicapped by the cash requirements on reparation account and by her government's currency inflation. The recklessness of this inflation had never been predicted during the war—though a hint at it might certainly have been obtained from the unsound financing of the war itself, a programme which cast great doubt on the prudence and conservatism of the German financial leaders. Conditions as they had arisen in 1921 unquestionably boded ill for Germany's

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future, supposing the Wirth Ministry to persist in using its philosopher's stone of depreciated paper.

The Wiesbaden Agreement

IT was at precisely this perplexing juncture in Germany's problem of foreign payments and France's problem of home public expenditure, that certain long-pending negotiations took an extremely important turn. During many months Doctor Walter Rathenau of the German General Electric Company, acting as German minister of reparations, and M. Emile Loucheur, French minister of reconstruction, had been in conference on the plan of paying reparations to France with goods in lieu of cash. Each had recognized it as the solution of the problem, but the proposal had been blocked from time to time by dissatisfied German politicians and by the French contention that the providing of goods for France by Germany would deprive French workingmen of possible employment. Both obstacles were patiently combated by these two practical men, and at Wiesbaden on October 7 the agreement was signed.

In brief, it provides that between October 1, 1921, and May 1, 1926, Germany is to pay to France, on account of the stipulated reparations, goods to an indicated aggregate value of 7,000,000,000 gold marks. What this means to Germany was evident. What it means to France was shown by the statement of Paris financial critics that the new programme would probably shorten by two years the burden of reconstruction of the devastated region, that it would enable the treasury of France to dispense with the greater part of its own budget of reparations expenditure, and that, so far as concerned the question of Germany's paying for what her armies did in France during the war, the Wiesbaden agreement was regarded as "the most important incident which has occurred since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles."

In Central Europe

THE economic position and the economic problems of the other Central European states are in some ways similar to those of Germany, in other ways very different. It would be hard to say to what extent the present desperate condition of these countries, as Austria and Poland, fulfils expectations of 1918. The breaking apart of such old political systems as the Austrian Empire—partly through the centrifugal influence of racial conditions, partly

(Financial Situation, continued on page 82)

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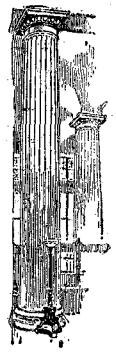

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because of political disintegration after military defeat, and partly through the terms of the peace treaty—could have been only vaguely conjectured prior to 1919. That Austria was on the way to financial collapse, most observant financiers suspected in 1914 and fully believed by 1916; but, even with Austria, territorial division brought about such confused conditions as to create a wholly new economic problem. The most that can as yet be said of these nations, with their prodigious public deficits, their wildly inflated currency, and their paralyzed trade, is that any early revival seems impossible on the face of things without liberal help from foreign credit.

But the performances of these governments in their home finance had utterly destroyed the prospect of such credit. The international bankers' conference of 1920, which had in view organized extension of credit facilities by the lending to the borrowing states on condition of return to sounder governmental methods, broke down completely; the economic case of Central Europe is far worse in 1921 than at the end of 1918. There has, however, lately come in view one distinct ray of hope.

The "Ter Meulen" Plan

NOT all of the 1920 conferees abandoned the problem in despair. One of them in particular, the head of a great Dutch banking-house, continued patiently working on a plan of relief which has at length been placed before the public and to which its author's name, Ter Meulen, has been attached. Its provisions, briefly stated, are that a Central European importer, whose home business connections are sound but who cannot, because of the present financial confusion, obtain grants of credit from foreign merchants while he imports and sells on the European market the necessary goods, shall be helped by his own government; the government issuing and lending to the importer a national bond based on the public revenue, which such importer has the right to pledge as additional security with the foreign merchant from whom he buys his goods. Such extension of government credit will be supervised by an international commission of eminent bankers, which is also to make its own terms regarding the financial and taxation policy of the Central European government, the use of whose bonds it authorizes only when that policy has been approved. We shall presently be able to see how this interesting experiment operates in practice. It may in part depend on results at the Disarmament Confer-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 83)

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ence. If it achieves success, events may before very long be entering a new phase of Central Europe's recovery.

Our Own Country, Three Years Later

THE economist, whose eye surveys this picture of a belligerent world three years afterward, pauses with mingled wonder and perplexity when he comes to the United States. Our country's present economic position is remarkable enough, taken in itself; but when compared with the conditions and expectations either of 1914 or of war-time or of armistice week, the mind has some trouble in grasping it. Perhaps never in history were economic prophecies so completely unfulfilled by existing results as the predictions, in the first two months of war, of an America paralyzed by recall of invested capital by nations to whom we were hopelessly in debt, and of a New York market bankrupted by Europe's resale of its American securities.

We learned the fallacy of those predictions early in the war. But the later war-time predictions were themselves quite as fallacious—such, for instance, as the after-war ruin of American producers by European labor working at starvation wages, the submerging of our grain export trade by shipment of Russia's huge accumulations, and, by contrast, the certainty of a foreign market at unprecedented prices for all the cotton America could produce. When the armistice was signed, predictions were conflicting, but on one point all the forecasts seemed to agree—namely, that American exporters had the world's foreign trade so firmly in their hands that nothing could spoil their opportunities.

Future of the Foreign Trade

IN that direction, even experienced merchants are to-day greatly perplexed. The blunders of our export houses in 1919, discovery of the utterly unsound methods and inadequate commercial and banking machinery employed by most of them, have shaken at least the popular faith in our future achievement in that field. That judgment is doubtless premature, but we know at any rate that our exporters will hereafter have a pretty close race, in the capture of foreign markets, with Europe's experienced foreign merchants, notably those of England. Yet despite this disappointment, evidence of the financial power of the United States, its capital resources, its position as present and prospective creditor of the outside world, is presented in such form as it would

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have been difficult to imagine even in November, 1918.

Along with this has now come evidence, notably in the manner in which organized labor's threat of a transportation embargo was stopped by public opinion and the government's firm attitude, that the United States has shaken off more completely than any other nation the doctrines of insurgent labor. We have shown a wholly unexpected aptitude in meeting and largely solving such apparently insoluble problems as the railway question. These things also throw light on our economic future and on our relations with the outside economic world.

The actual results of the huge accumulation of gold sent to us by practically all other countries—nearly $700,000,000 balance of importation in the twelve past months, whereas $105,000,000 was the twelve-month maximum before the war—remain a matter of curious conjecture; yet the significance of the movement is plain on the face of things. Financial critics who are fond of talking paradox about matters which they do not clearly comprehend, are still occasionally telling us that we are sacrificing substance for shadow in allowing the world to dump on our shores a virtually demonetized and therefore economically useless precious metal. We certainly might do better in the bargain, and undoubtedly we shall do better before very many months. But even now, people who understand past economic history are at least aware that in the later period of reconstruction gold will be in urgent request for the currency reserves of every European government, and that the country which at present holds the world's gold reserve is, not illogically, the country which will contribute most of the credit and capital for the work of reconstruction.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

"Tomorrow's Bond Prices," "Bonds as Safe as Our Cities," and "Municipal Bonds Defined" are a series of booklets recently published by William R. Compton Company, St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. The first explains the significance of the present investment situation and the opportunity to obtain high returns over a period of years. The other two describe the various kinds of municipal bonds and the safeguards surrounding them.

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

The surprising results of systematic investment and reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new book entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Company. The booklet will be of value to any investor who desires to stimulate the amount of his savings and investments.

"Who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company, of Minneapolis, shows a surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound securities. Write for your copy.

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"Income Building on the Byllesby Ten Payment Plan" is the title of a new attractively illustrated booklet which is being distributed by H. M. Byllesby and Company, 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published for free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

"The Giant Energy—Electricity," a booklet in popular form, which shows the attractiveness of carefully selected public utility bonds, and deals largely with the wonderful growth in the electric light and power business. Published by the National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to determine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspond to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stacy and Braun, 5 Nassau Street, New York.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has just published a book entitled "Building With Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company, LaSalle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request, without obligation, a flexible, pocket-size, loose-leaf Investment Record Book, which they have prepared for free distribution to buyers of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

"A Guaranteed Income" is an interesting booklet for those appreciating the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at Forty-sixth Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of First Mortgage 6% Serial Bonds offered by this house.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

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SCRIBNER'S FICTION NUMBER

[*August*]

John Galsworthy	His serial, To Let, reaches a climax in this number. This novel is the last of "The Forsyte Saga."
Louis Dodge	Nancy is a new kind of dog story, one of real vivacity and fascination. Every one who loves a dog will love this story.
Katharine Holland Brown	Argive Helen and the Little Maid of Tyre is an up-to-date version in modern colloquial style of the classic legend.
Sarah Redington	Masterson and the Spirit World is a tale of the amusing family who ran "The Parthenon Freeze" and "Au Bonheur des Coeds." W. E. Hill, the famous cartoonist, illustrates the story.
Arthur Tuckerman	The author of "Cynthia and the Crooked Streets," tells in this number a striking flying adventure in the life of a meek professor in a boys' school in England. It is entitled The Winged Interlude.
James Boyd	The Sound of a Voice is an unusual story by a new writer. It is a romantic love story, vivid in its characters and dramatic in its conclusion.
J. Edward Macy	Out of the Hurricane is a sea story full of action and told with love of the sea, and from full knowledge of the management of boats.

Other Features in This Number

Our Farm, *by William Henry Shelton*, describes sympathetically the life on an old farm in Western New York nearly eighty years ago. It furnishes a congenial subject for illustration by A. B. Frost.

Social Unrest and Bolshevism in the Islamic World, *by Lothrop Stoddard*, author of "The Rising Tide of Color," pictures the grave situation in the Far and Near East caused by the unrest of Mohammedans the world over.

Isleta, *by Winifred Hawkridge Dixon*, is an episode in a motor trip across the United States by the Southwestern route. The trip was taken by two young women.

Sara Teasdale, one of the leading lyric poets in this country, contributes four Love Songs.

Frank Linderman, author of "Indian Why Stories," contributes a group of Montana poems. They are appropriately accompanied with four full-page paintings by C. M. Russell, a Montana artist of distinction.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews leads the number with an outdoor poem, Pax Vobiscum.

The Field of Art, with reproductions of drawings from an old sketch-book of Barye's, The Point of View, and "The Financial Situation," with a pertinent discussion of present-day conditions, *by Alexander Dana Noyes*, complete the number.

THIS IS THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL FICTION NUMBER OF SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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SCRIBNER'S
for SEPTEMBER

Being a Waitress in a Boardwalk Hotel

These are part of her adventures, FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH, by a novelist of note, who went in search of material for a novel, and worked at a variety of tasks with an eye for character. The absurdities and ironies of the rich and near-rich at a summer hotel are keenly portrayed.

The New Pacific

Guy H. Scholefield, author of that authoritative work, "The Pacific," tells how Australia, New Zealand, and the United States are immensely involved in the trade of the Pacific, which has resolved itself into "a struggle between the British and American interests for the control of the copra output."

Katharine Fullerton Gerould

"Next to going somewhere yourself is looking up the best way to get there." This is the text for a journey in a guide-book, entitled CHANGE FOR BOKHARA.

Meredith Nicholson

This novelist and essayist contributes a brief paper, THE POOR OLD ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in which he holds that "in these free states we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken and written English."

Marguerite Wilkinson

PEOPLE BY THE WAYSIDE is another cruise of "The Dingbat of Arcady," being strange adventures with characters met in Oregon, New York, England, and Scotland.

John Galsworthy

TO LET, the notable serial, and the last of the Forsyte Saga, is concluded in this number.

Japan's New Woman

Emma Sarepta Yule, for eighteen years a resident in the Far East, says that "the new woman is in Japan and there to stay." She is "Loosening the fetters of custom that keep her from living the life of a freeborn individual."

Drift of the River Rat"

E. M. Ashe, the artist, and his wife, *Estelle Ashe*, with their boy made a wonderful trip in a house-boat from Parkersburg, West Virginia, to Cincinnati. It was a thirty-foot scow, with a cabin twenty by ten, built in the centre. The amusing adventures are told by *Mrs. Ashe*, and drawn by *Mr. Ashe*.

My Grandmother's Table

The delights of a farm table nearly eighty years ago are told with real charm by *William Henry Shelton*, a veteran of the Civil War, a writer of books and a lover of old times.

Four Good Short Stories

THE BRIBE, by *L. Allen Harker*. A STUDY IN SMOKE, by *Shane Leslie*.
TALISMAN, by *A. Carter Goodloe*. DOC JENNY, by *Ladd Plumley*.

The Field of Art

discusses the work of the late Abbott H. Thayer with some notable illustrations; THE POINT OF VIEW, and THE FINANCIAL SITUATION by *Alexander Dana Noyes* complete the number.

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SCRIBNER'S
for OCTOBER

George Washington, Captain of Industry

When he died, Washington was probably the richest man in America. A new light on his capacity as a business man is shown in newly discovered and collated documents, by *Eugene E. Prussing*, of the Chicago bar.

How the World Was Made

In a remarkable article, COSMIC CRUCIBLES, *Dr. George Ellery Hale*, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, shows that the laboratory of the stars is revealing, through new methods of study, something of the mystery of the constitution of matter.

At Service in a Millionaire's Family

More experiences of her FOUR YEARS IN THE UNDERBRUSH, told by a novelist of note, who went in search of material for a novel, and lived the life of a working girl.

Eugenia: The Future of the Race

Professor William McDougall, the successor of William James at Harvard, here expounds in a fantastic dialogue a theory for the improvement of the race, and supplements his recent striking book, "Is America Safe for Democracy?"

American Students at British Universities

Through the hands of *Edwin W. Pahlow* passed hundreds of letters of American students at British universities during the armistice. The article is both amusing and instructive, and gives young America's point of view vividly.

Beds Under Stars

Another cruise of THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY, told with humor and insight by *Marguerite Wilkinson*.

The Great Race: Eclipse Against the World

Max Farrand, Professor of History at Yale, tells the interesting story of the great American horse race in 1822, when *Eclipse* aroused the enthusiasm of sport-loving America.

Stories and Sketches

WINGED SANDALS, by *Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews;* THE CRYSTAL IN THE ATTIC, by *Glory Thomas;* BUTTON SWAN, by *C. Grant La Farge;* THE RISK, by *V. H. Friedlaender.*

Poems and the Departments

There are poems by *John Jay Chapman* and others; THE FIELD OF ART contains a discussion of "Realism and Idealism in Art," by *Oliver S. Tonks;* THE POINT OF VIEW and THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, by *Alexander Dana Noyes*, complete the number.

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SCRIBNER'S
for NOVEMBER

Chauncey M. Depew's Autobiography

The memories of more than eighty years of a remarkable international figure begin in this number. Told with grace and humor, and the facility which has made Chauncey Depew a famous speaker and orator, this first installment will immediately capture the reader. It begins with his Peekskill boyhood, Yale College days in the fifties, and active politics in the sixties, when he was already Assemblyman, Secretary of State, and appointed Minister to Japan. There is also a first-hand view of Abraham Lincoln.

[*To run through six numbers*]

George Washington, Captain of Industry

Here is told for the first time from official records the history of George Washington's ownership of stock in the Bank of England.

A Woman Among the Luba Cannibals

Helen E. Springer, the wife of a missionary, was the first white woman to visit these savage people in the Congo region. It is a unique narrative with many pictures.

The Sidewalks of New York

Louis Dodge, the novelist, visiting the city for the first time in many years, sees New York from a new angle.

Picturesque Pittsburgh

Eight sketches in crayon by Frederick Polley reveal the striking contrasts of this great industrial city.

Stories, Essays and Poems

Among the contributors of these features are Mary Synon, James Boyd, W. J. Henderson, Maurice Francis Egan; also The Point of View (anonymous), The Field of Art (Frank Weitenkampf), The Financial Situation (Alexander Dana Noyes).

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Christmas Number
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
for DECEMBER

Short Stories for the Christmas Season

HENRY VAN DYKE, *To Avernus and Out;* a story of a descent to depths of evil, and the way out.

HARRIET WELLES, *The Runaway Blimp;* an amusing adventure that was almost a tragedy, culminating on Christmas Eve.

KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN, *The Right Hunch;* a story of a father, and a son who almost went wrong.

JOHN BIGGS, JR., *Corkran of the Clamstretch;* a new kind of horse story by a new writer.

SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT, *Philandering Among the Roses;* a love-story by a writer whose first published novel has been received with high praise.

Chauncey M. Depew's Recollections

A remarkable group of statesmen, conspicuous in the seventies and eighties, is described by Mr. Depew, who knew them all. It includes General Grant, Roscoe Conkling, Garfield and Arthur, Grover Cleveland, and James G. Blaine.

The Nativity: A New England Miracle Play

There has been produced for several years in a Connecticut town a Christmas play which is here described by Ella M. Boult and pictured by Beatrice Stevens.

Special Articles
Poems
The Point of View
The Field of Art
The Financial Situation

EDGAR JAMES SWIFT writes of *Painless Thinking;* MARY E. ROBERTS tells of her experiences on a jury in *In the Name of the Commonwealth;* ERNEST PEIXOTTO writes and illustrates *An Adventure in Salamanca;* Canon Vaughan, of Winchester, England, describes *The Plant-Lore of the Compleat Angler;* THOMAS G. TUCKER presents a new slant on *British English and American English,* from a Colonial point of view.

There are poems by MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT, SARAH N. CLEGHORN, CLINTON SCOLLARD; and the usual Departments, *The Point of View, The Field of Art,* with comments on the work of *Theodore Robinson,* by ELIOT CLARK, and *The Financial Situation,* by ALEXANDER DANA NOYES.

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